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SIXTY IRISH SONGS

SIXTY IRISH SONGS

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EDITED BY

WILLIAM ARMS FISHER

FOR LOW VOICE

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Fisher

D. B. UPDIKE, THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS, BOSTON

IRISH MUSIC

A voice beside the dim enchanted river,
Out of the twilight where the brooking trees
Hear the Shannon's druid water chant forever
Tales of dead kings and bards and shanachies;
A girl's young voice out of the twilight singing
Old songs beside the legendary stream.
A girl's clear voice o'er the wan waters ringing,
Beats with its wild wings at the Gates of Dream.

. . . . . .

Sweet in its plaintive Irish modulations,
Her fresh young voice tuned to old sorrows seems,
The passionate cry of countless generations
Keenes in her breast as there she sings and dreams.
No more, sad voice; for now the dawn is breaking
Through the long night, through Ireland's night of tears.
New songs wake in the morning of her awaking
From the enchantment of eight hundred years.

JOHN TODHUNTER

20577

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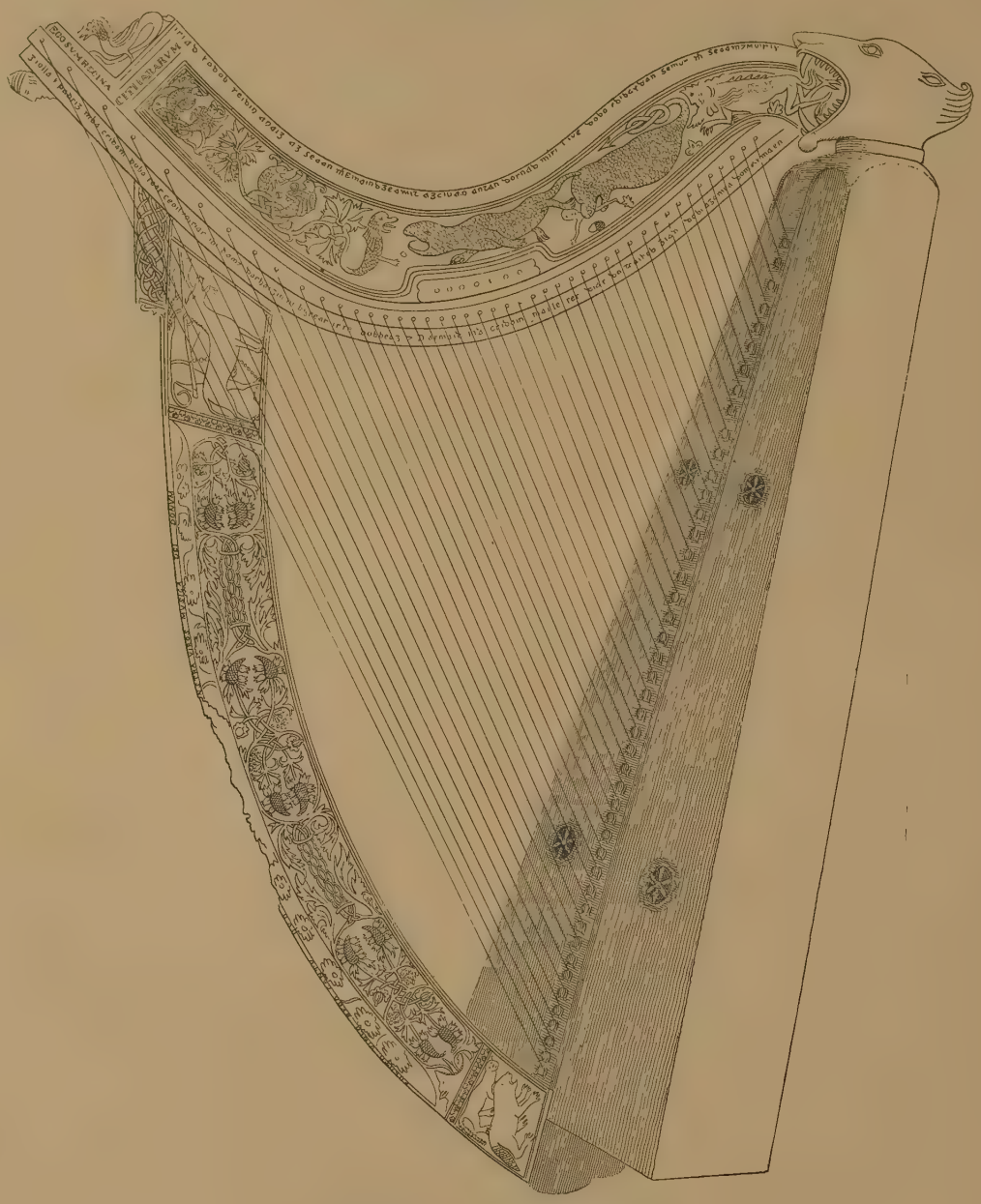
ANCIENT IRISH HARP

IN 1809 THIS INSTRUMENT WAS IN THE POSSESSION OF NOAH DALNIAY, ESQ., OF BELLAHILL, NEAR CARRICKFERGUS. AN ENGRAVING WAS MADE OF IT FOR THE FRONTISPIECE OF EDWARD BUNTING'S ANCIENT IRISH MUSIC, PUBLISHED IN LONDON, NOVEMBER, 1809



TRANSLATION OF THE INSCRIPTIONS

EGO SUM REGINA CITHARUM = I AM THE QUEEN OF HARPS

FROM THE GAELIC, BEGINNING WITH THE UPPER LINE: I, JOHN MCEMGIN, HAD AS MY PATRON, GERALD OF CLUAN, AT THE TIME THAT I PROFESSED POETRY AND MUSIC; AMONG MY OTHER PATRONS WERE JAMES MACSHANE AND MAURICE GILPATRICK, WHO WERE FAMOUS AS MEN OF MUSIC, KNOWN TO ME AS BEING UNEXCELLED; I MAY ALSO MENTION DIARMAID MACCRIDAM AND WITH HIM TWO SAGES OF AN ANCIENT SCHOOL WHO WERE WITH ME AS COLLABORATORS

SIXTY IRISH SONGS

OF the sixty songs included in this volume one-third are familiar to lovers of Irish music, while two-thirds are presented for the first time; that is, nearly forty folk-melodies of Ireland are here united to lyrics by Irish poets and welded with accompaniments that seek to express their spirit.

These melodies were culled by an examination of more than two thousand recorded folk-tunes, most of them wordless.

Songs hitherto published based on Irish folk-tunes have been of two types: the poet seeking melodies to match his lyrics, or the musician seeking lyrics to fit chosen melodies. Thomas Moore was of the first type, though he did not hesitate to change the melodies to fit his own lyrics. His successors have been of the second type, notably Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who, respecting and cherishing the melodies of his country, has been fortunate in having the co-operation of an Irish lyricist of kindred spirit, Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, who with uncommon skill and sympathy wrote or adapted lyrics to match the recorded melodies without change.

A third and hitherto untried plan has been followed in the preparation of this volume. Instead of employing lyrics written to order, the editor has turned directly to the wealth of modern Irish lyric poetry, and after examining volumes containing in the aggregate over two thousand poems, he culled nearly two hundred that had the song quality, that were of the music-provoking type. Therefore the lyrics, instead of being by one hand, are the spontaneous work of many Irish poets.

After selecting melodies of charm and lyrics that were songful came the delicate task of finding the right melody for a chosen lyric, or the appropriate lyric for a chosen air, *without changing either melody or lyric* — the *sine qua non* being their mutual fitness, not merely in metre and in rhythm but in spirit, in kinship. The two should so accord as to seem to have been written for each other, or even written together. With what measure of success this new plan has been carried out the completed songs must evidence.

The fourth stage in the work was the congenial task of welding chosen melody and lyric into a complete union by means of an expressive accompaniment. As folksongs in their natural state are without accompaniment or any harmonic support whatever, the question arises as to the style of accompaniment most appropriate for them, or, indeed, whether they should be accompanied at all. To the extreme position of some folklorists it is enough to say, that unless these folk-tunes are to remain sealed in the silence of antiquarian tomes and the journals of Folksong societies, they must be given not only words but accompaniments. Shall these accompaniments be reduced to a mere skeleton barely sufficient to support the voice, or shall they be enriched with something of the color our sophisticated modern ears demand?

Broadly speaking, there are two ways of writing accompaniments to old melodies: the way of the *arranger*, and the way of the *composer*. The first manufactures a conventional piano part that is as unobtrusive as possible and therefore colorless and dull; the second, with careful regard for the character of both melody and text, creates a colorful accompaniment that enhances both, gives them fresh significance, and when most perfectly done charms the listener with the impression of a fresh and spontaneous creation. The humdrum commonplaceness of the first type suits well the pedestrian mind, and endless examples abound. The danger in the second type is lack of due restraint and forgetfulness of the beauty of simplicity. It may, of course, be argued that the natural sincerity and essential *naïveté* of folk-tunes tend to disappear, the more subtle the supplied accompaniment; that folk-music and art-music are too distinct and separate by nature to merge. These questions can be hotly debated.

The wordless folk-tunes in the first volume of Edward Bunting's *Ancient Irish Music* (London, 1796) led to the writing of Thomas Moore's earlier *Melodies*. In the poet's own words: "They were the mine from which the workings of my labors as a poet have derived their lustre and value."

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, the eminent Irish musician, in the preface to his revision of Moore's *Irish Melodies* (London, 1894), while acknowledging the value of Moore's work as the first popular presentation of the folksongs of Ireland, says: "There is scarcely a melody which Moore left unaltered, and, as a necessary consequence, unspoilt."

Moore's *Melodies* were published in sections at intervals from 1807 to 1834.[1] The poet's first co-laborer was Sir John Stevenson, who wrote the piano accompaniments in the current style of his day. Dr. Stanford calls him "a remarkable musician," but "much under the influence of the works of Haydn, and he seems to have imported into his arrangements a dim echo of the style of the great Austrian composer. He could scarcely have chosen a model more unsuited for the wildness and ruggedness of the music with which he had to deal." But Sir John, eminent in his own day, wrote in the fashion of his time, just as the eminent Sir Charles has accompanied the very same melodies in the fashion of his later day, stamped of course with his individual traits.

Bunting made his arrangements in the artificial florid style of the period; Beethoven's settings of Irish airs bear his own hallmark; Stevenson's thin and dry harmonizations[2] doubtless pleased Tom Moore's listeners, as the later arrangements of Bishop, Balfe, Hatton, and Molloy have in turn fitted the ever changing fashion of musical speech. Professor Stanford's late Victorian arrangements, again, are written in an idiom that his juniors doubtless regard as already passing, and, recently, Irish airs have appeared in London dressed in a garb that shows the influence, not of the remote Handel and Haydn, or the late Johannes Brahms, but of the contemporary Debussy.

In the nature of things no writer can escape his own period, can help inhaling the common air, or avoid writing in the current speech of his day. It is enough, then, to say that the accompaniments in this volume were written not yesterday but to-day, well knowing that to-morrow other hands will with equal enthusiasm set these and other Irish airs in a fashion that, whether simple or complex, will be of to-morrow.

As the writer has prepared these songs for singers to sing, rather than for students of folk-song, he has sought to weld melody, text, and harmonic scheme into songs that would appeal, not because of their source, but because they held something of that beauty the artist forever seeks. These songs were gathered "That all who hear may dream a little while." From a rich abundance a few sprays have been torn — torn

> *"from the green boughs of old Eire,*
> *Green boughs of tossing always weary, weary!*
> *The willow of the many-sorrowed world."*

* * *

Few but avowed Celticists know with what lavish richness Ireland has poured out her heart in both melody and poetry. As this volume is a union of both, it is not out of place to say a word regarding each and to quote from those who speak with authority.

As to the abundance of Irish folk-music, none

[1] A Selection of Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., and characteristic words by Thomas Moore, Esq., *London, James Power, was issued in ten parts and a supplement between 1807 and 1834. The piano accompaniments of the first seven parts are by Stevenson. Part Seven is dated, October 1, 1818. Moore's co-laborer for the remaining parts was Sir Henry Bishop, Part Eight bearing the date, May, 1821. A pirated edition of this part appeared in Dublin in the same year, edited by the musician Bishop had supplanted — Sir John Stevenson.*

[2] *In* A Prefatory Letter to the Marchioness Dowager of D—— *that opens the original edition of the first volume of the* Irish Melodies *Moore feels called upon "to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of the symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies." This letter is dated, January, 1810.*

can speak with greater knowledge than the late Dr. P. W. Joyce, long President of the "Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland," himself an indefatigable collector of folk-tunes and an authority on Irish life and history. In his important collection, *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs* (London and Dublin, 1909), he states that over three thousand different Irish airs are now in print, and that from known sources this number could readily be increased to five thousand.

As to the character and quality of this abundance, Sir Hubert Parry writes: "Irish folk-music is probably the most human, most varied, most poetical in the world, and is particularly rich in tunes which imply considerable sympathetic sensitiveness."

Another English writer, Dr. Ernest Walker, is even more eloquent, for in his *History of Music in England* (Oxford, 1907) he says: "Few musicians have been found to question the assertion that Irish folk-music is, on the whole, the finest that exists. It ranges with wonderful ease over the whole gamut of human emotion from the cradle to the battlefield, and is unsurpassed in poetical and artistic charm. . . . In their miniature form the best Irish folk-tunes are gems of absolutely flawless lustre. . . . For sheer beauty of melody, the works of Mozart, Schubert, and the Irish folk-composers form a triad that is unchallenged in the whole range of art. . . . In form, as well as melody, the best Irish folk-music is exceptionally polished. The phrases have a quite exceptional freedom from anything like either vagueness or stiffness of line; the melodies never tie themselves into knots, and the rhythmical basis is always firm and coherent."

They who drink of Irish music draw from an olden fountain; its haunting airs bring back to mind forgotten things from long ago. It is to be regretted that the words of Ireland's recorded folksongs have, for the most part, been lost, yet the records of Irish literature are older far than any surviving music, for, in the words of the eminent Gaelic scholar, Professor Kuno Mayer, "The vernacular literature of ancient Ireland is the most primitive and original among the literatures of Western Europe. Its importance as the earliest voice from the dawn of West European civilization cannot be denied. It is not till the end of the eleventh century that we find the beginnings of a national literature in France and Germany; whereas Ireland had become the heiress of the classical and theological learning of the Western Empire of the third and fourth centuries, and a period of humanism was thus ushered in which reached its culmination during the sixth and following centuries, the Golden Age of Irish civilization." It was then that "Ireland drew upon herself the eyes of the whole world as the one haven of rest, as the great seminary of learning, in a turbulent world overrun by hordes of barbarians."

In the same vein Renan, in his essay *La Poésie de la Race Celtique*, writes: "Ireland is the sole country of Europe where the native can produce authentic documents of his remote unbroken lineage, and designate with certainty, up to prehistoric ages, the source from which he sprang. Restricted by conquest to some islands and peninsulas of the West, the Celtic race has habitually striven to oppose an impassable barrier to all alien influences. This ancient race has come down to our day still faithful to its language, its memories, its ideals, and its genius. In the grand concert of the human species, no family equals this for penetrating voices that go to the heart."

A strange melancholy characterizes the genius of the Celtic race. In the words of William Sharp: "For all the blithe songs and happy abandon of so many Irish singers, the Irish themselves have given us the most poignant, the most hauntingly sad lyric cries in all modern literature. Renan fully recognizes this, and how, even in the heroic age, the melancholy of inappeasable regret, of insatiable longing, is as obvious as in our own day, when spiritual weariness is as an added crown of thorns." Whence comes this sadness, he asks? "Take the songs of the sixth century bards; they mourn more defeats than they sing victories. The history of the Celtic race itself is but a long complaint, the lament of exiles, the

grief of despairing flights beyond the seas. If occasionally it seems to make merry, a tear ever lurks behind the smile." As one of her own poets has said of Eire: "The sorrow of a thousand years makes dark her ever youthful eyes."

The use of English by the native poets of Ireland may be said to have begun toward the end of the eighteenth century. At first the flavor of this Anglo-Celtic poetry was local and national rather than universal. It voiced the passion for nationality, or the cry of the exile in remembrance of his land with its wild and romantic past. Sometimes it voiced the spirit of rebellion, or the pain of misery and famine, the misery of a whole country; or in wild revolt from sadness it sang with rollicking abandon, or pictured the tender idyls of peasant life that appear despite Ireland's turmoil and pain. Much of this poetry is unpretentious and reaches no high level, for, with a few exceptions, it is only lately, in what is called the Celtic Revival, that Irish poetry in English can claim to be a fine art. The poets of this later group for the most part remain distinctively Irish, as they should, but their best work has the universal quality, and by its distinction of form, its haunting beauty, and its wistful charm, it gives them an individual place in the Song of the World.

The poetry of this modern group has what Matthew Arnold calls the "Celtic nearness to Nature and her secret; Celtic aerialness and magic; the sheer, inimitable Celtic note." The contemporary Anglo-Celtic poetry of Ireland, writes William Sharp, "has a quality which no other English poetry possesses in like degree; the quality which Matthew Arnold defined as natural magic — 'Celtic poetry drenched in the dew of natural magic.'"

That "inimitable Celtic note" lurks in the melodies and lyrics of this volume, for they both are Ireland's own. The editor on his part has sought only to enhance that note, and not to obtrude aught that is alien or discordant. In so far as he has succeeded will these songs pass on to others that magic of the Celt which Ireland's native songs have in a peculiar degree.

"Ne'er forgetful silence fall on thee,
Old music heard by Mona of the sea.
Nor may that eerie, wistful music die;
Still in the far, fair Gaelic places
Its sighing wakes the soul in withered faces,
And wakes remembrance of great things gone by."

William Arms Fisher

Boston, June 15, 1915

SIXTY IRISH SONGS

ALL IN THE MORNING EARLY, O!

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

With brightness

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. The lit - tle red lark is shak - ing his wings, Straight from the breast of his
2. The beard of bar - ley is old - man's - gray, All green and sil - ver the

rit. *a tempo*

love he springs; Lis - ten the lilt of the song he
new - mown hay, The dew from his wings he has sha - ken a -

poco rit. *a tempo*

sings, All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O! The
way, All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O! The

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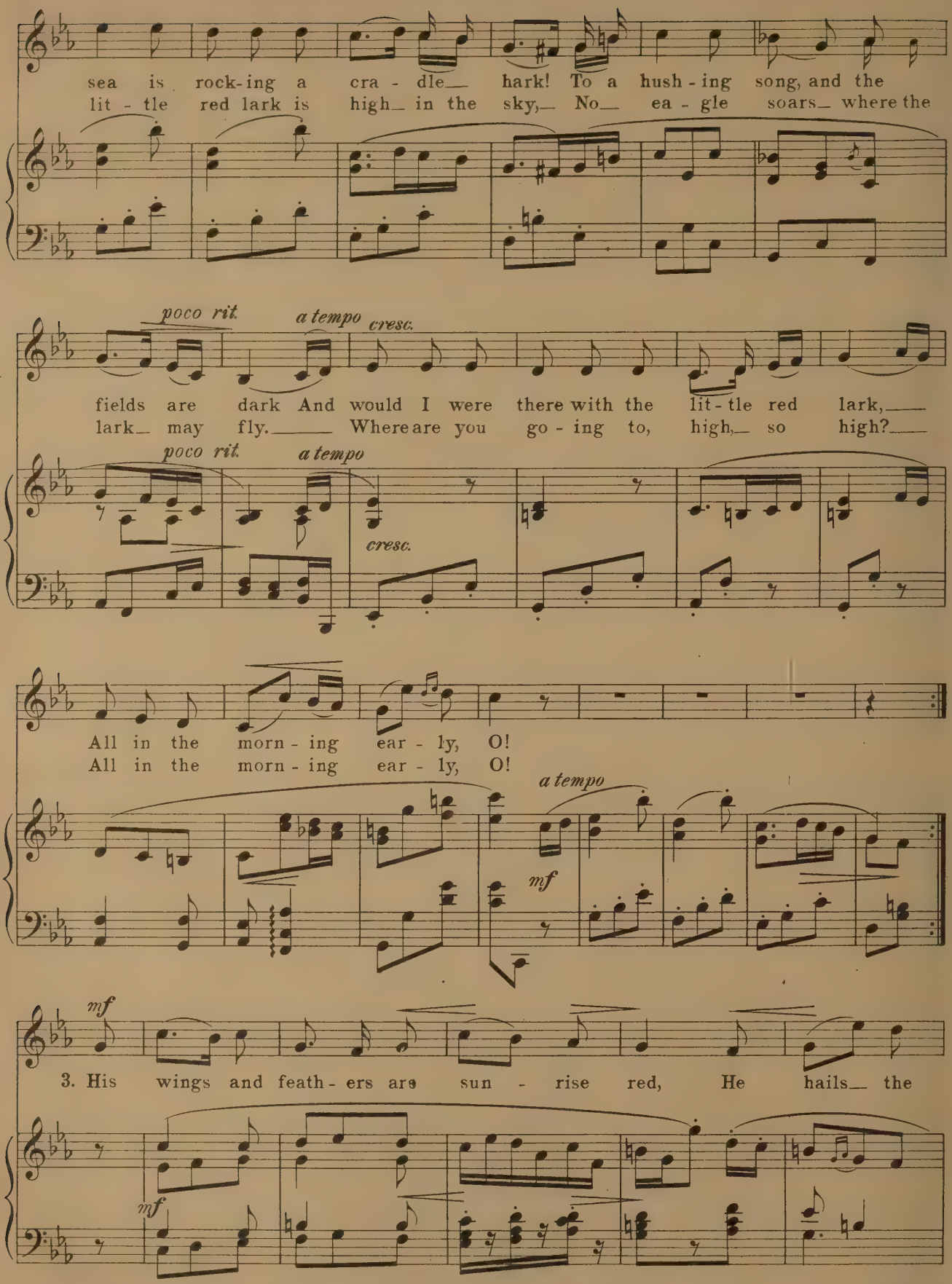
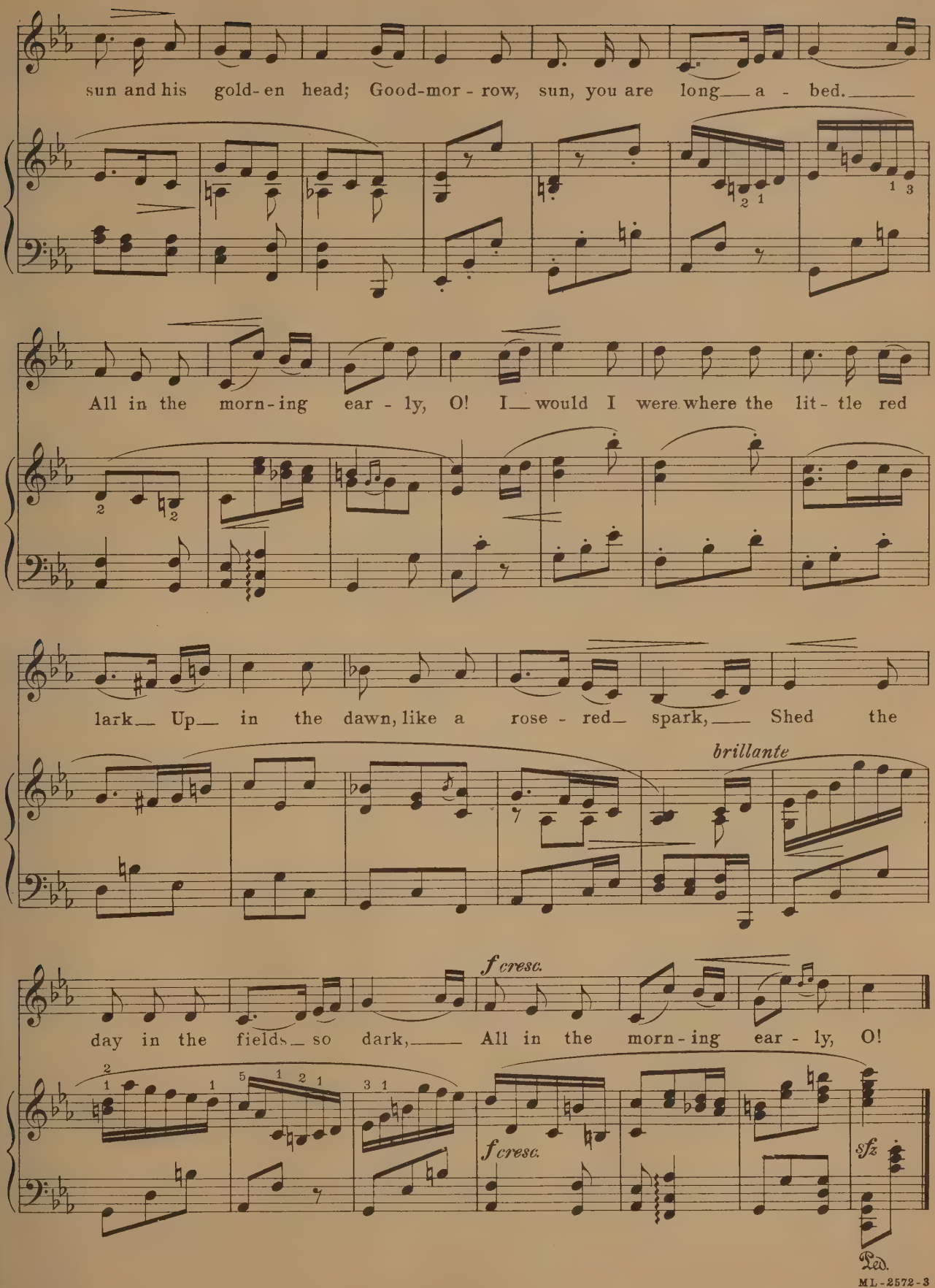
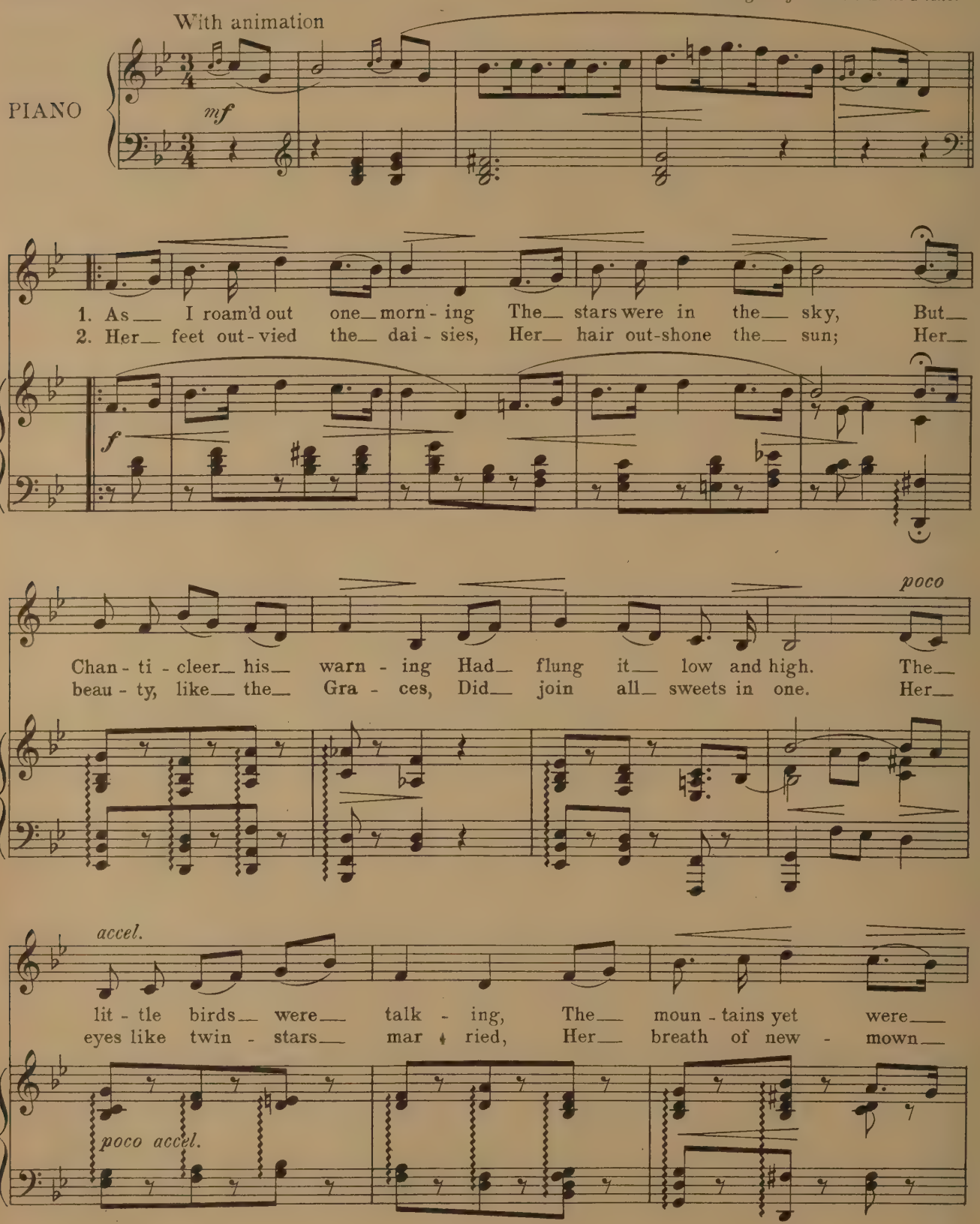

sea is rock-ing a cra - dle hark! To a hush - ing song, and the
lit - tle red lark is high in the sky, No ea - gle soars where the
poco rit.
a tempo
cresc.
fields are dark And would I were there with the lit - tle red lark,
lark may fly. Where are you go - ing to, high, so high?
poco rit.
a tempo
cresc.
All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O!
All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O!
a tempo
mf
mf
3. His wings and feath - ers are sun - rise red, He hails the
mf


sun and his gold-en head; Good-mor-row, sun, you are long a-bed.
All in the morn-ing ear-ly, O! I would I were where the lit-tle red
lark Up in the dawn, like a rose-red spark, Shed the
brillante
day in the fields so dark, All in the morn-ing ear-ly, O!
f cresc.
f cresc.
sfz
Ped.

AT DAWNING OF THE DAY

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


With animation
PIANO
mf
1. As I roam'd out one morn - ing The stars were in the sky, But
2. Her feet out - vied the dai - sies, Her hair out-shone the sun; Her
f
poco
Chan - ti - cleer his warn - ing Had flung it low and high. The
beau - ty, like the Gra - ces, Did join all sweets in one. Her
accel.
lit - tle birds were talk - ing, The moun - tains yet were
eyes like twin - stars mar ried, Her breath of new - mown
poco accel.

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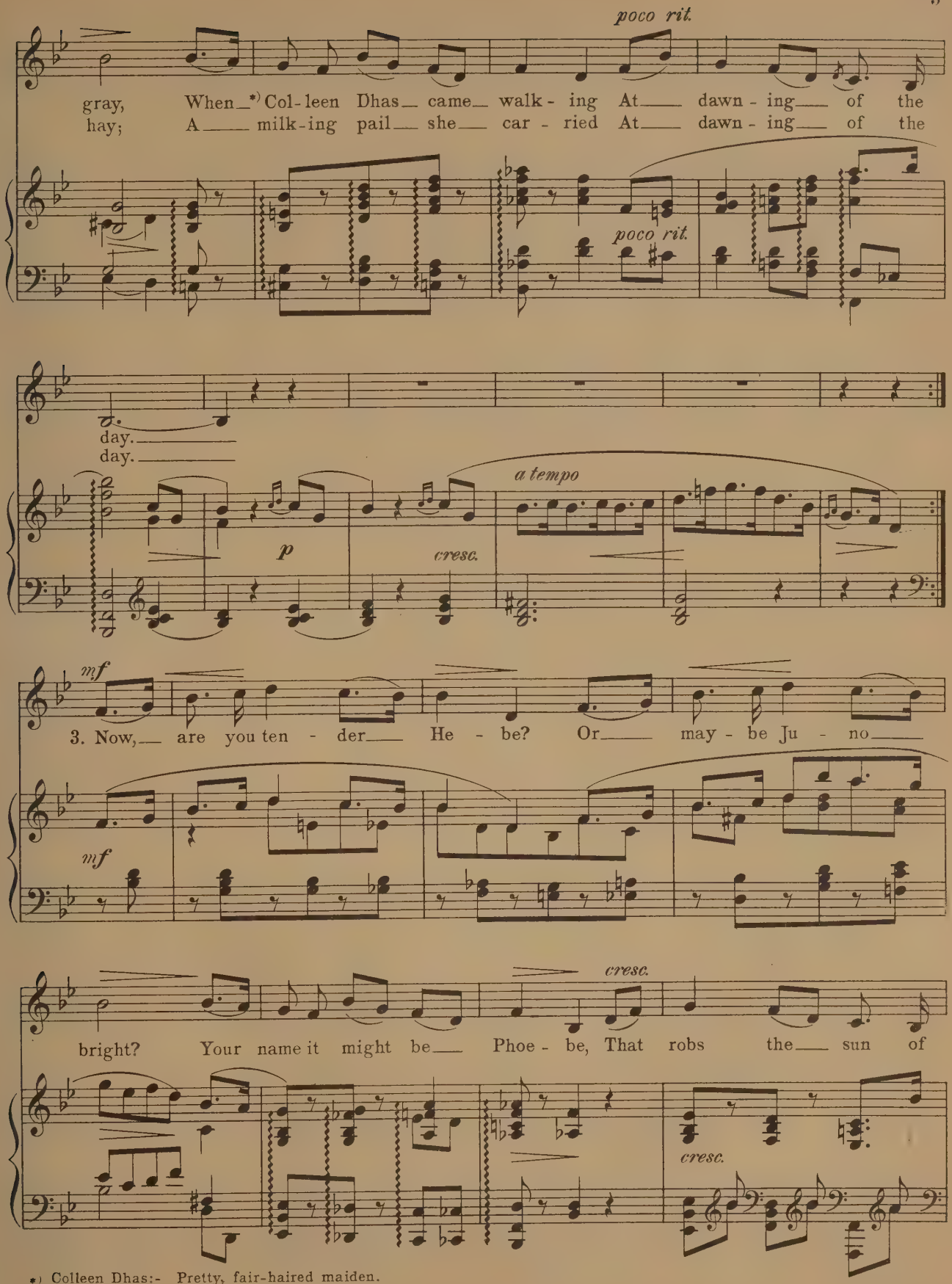
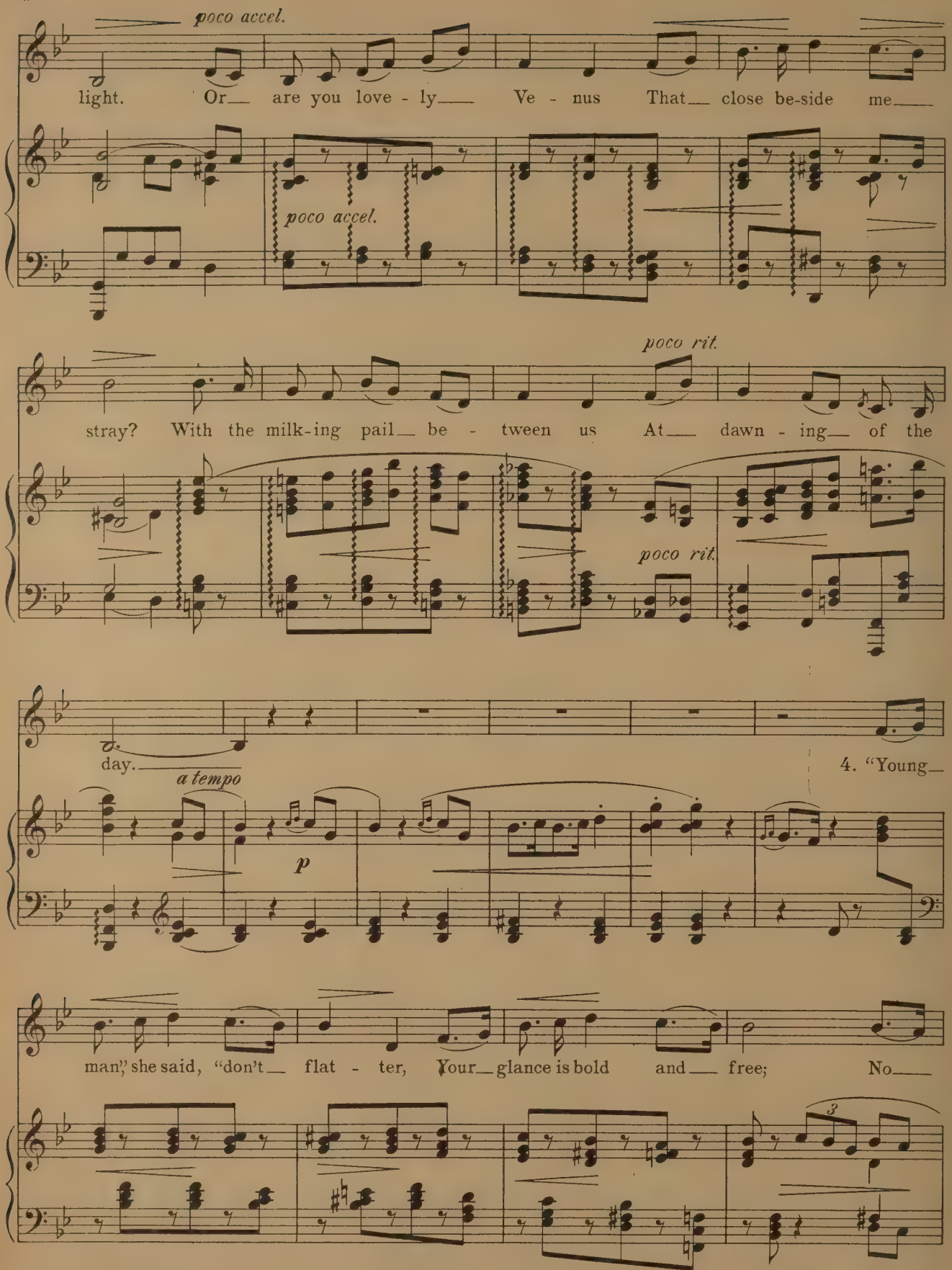
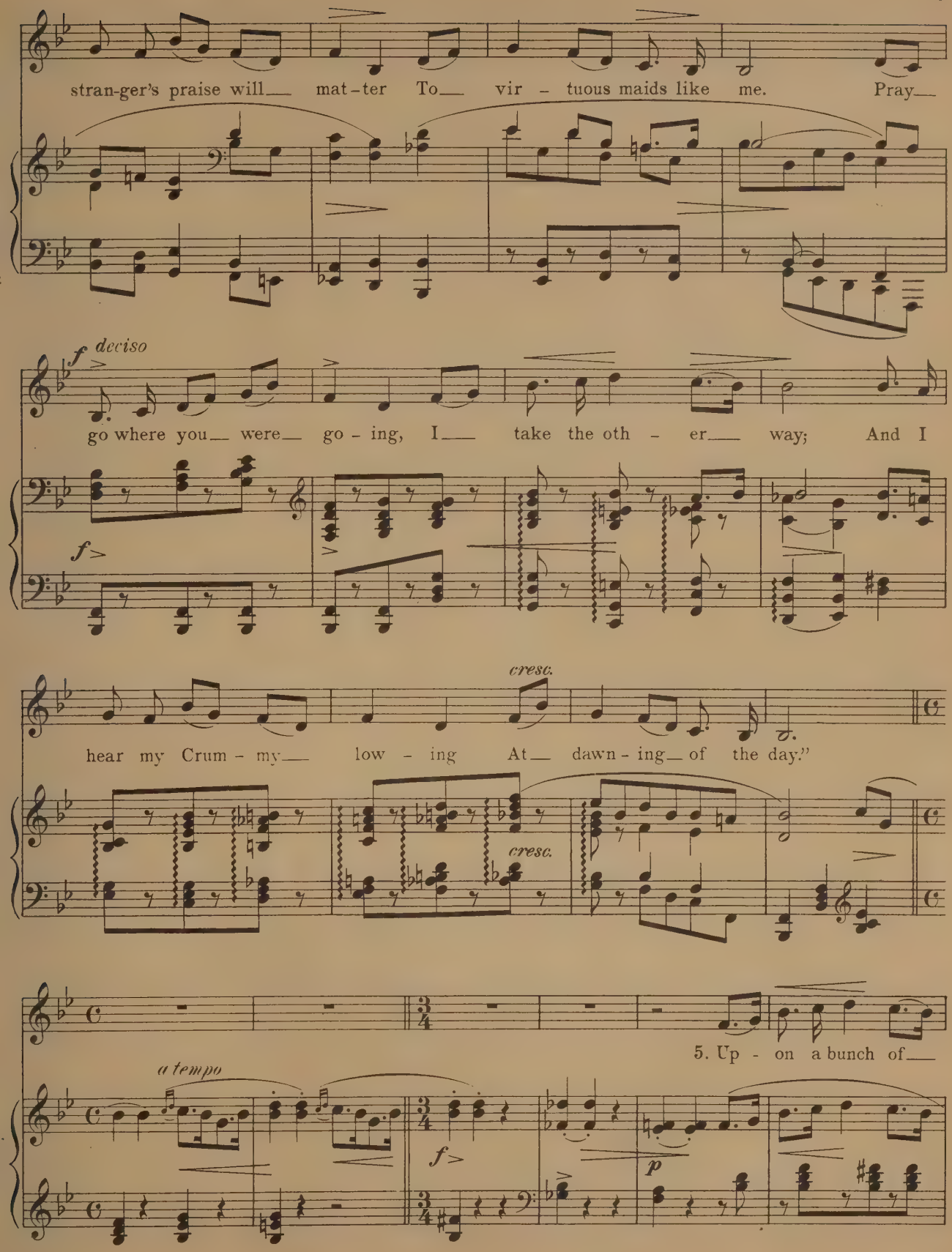
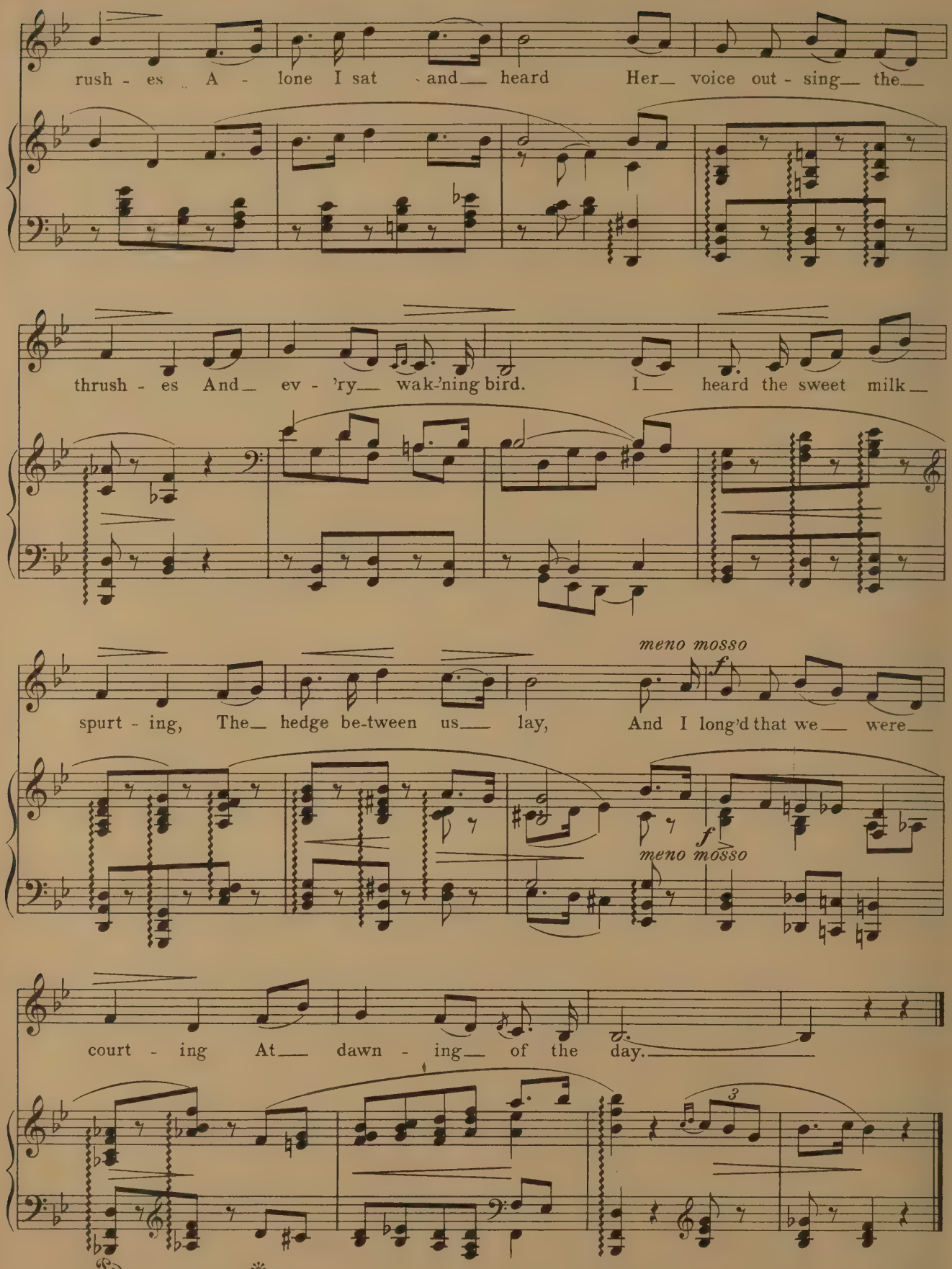


*) Colleen Dhas:- Pretty, fair-haired maiden.


poco accel.
light. Or are you love - ly Ve - nus That close be-side me
poco accel.
poco rit.
stray? With the milk-ing pail be - tween us At dawn - ing of the
poco rit.
day.
4. "Young
a tempo
p
man," she said, "don't flat - ter, Your glance is bold and free; No
3

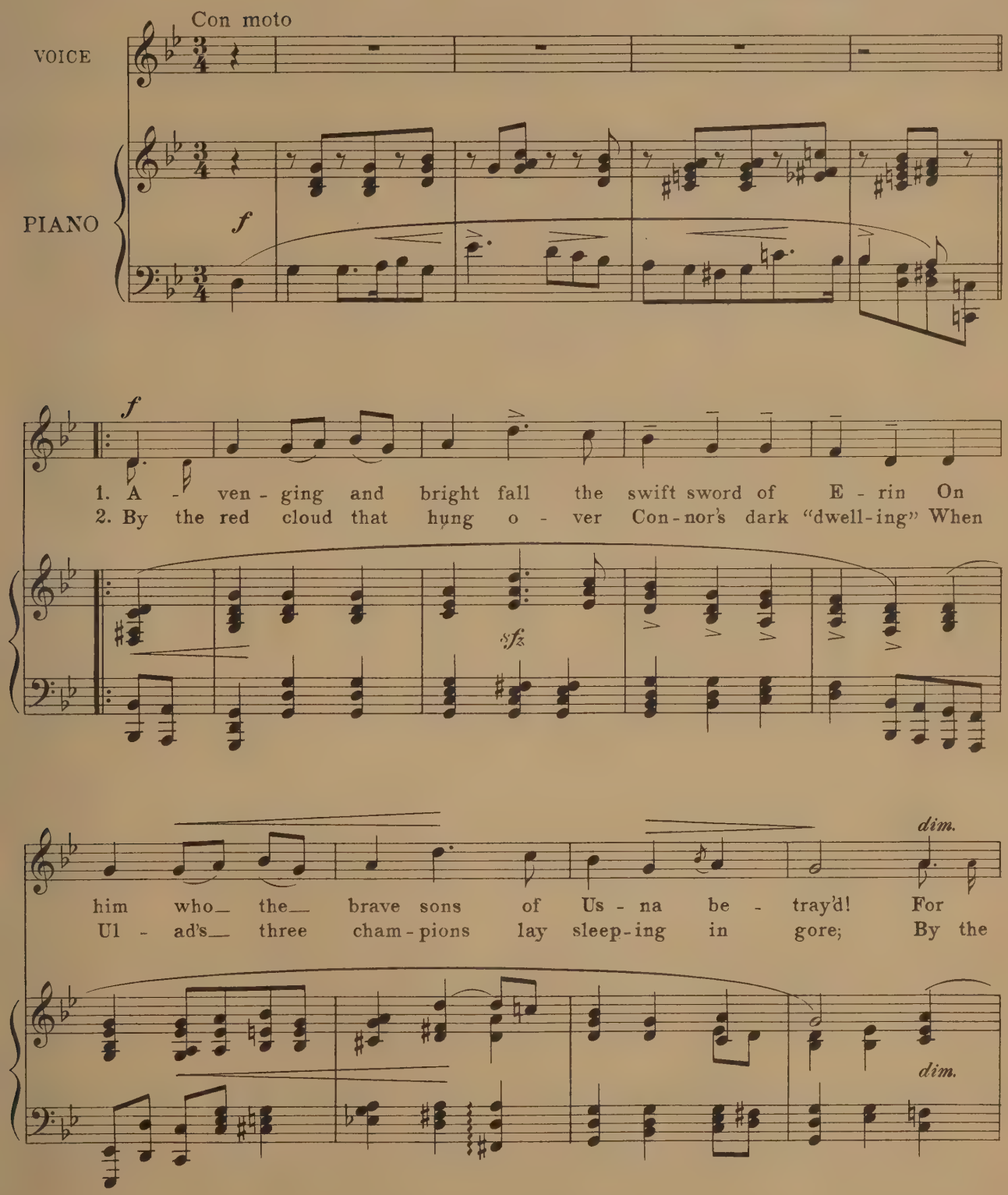

stran-ger's praise will mat-ter To vir - tuous maids like me. Pray
f deciso
go where you were go - ing, I take the oth - er way; And I
f
cresc.
hear my Crum - my low - ing At dawn - ing of the day."
cresc.
5. Up - on a bunch of
a tempo
f
p


rush - es A - lone I sat and heard Her voice out - sing the
thrush - es And ev - 'ry wak-'ning bird. I heard the sweet milk
meno mosso
f
spurt - ing, The hedge be-tween us lay, And I long'd that we were
f
meno mosso
court - ing At dawn - ing of the day.
3
Ped.
*

AVENGING AND BRIGHT

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "Cruachàn na Fèine"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Con moto
VOICE
PIANO
f
1. A - ven - ging and bright fall the swift sword of E - rin On
2. By the red cloud that hung o - ver Con-nor's dark "dwell-ing" When
sfz
him who_ the_ brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd! For
Ul - ad's_ three cham-pions lay sleep-ing in gore; By the
dim.
dim.

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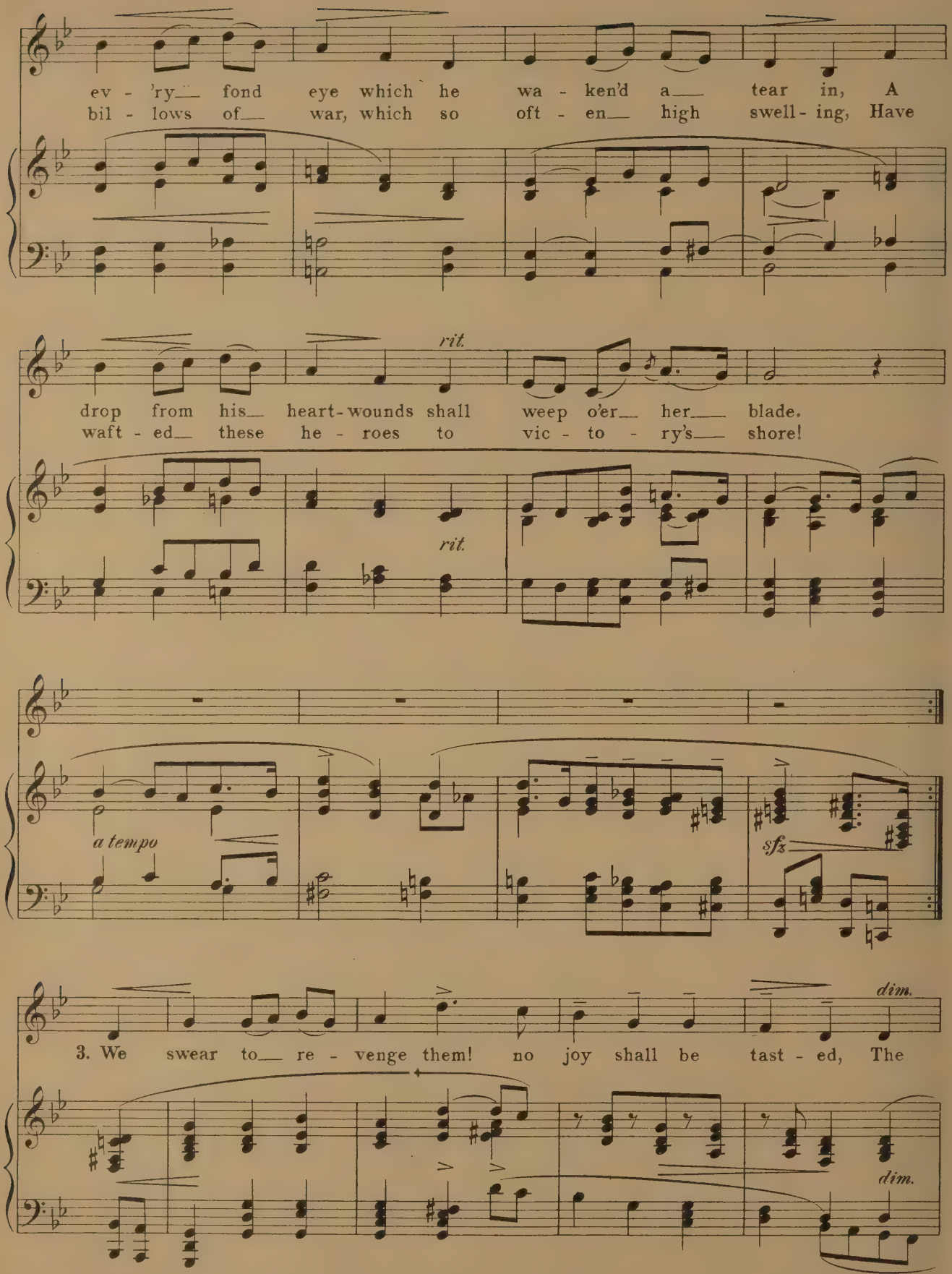
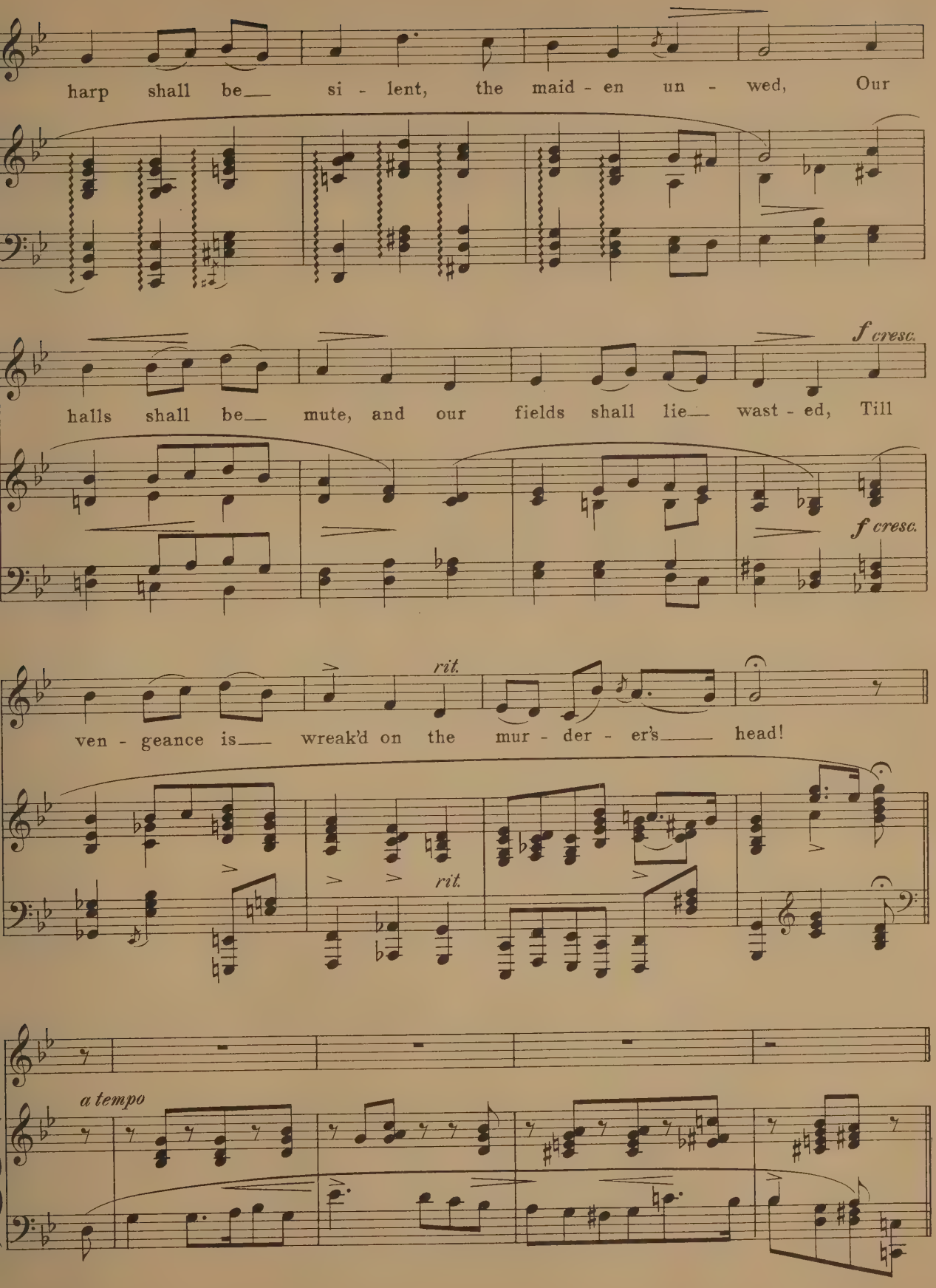
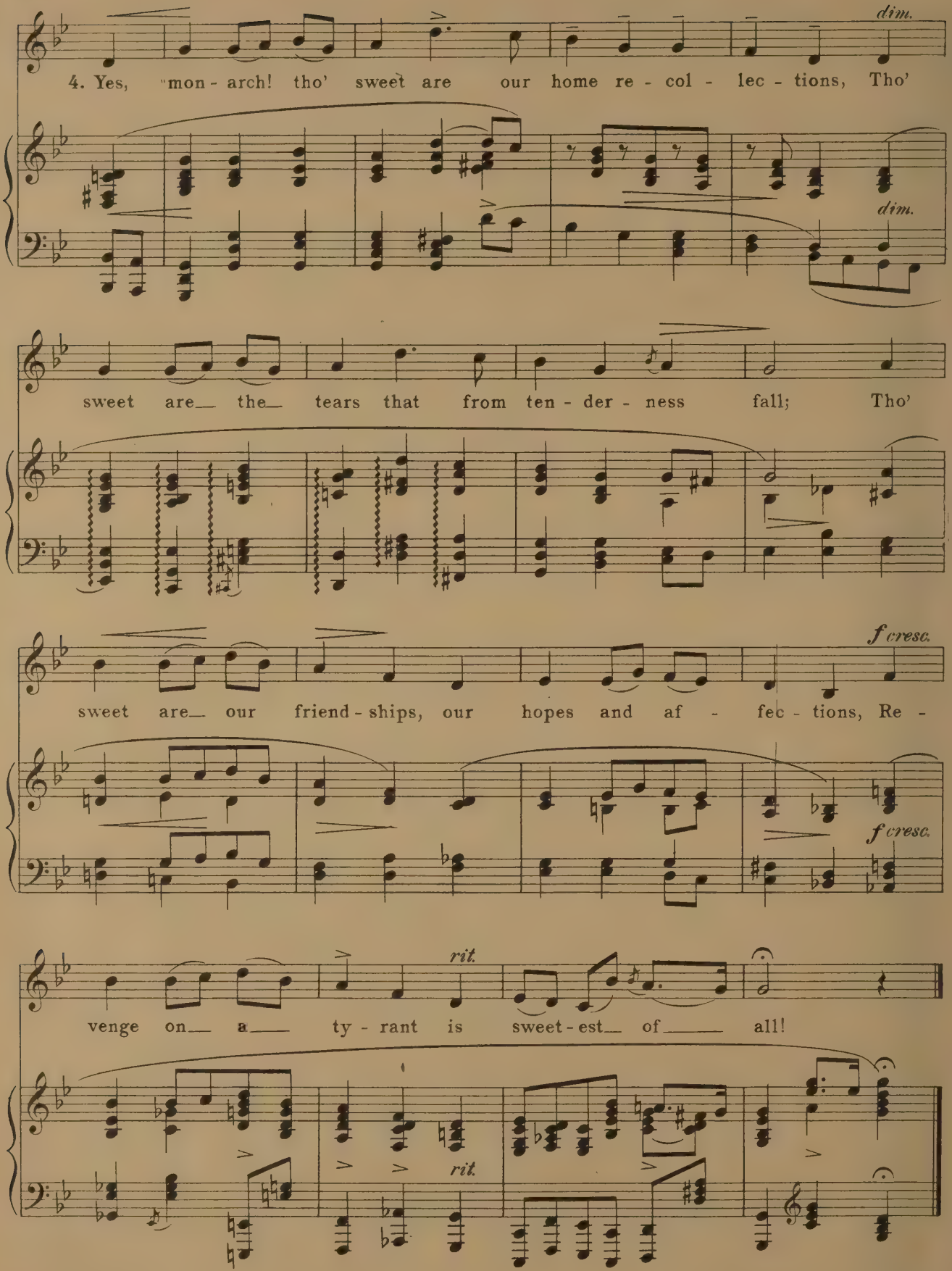

ev - 'ry fond eye which he wa - ken'd a tear in, A
bil - lows of war, which so oft - en high swell - ing, Have
rit.
drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.
waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore!
rit.
a tempo
sfz
dim.
3. We swear to re - venge them! no joy shall be tast - ed, The
dim.

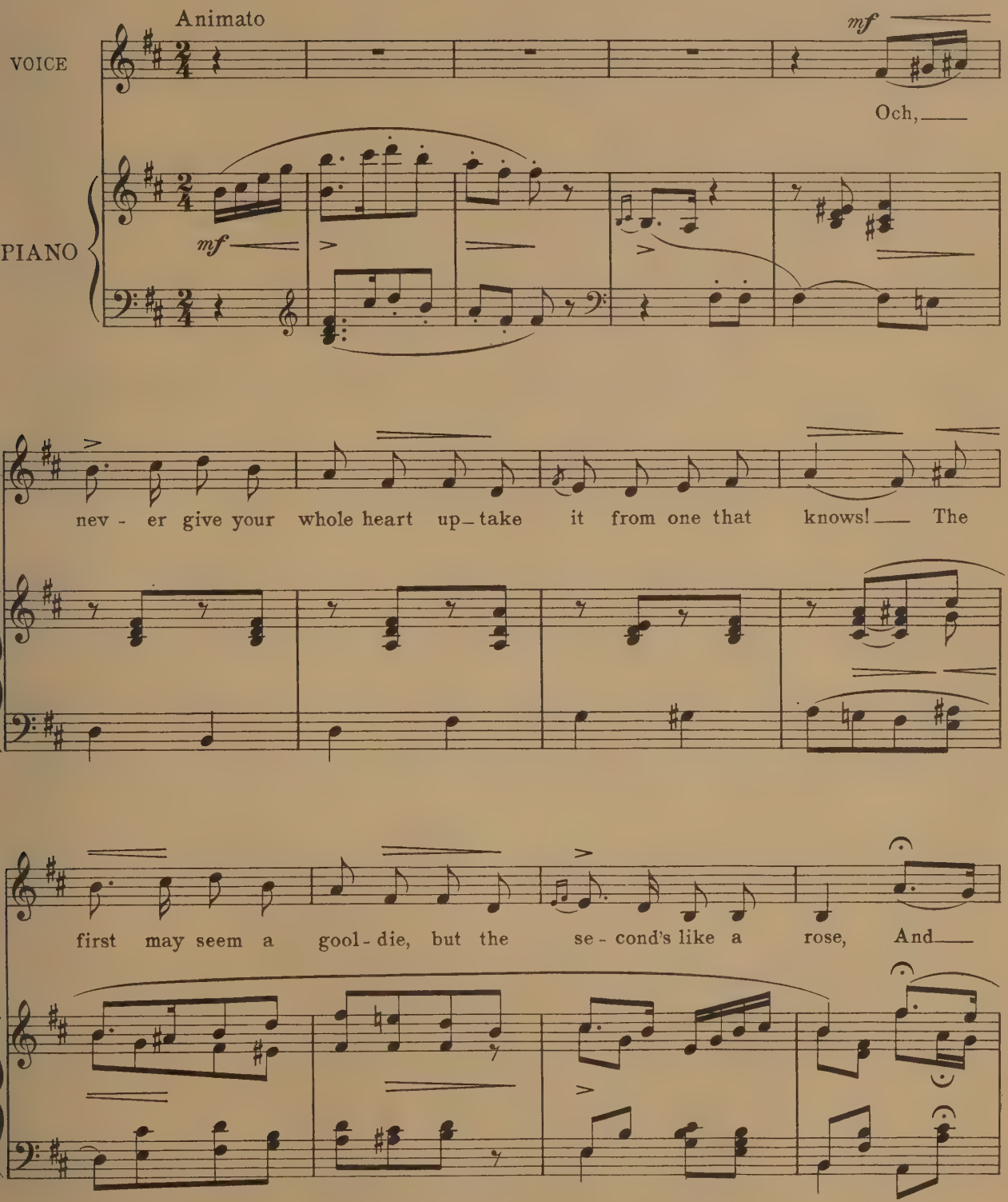

harp shall be si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our
f cresc.
halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wast - ed, Till
f cresc.
rit.
ven - geance is wreak'd on the mur - der - er's head!
rit.
a tempo


dim.
4. Yes, mon - arch! tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho'
dim.
sweet are the tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho'
f cresc.
sweet are our friend - ships, our hopes and af - fec - tions, Re -
f cresc.
rit.
venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all!
rit.

THE BLATHERSKITE

ARTHUR STRINGER

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Animato
VOICE
PIANO
mf
Och,
mf
nev - er give your whole heart up_take it from one that knows! The
first may seem a gool - die, but the se - cond's like a rose, And

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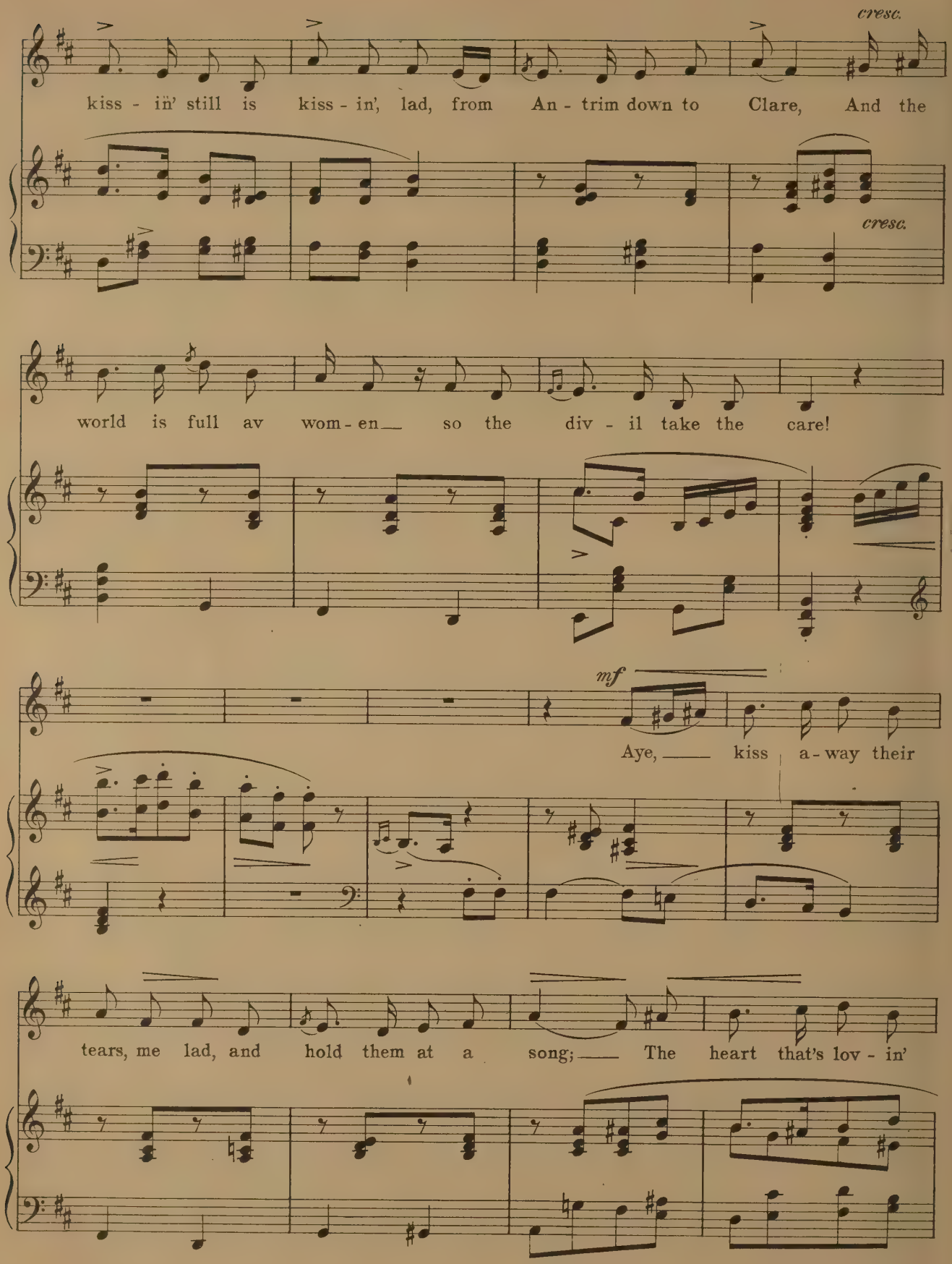
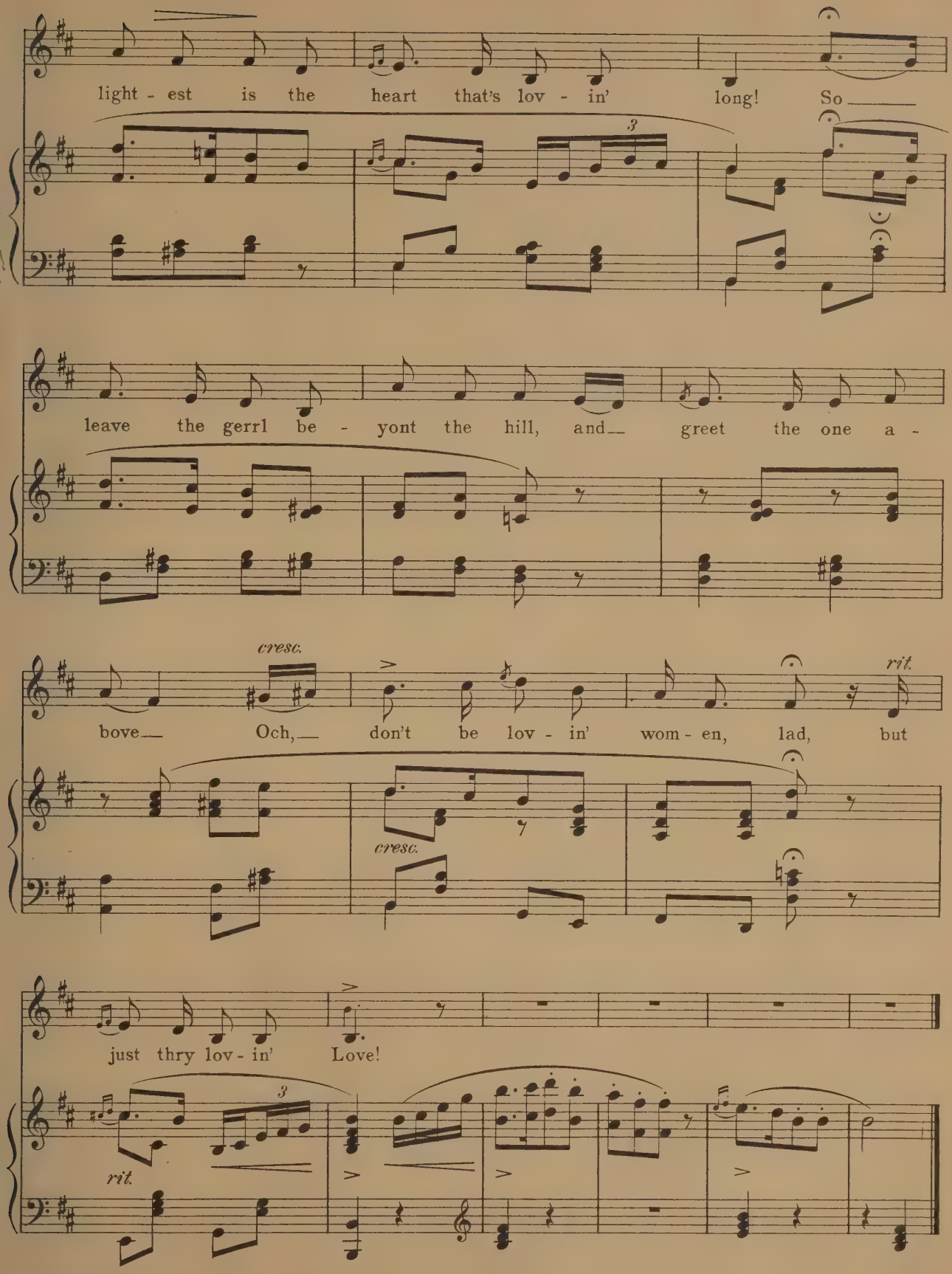

cresc.
kiss - in' still is kiss - in', lad, from An - trim down to Clare, And the
cresc.
world is full av wom - en so the div - il take the care!
mf
Aye, kiss a - way their
tears, me lad, and hold them at a song; The heart that's lov - in'


light - est is the heart that's lov - in' long! So
leave the gerrl be - yont the hill, and greet the one a -
cresc.
bove Och, don't be lov - in' wom - en, lad, but
rit.
cresc.
just thry lov - in' Love!
rit.

BARNEY O'HEA

SAMUEL LOVER

SAMUEL LOVER
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

With spirit

mf

VOICE

PIANO

1. Now
2. I

mf

let me a - lone, tho' I know you won't, I know you won't, I know you won't,
hope you're not go - ing to Ban - don fair, to Ban - don fair, to Ban - don fair, For in-

mf

f

Let me a - lone, tho' I know you won't, Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
deed I'm not want- ing to meet you there, Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea! —*L.H.*

f

mf

It makes me out - ra-geous When you're so con-ta-gious, And you'd
For Cor-ney's at Cork, And my broth-er's at work, And my

mf

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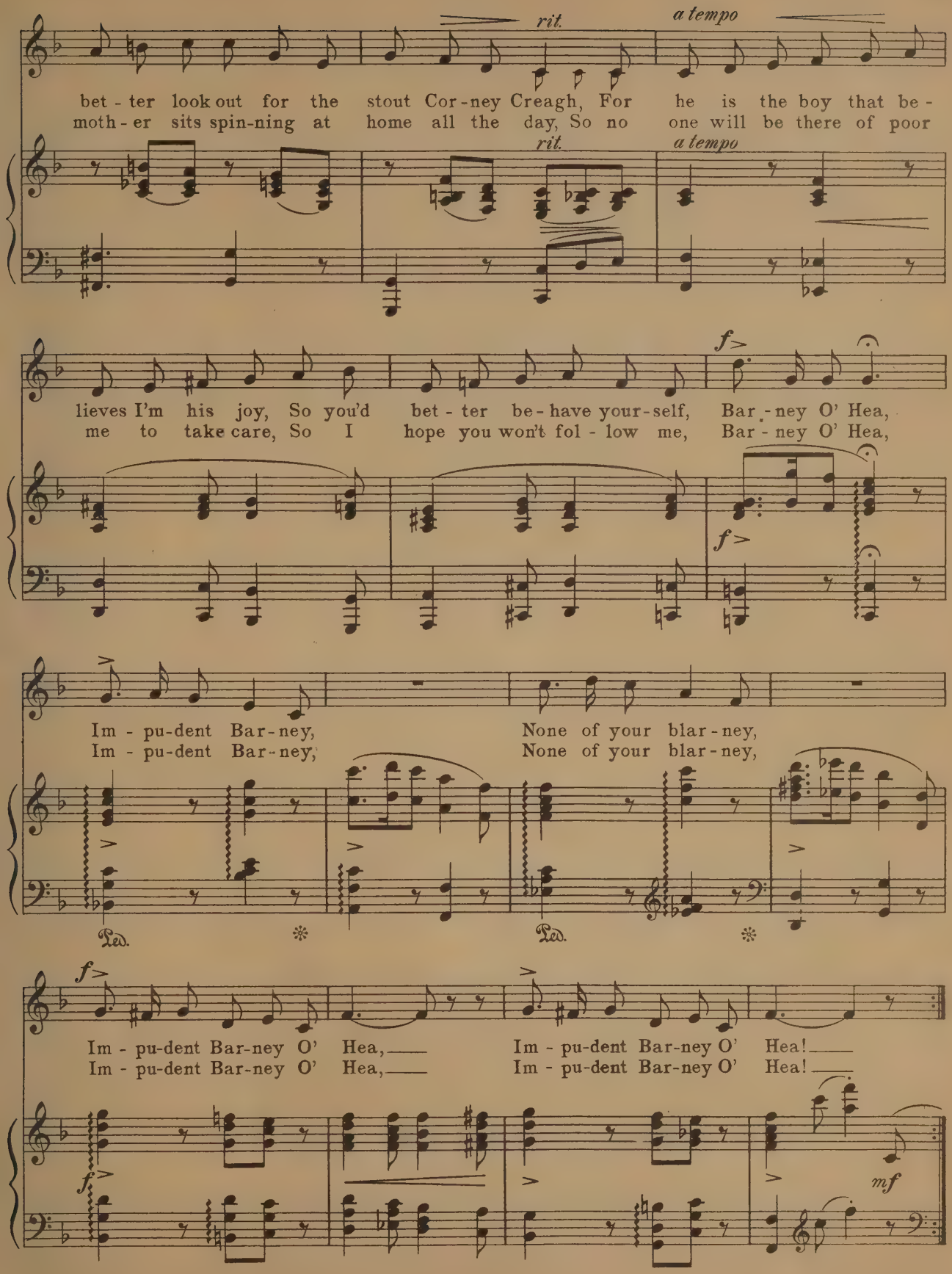
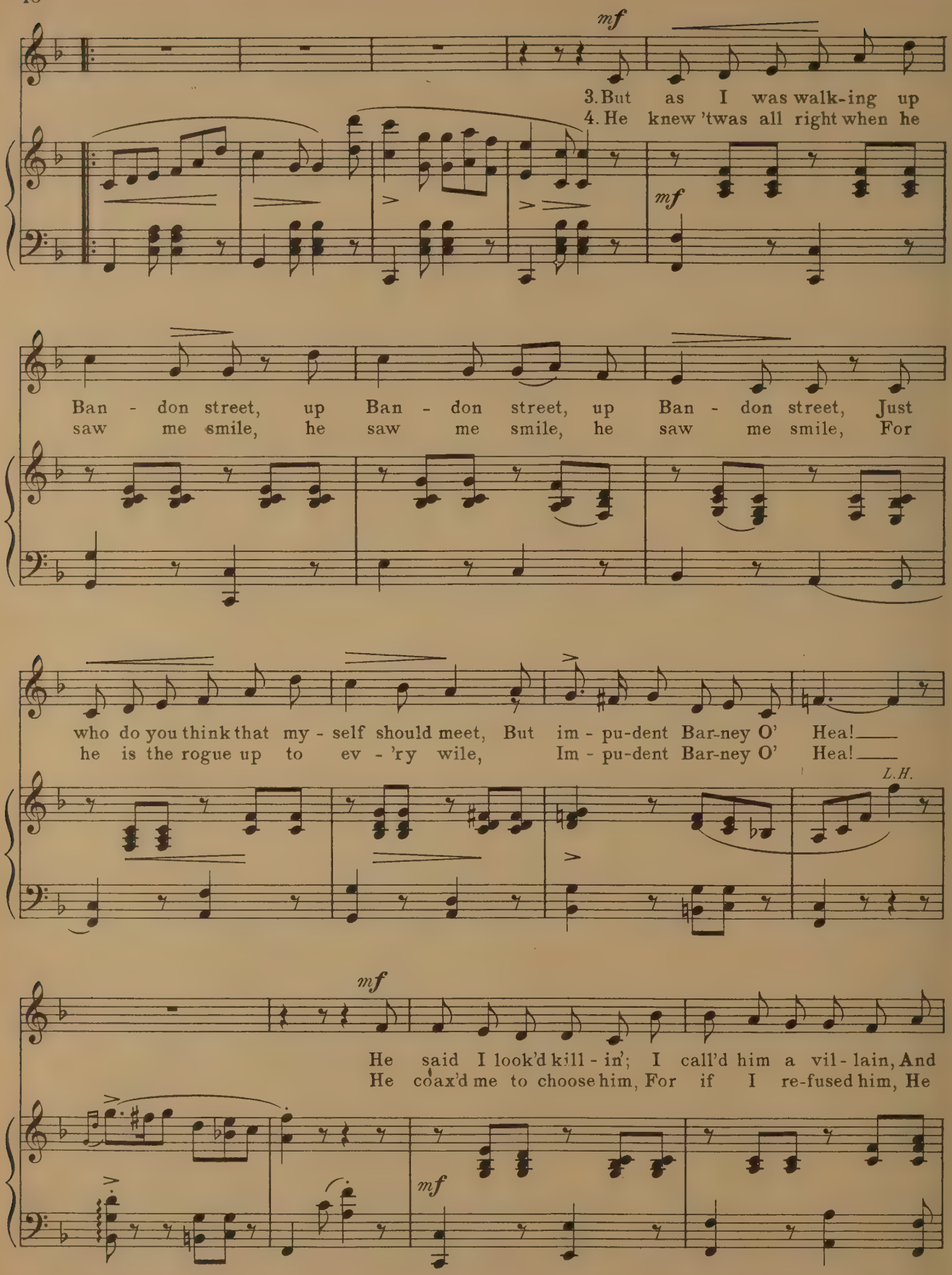
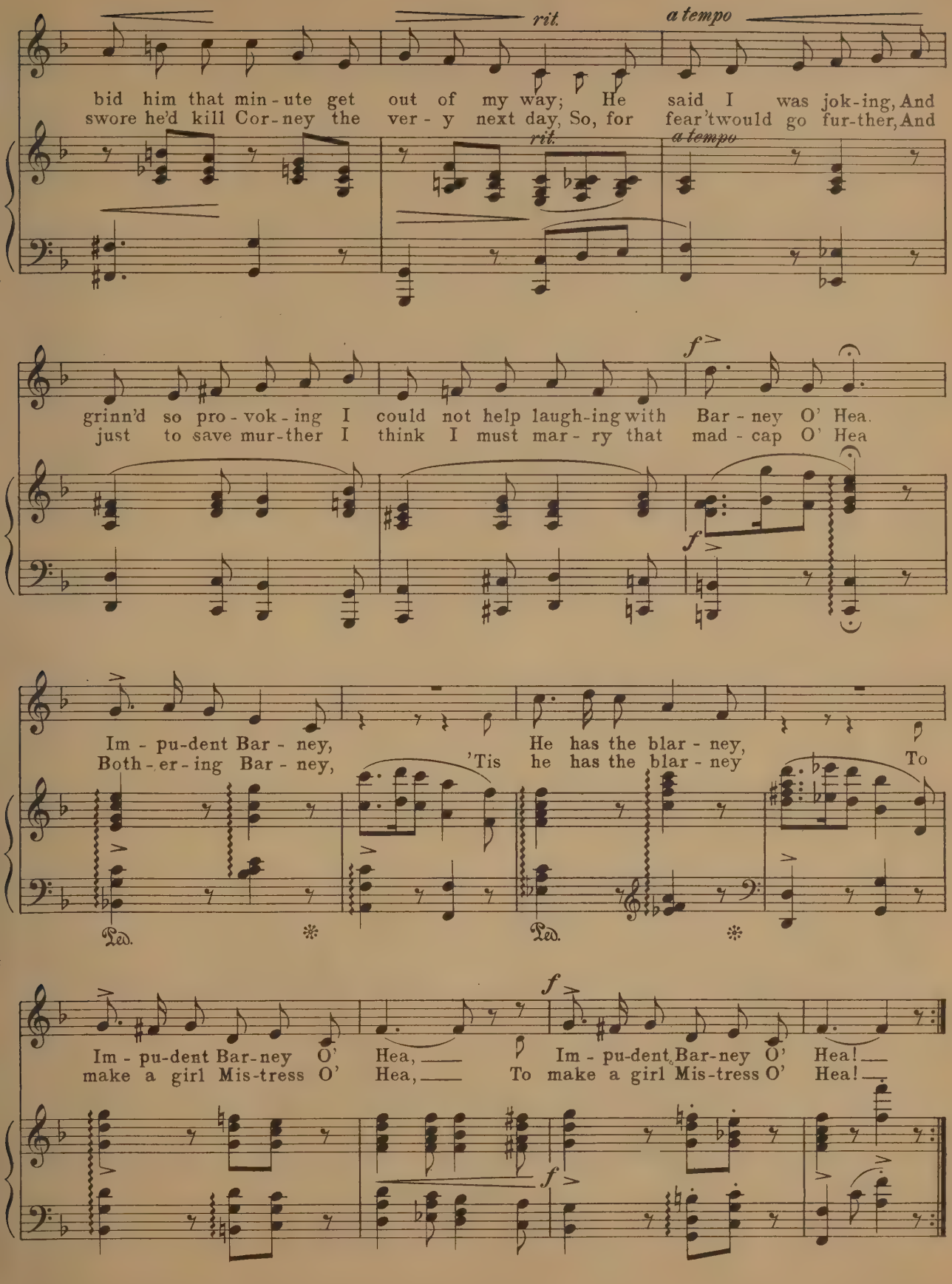

rit.
a tempo
bet - ter look out for the stout Cor - ney Creagh, For he is the boy that be -
moth - er sits spin-ning at home all the day, So no one will be there of poor
rit.
a tempo
f>
lieves I'm his joy, So you'd bet - ter be - have your-self, Bar - ney O' Hea,
me to take care, So I hope you won't fol - low me, Bar - ney O' Hea,
f>
Im - pu-dent Bar - ney, None of your blar - ney,
Im - pu-dent Bar - ney, None of your blar - ney,
Ped.
Ped.
f>
Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea,
Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea,
Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
f
mf

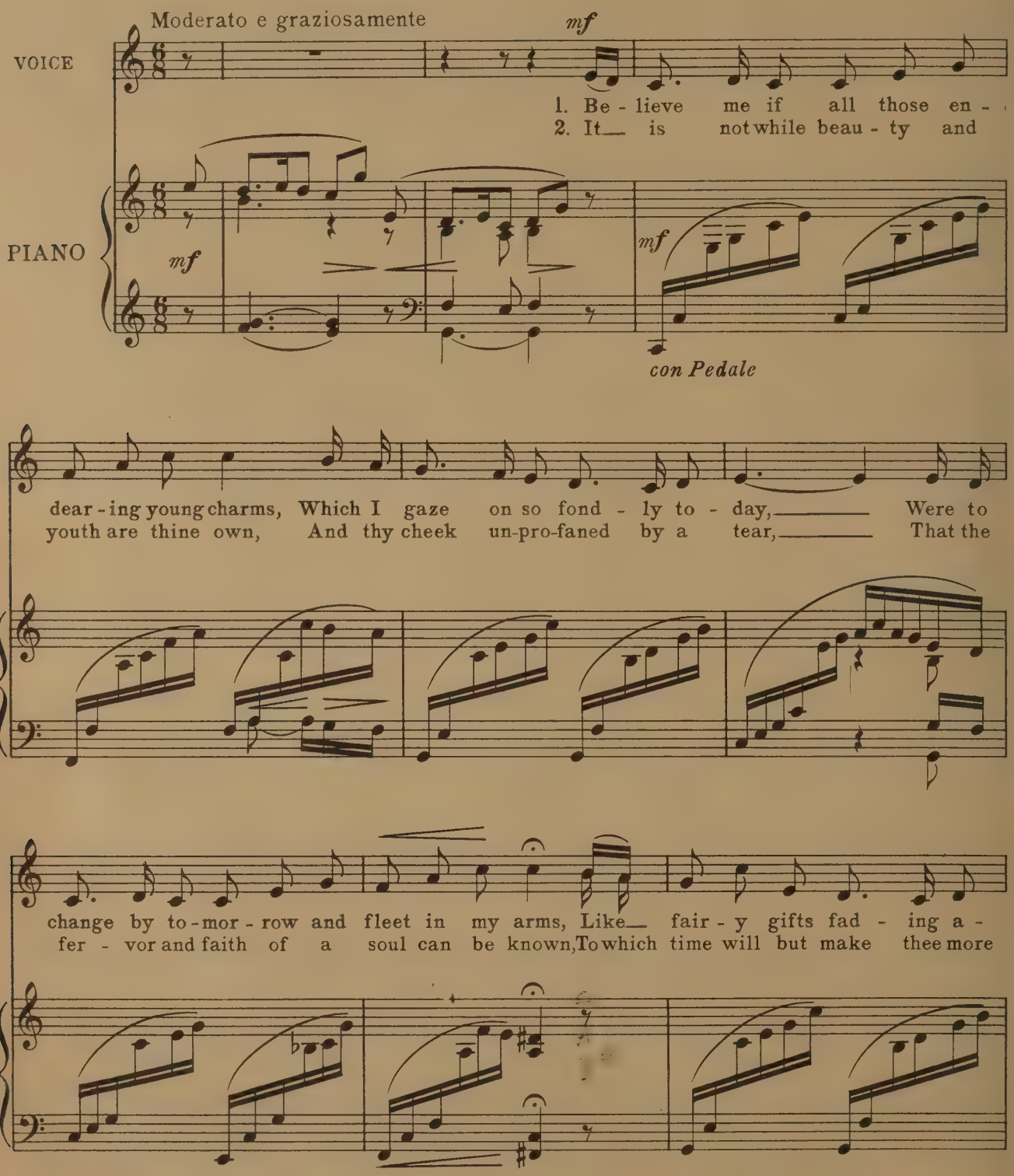

mf
3. But as I was walk-ing up
4. He knew 'twas all right when he
mf
Ban - don street, up Ban - don street, up Ban - don street, Just
saw me smile, he saw me smile, he saw me smile, For
who do you think that my - self should meet, But im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
he is the rogue up to ev - 'ry wile, Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
L.H.
mf
He said I look'd kill - in'; I call'd him a vil - lain, And
He coax'd me to choose him, For if I re-fused him, He
mf


rit.
a tempo
bid him that min-ute get out of my way; He said I was jok-ing, And
swore he'd kill Cor-ney the ver-y next day, So, for fear 'twould go fur-ther, And
rit.
a tempo
f
grinn'd so pro-vok-ing I could not help laugh-ing with Bar-ney O' Hea.
just to save mur-ther I think I must mar-ry that mad-cap O' Hea
f
Im-pu-dent Bar-ney, He has the blar-ney,
Both-er-ing Bar-ney, 'Tis he has the blar-ney To
Ped.
Ped.
f
Im-pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea, Im-pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
make a girl Mis-tress O' Hea, To make a girl Mis-tress O' Hea!
f

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "My lodging, it is on the cold ground"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato e graziosamente
mf
VOICE
1. Be - lieve me if all those en -
2. It__ is not while beau - ty and
PIANO
mf
mf
con Pedale
dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day,_____ Were to
youth are thine own, And thy cheek un-pro-faned by a tear,_____ That the
change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like__ fair - y gifts fad - ing a -
fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

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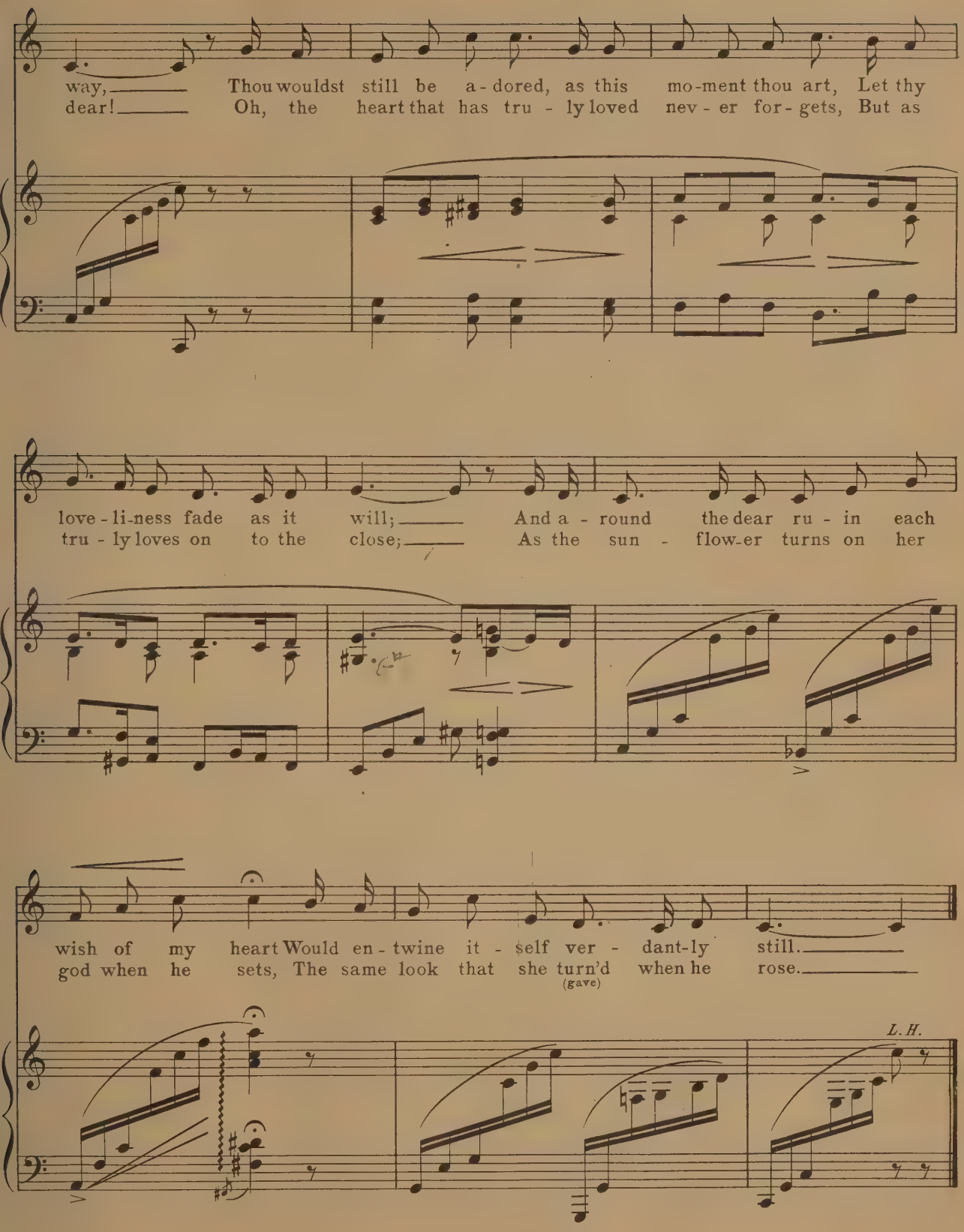
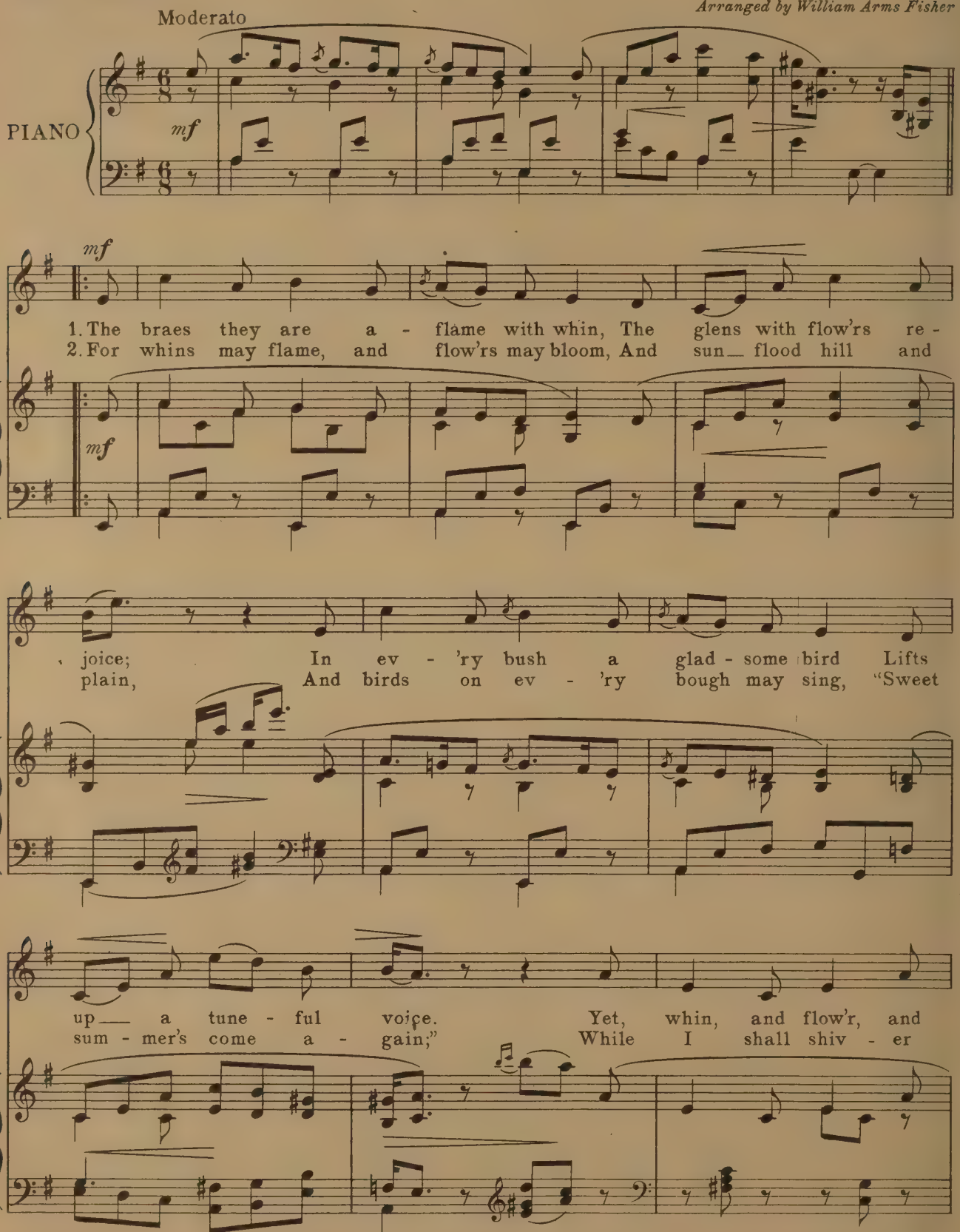

way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy
dear! Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er for - gets, But as
love - li-ness fade as it will; And a - round the dear ru - in each
tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun - flow-er turns on her
wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant-ly still.
god when he sets, The same look that she turn'd (gave) when he rose.
L. H.

BRIGHT DARLING OF MY HEART
(A MHUIRNIN GEAL MO CHROIDHE)

SEUMAS MacMANUS

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
PIANO
mf
mf
1. The braes they are a - flame with whin, The glens with flow'rs re -
2. For whins may flame, and flow'rs may bloom, And sun_ flood hill and
mf
joice; In ev - 'ry bush a glad - some bird Lifts
plain, And birds on ev - 'ry bough may sing, "Sweet
up_ a tune - ful voice. Yet, whin, and flow'r, and
sum - mer's come a - gain;" While I shall shiv - er

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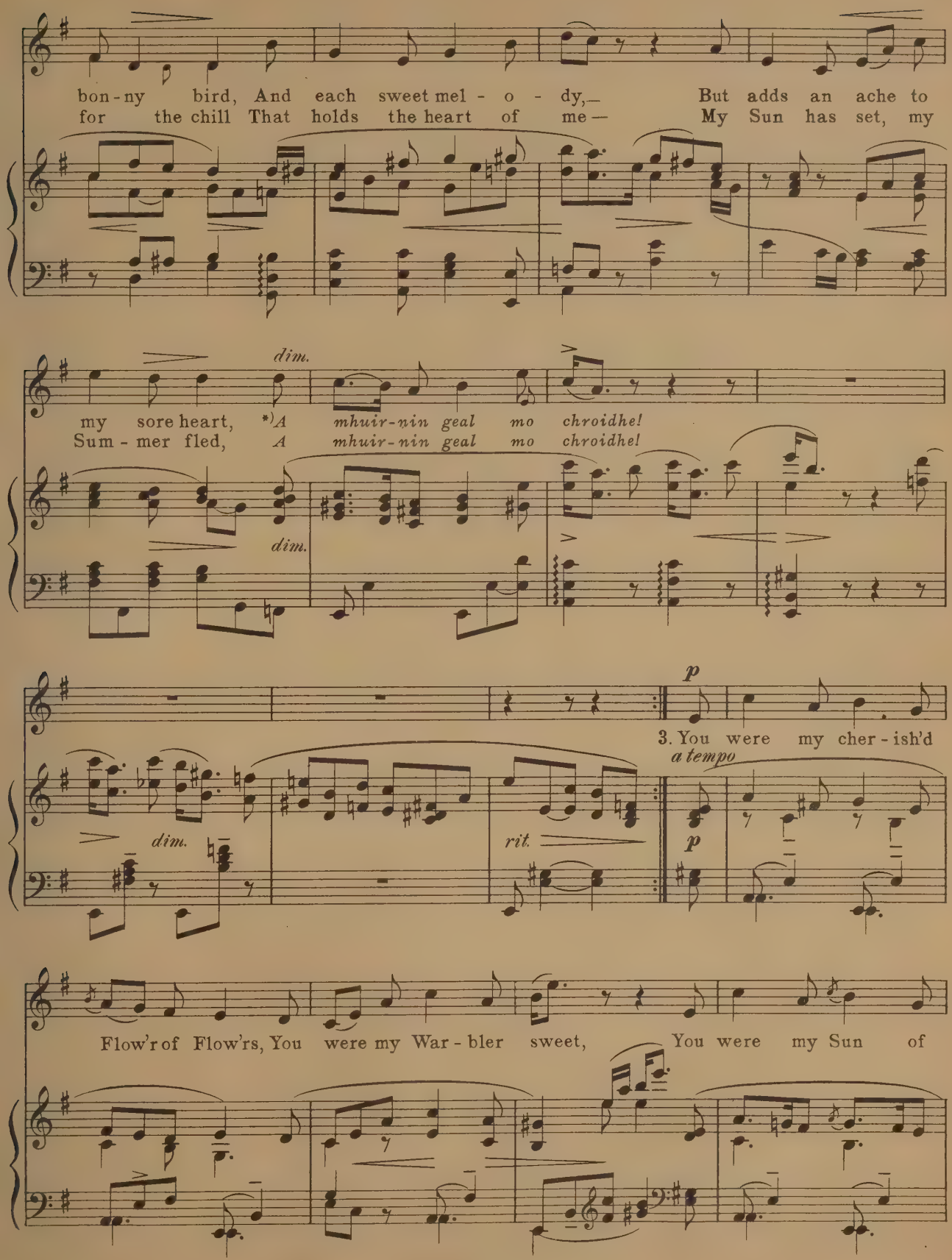
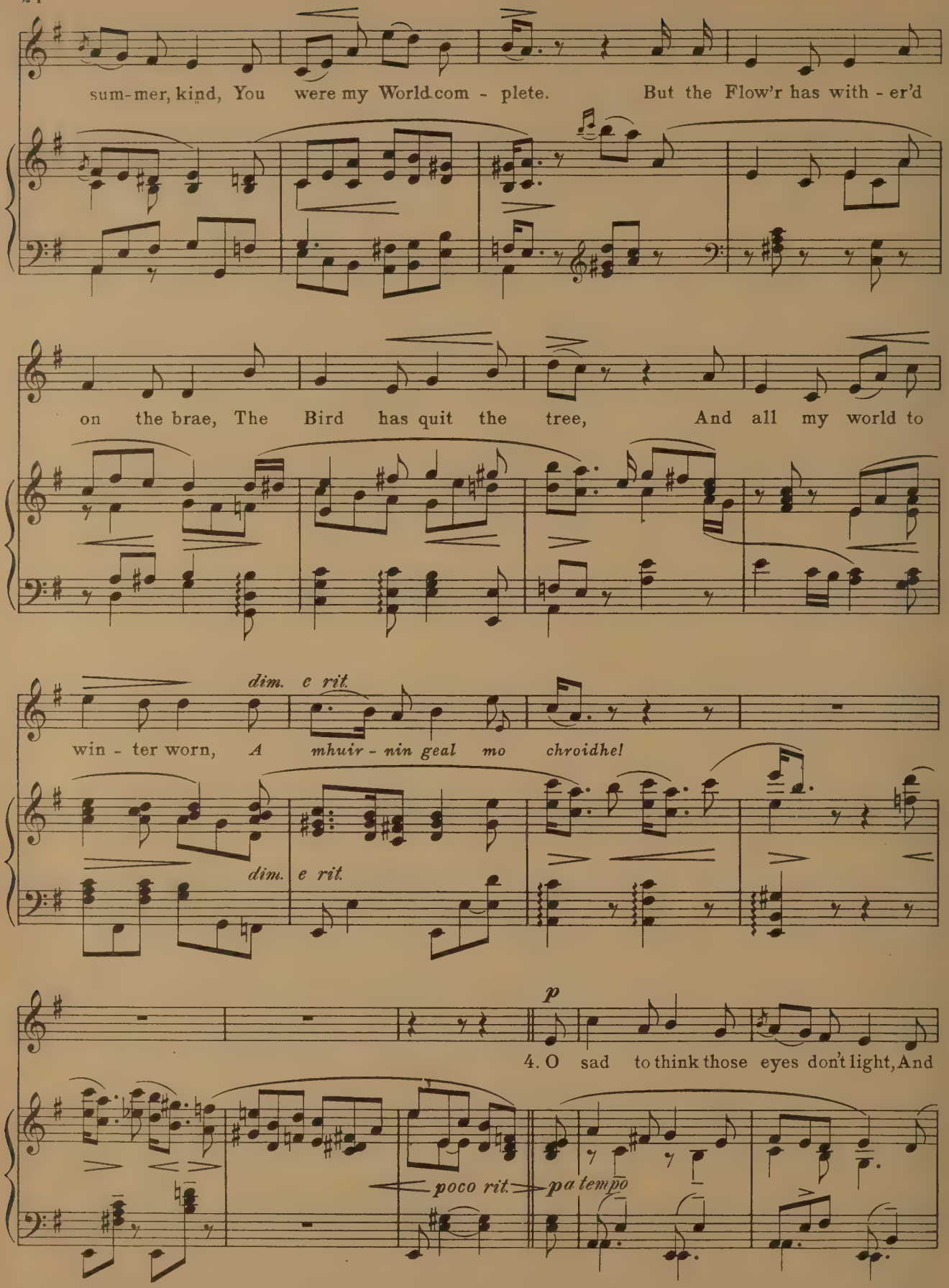
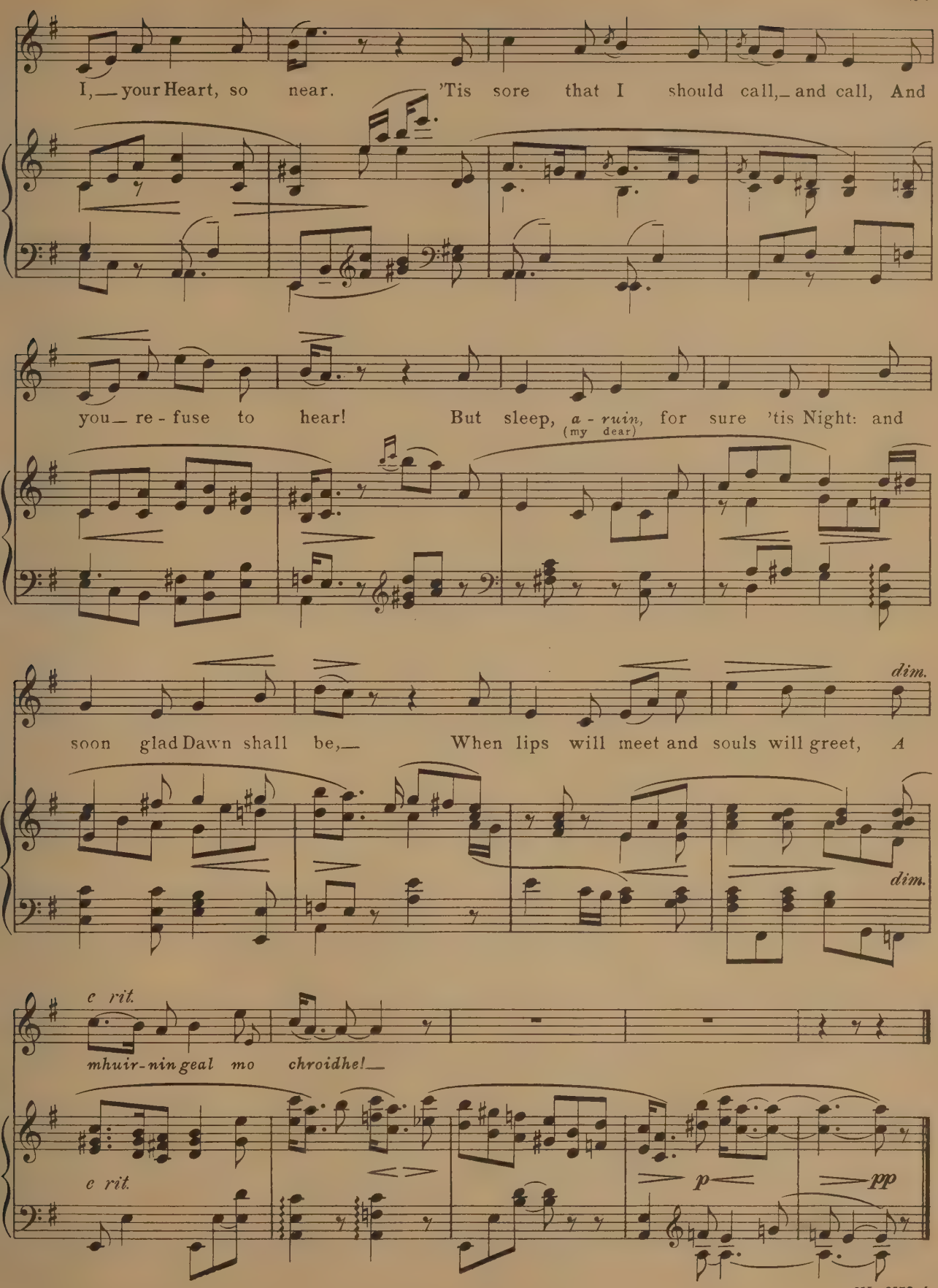

bon - ny bird, And each sweet mel - o - dy,— But adds an ache to
for the chill That holds the heart of me— My Sun has set, my
dim.
my sore heart, *)A mhuir-nin geal mo chroidhe!
Sum - mer fled, A mhuir-nin geal mo chroidhe!
dim.
p
3. You were my cher - ish'd
a tempo
dim.
rit.
p
Flow'r of Flow'rs, You were my War - bler sweet, You were my Sun of

*) Pronounced: *A vurn-yeen gal mo chree.* — O, bright darling of my heart.

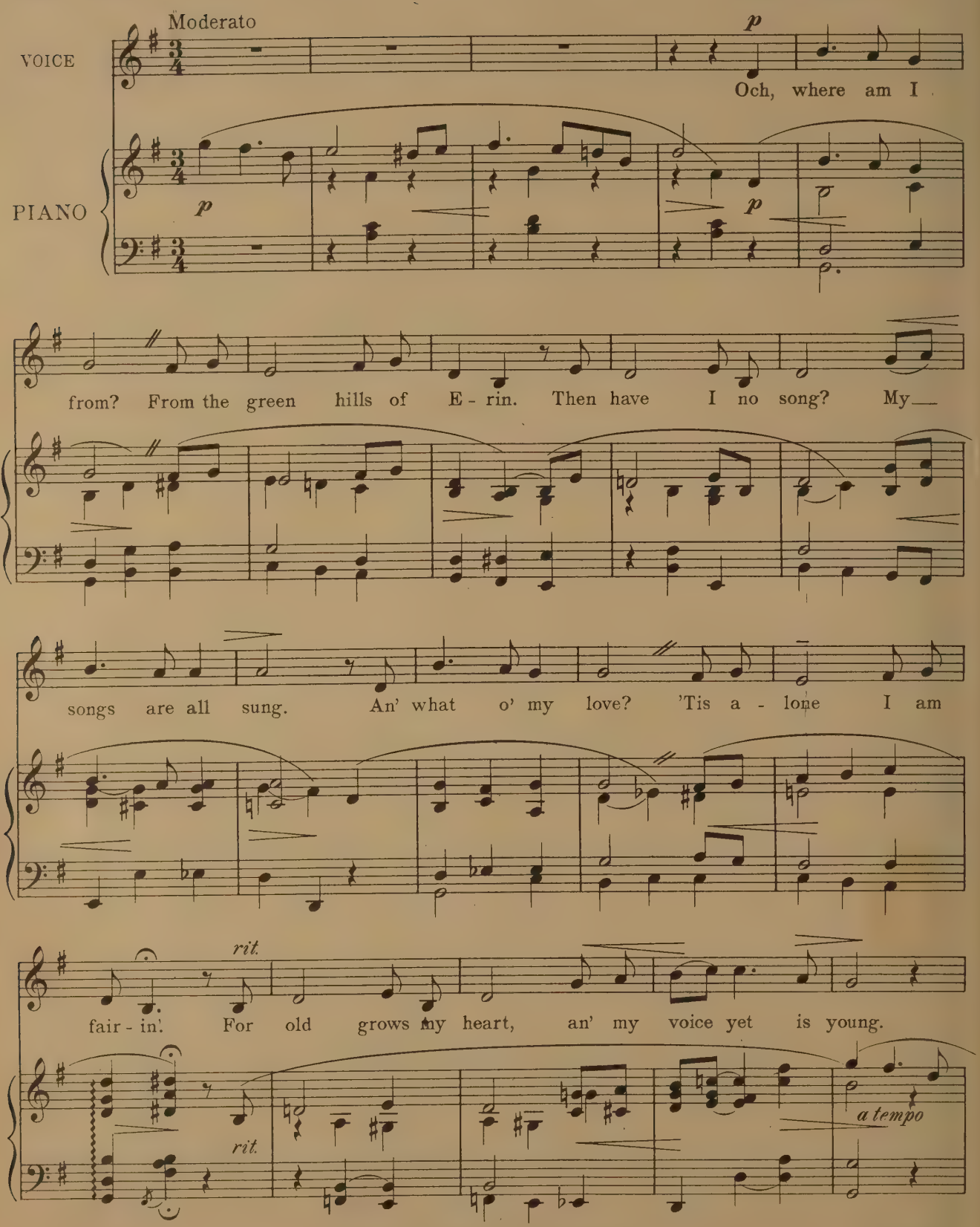

sum-mer, kind, You were my World com - plete. But the Flow'r has with - er'd
on the brae, The Bird has quit the tree, And all my world to
dim. e rit.
win - ter worn, A mhuir - nin geal mo chroidhe!
dim. e rit.
p
4. O sad to think those eyes don't light, And
poco rit.
p a tempo


I, — your Heart, so near. 'Tis sore that I should call, — and call, And
you — re - fuse to hear! But sleep, a - ruin, (my dear) for sure 'tis Night: and
dim.
soon glad Dawn shall be, — When lips will meet and souls will greet, A
dim.
e rit.
mhuir - nin geal mo chroidhe! —
e rit.
p
pp

A BROKEN SONG

MOIRA O'NEILL

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
p
Och, where am I
from? From the green hills of E - rin. Then have I no song? My
songs are all sung. An' what o' my love? 'Tis a - lone I am
rit.
fair - in'. For old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.
rit.
a tempo

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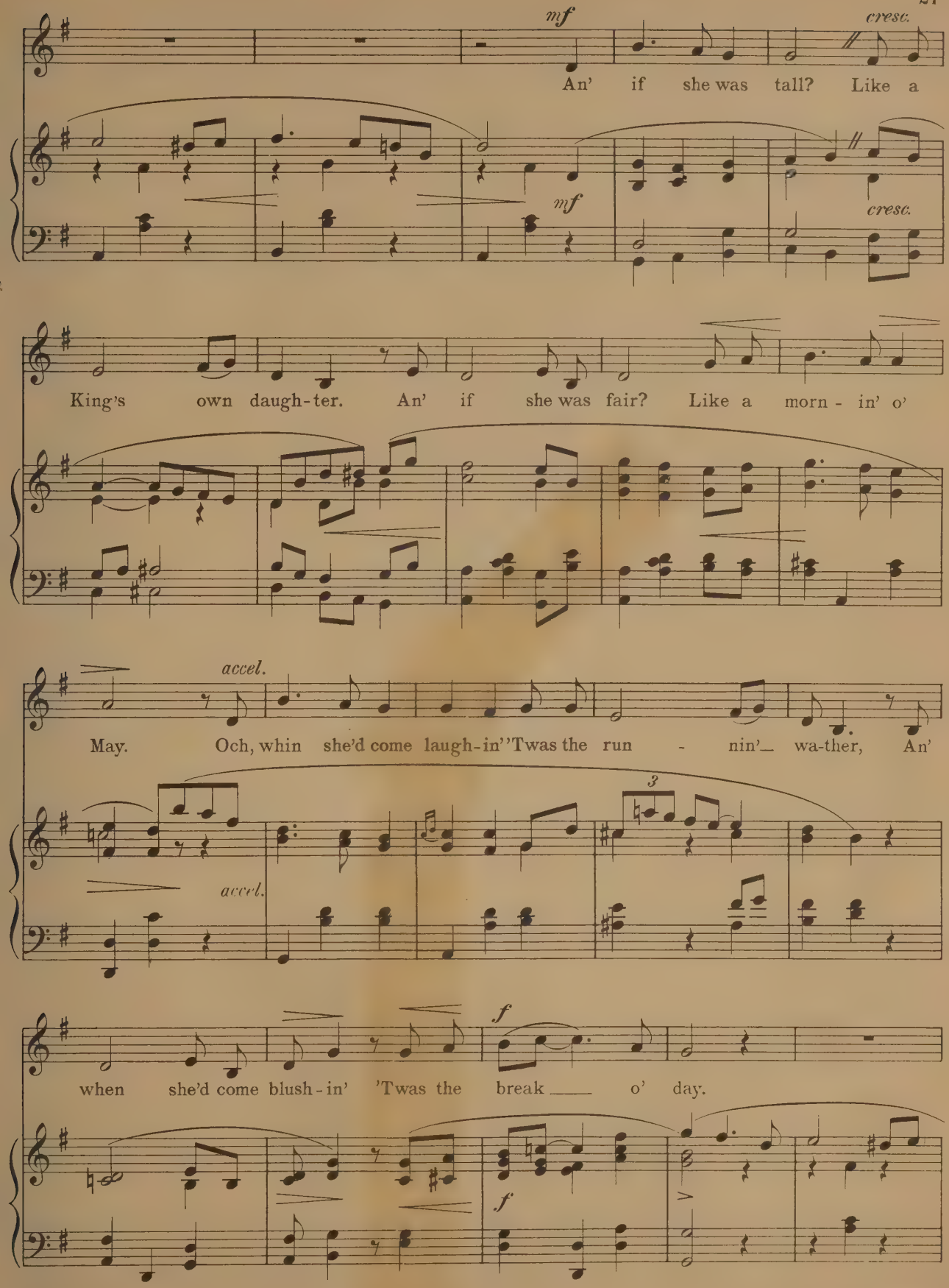
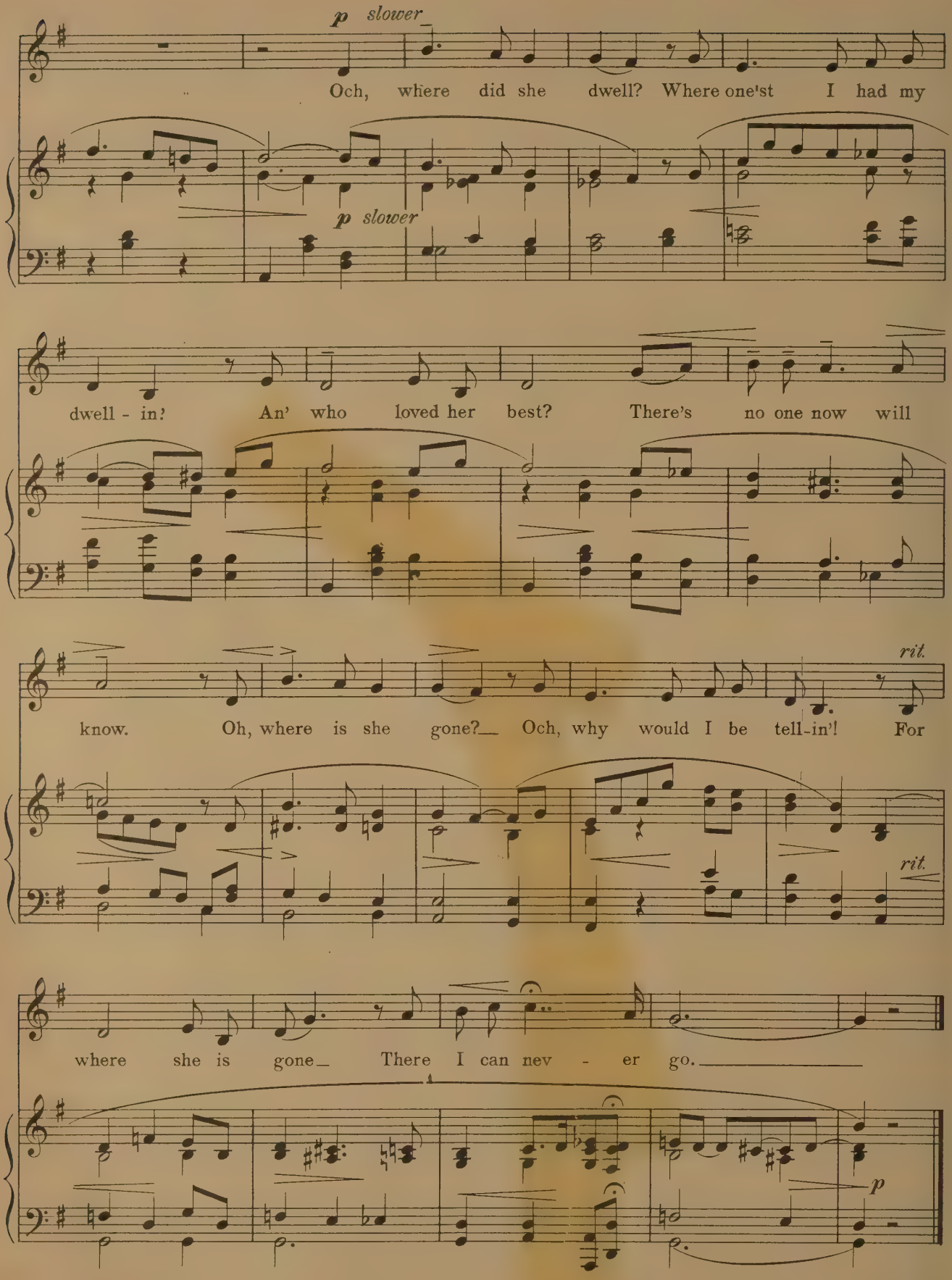
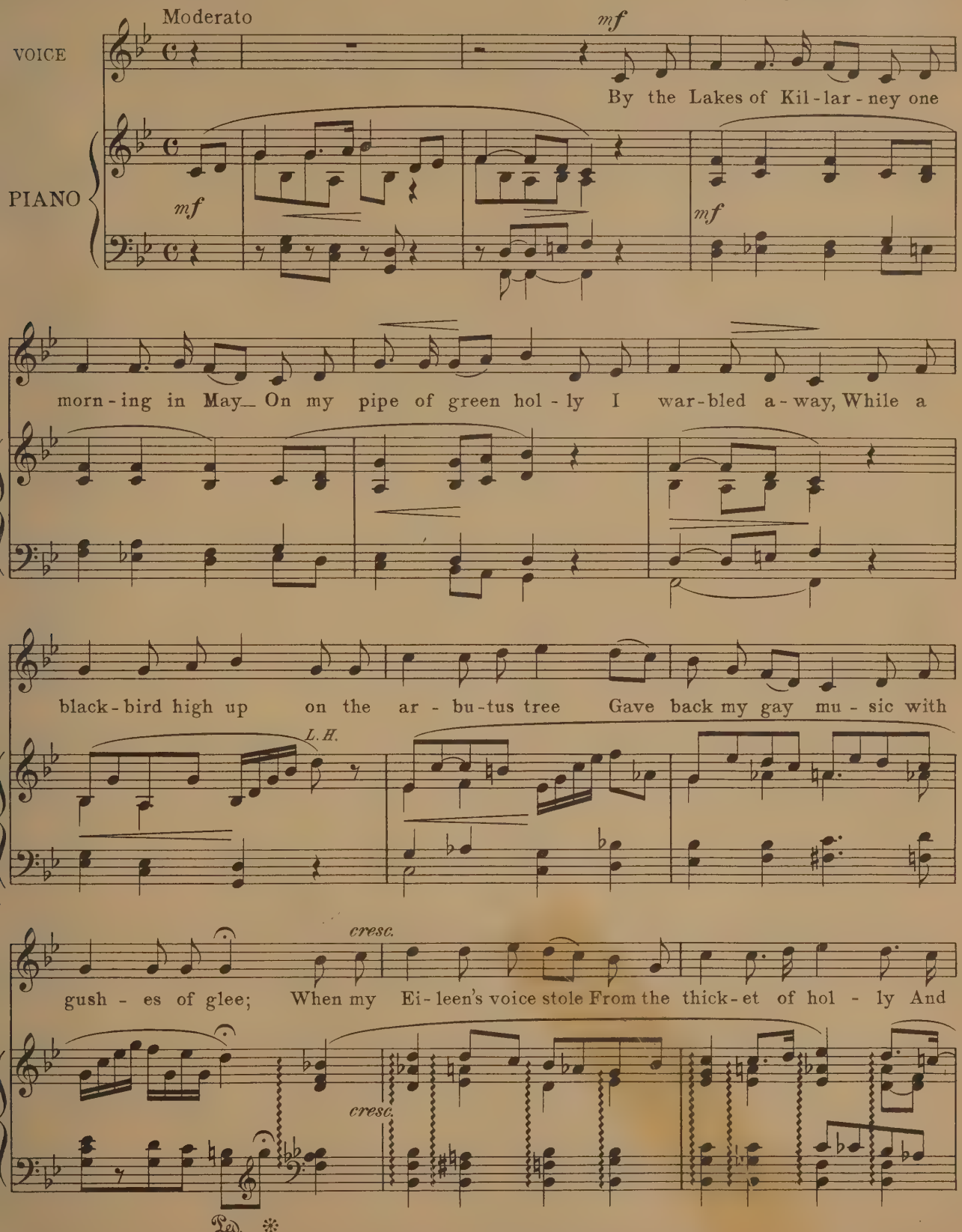

mf
cresc.
An' if she was tall? Like a
mf
cresc.
King's own daugh-ter. An' if she was fair? Like a morn - in' o'
accel.
May. Och, whin she'd come laugh-in' 'Twas the run - nin'_ wa-ther, An'
3
accel.
f
when she'd come blush-in' 'Twas the break ___ o' day.
f


p slower
Och, where did she dwell? Where one'st I had my
p slower
dwell - in? An' who loved her best? There's no one now will
rit.
know. Oh, where is she gone? Och, why would I be tell-in'! For
rit.
where she is gone There I can nev - er go.
p

BY THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
mf
VOICE
By the Lakes of Kil - lar - ney one
PIANO
mf
mf
morn - ing in May_ On my pipe of green hol - ly I war-bled a - way, While a
black - bird high up on the ar - bu - tus tree Gave back my gay mu - sic with
L.H.
cresc.
gush - es of glee; When my Ei - leen's voice stole From the thick - et of hol - ly And
cresc.
Ped. ✻

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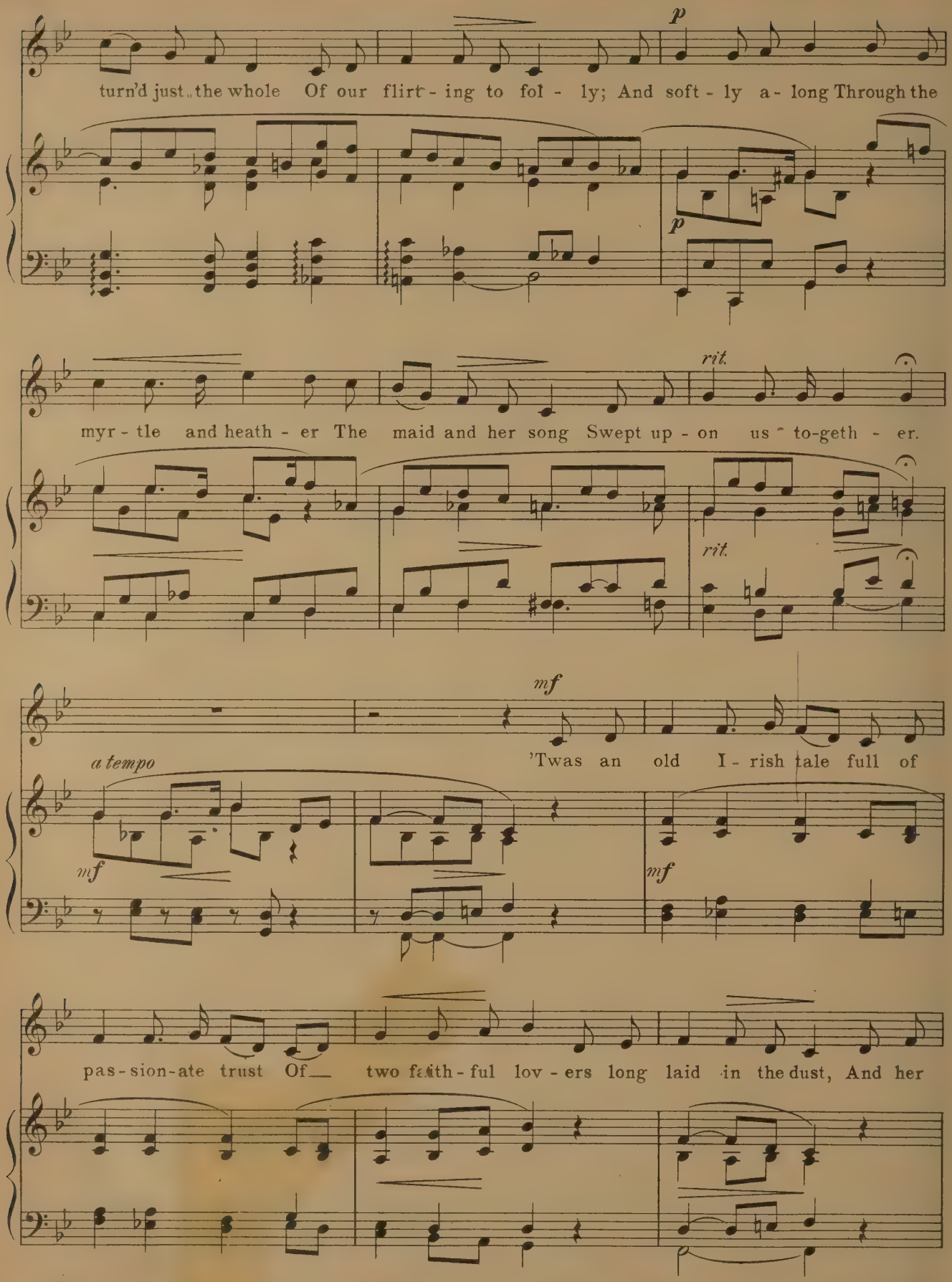
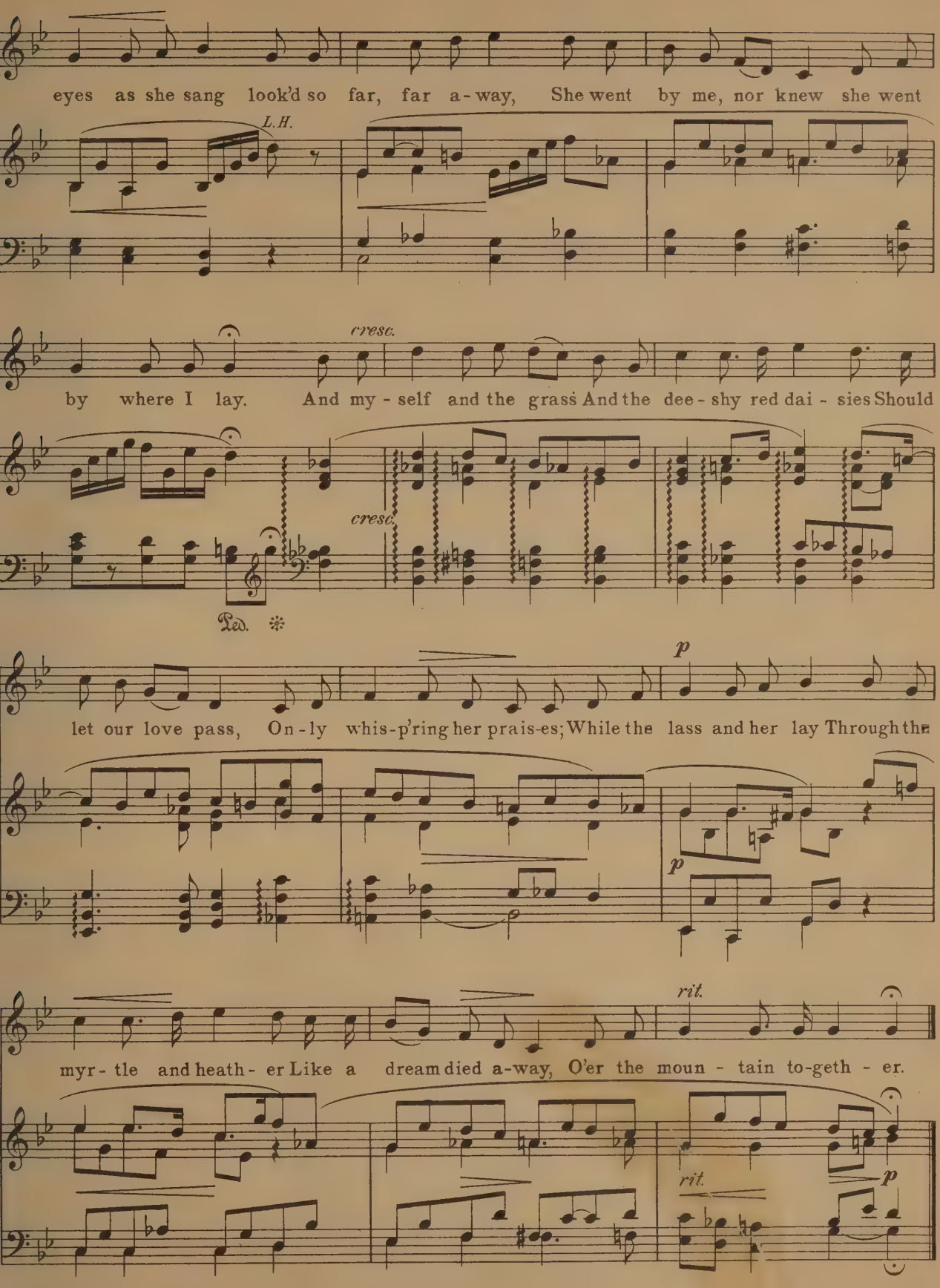
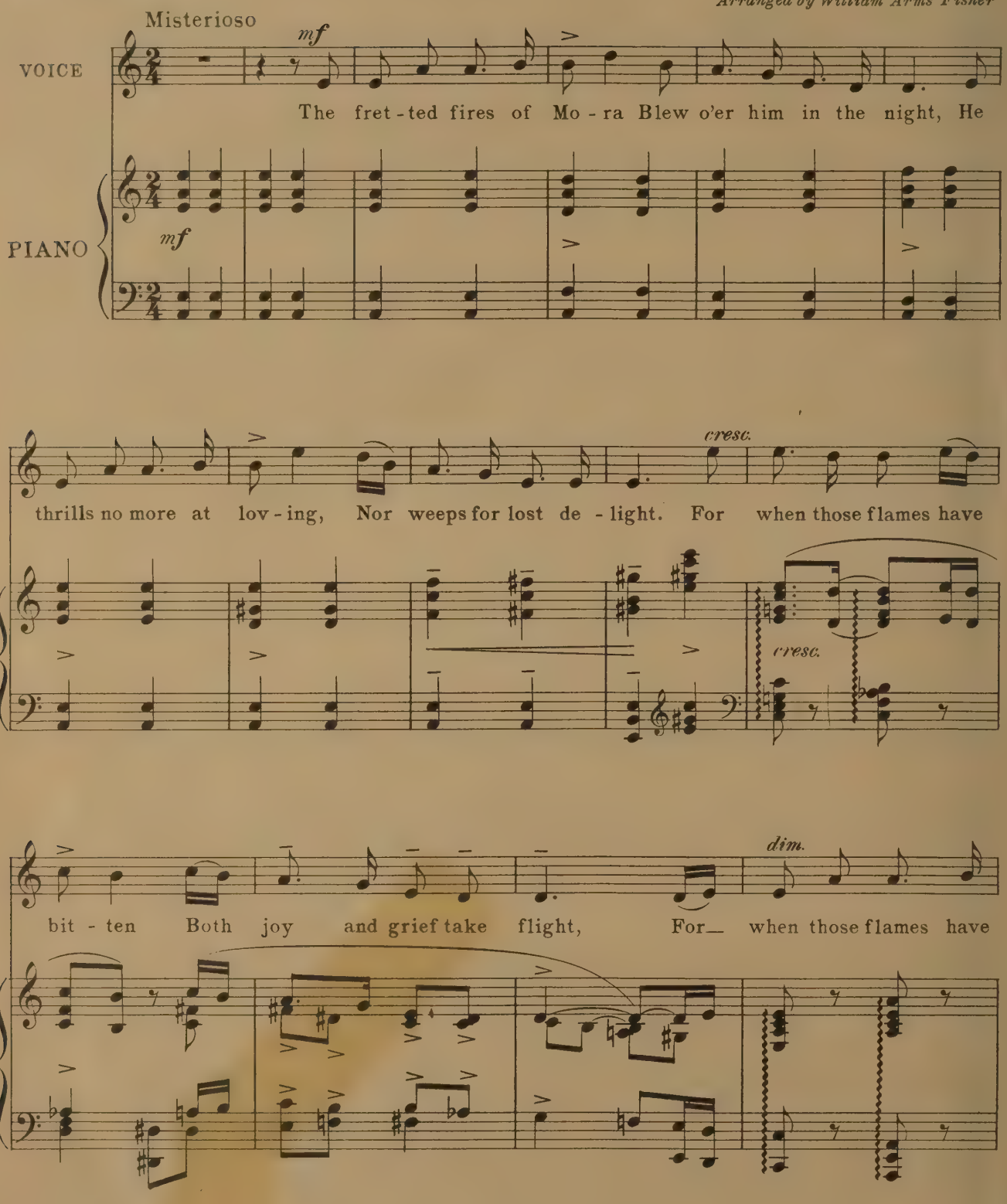

p
turn'd just the whole Of our flirt - ing to fol - ly; And soft - ly a - long Through the
p
rit.
myr - tle and heath - er The maid and her song Swept up - on us to-geth - er.
rit.
mf
a tempo
'Twas an old I - rish tale full of
mf
mf
pas - sion-ate trust Of two faith - ful lov - ers long laid in the dust, And her


eyes as she sang look'd so far, far a-way, She went by me, nor knew she went
L.H.
cresc.
by where I lay. And my-self and the grass And the dee-shy red dai-sies Should
cresc.
Ped.
p
let our love pass, On-ly whis-p'ring her prais-es; While the lass and her lay Through the
p
rit.
myr-tle and heath-er Like a dream died a-way, O'er the moun-tain to-geth-er.
rit.
p

THE CURSE OF MORA

ETHNA CARBERRY

Irish Airs:
"The Blind Beggar of the Glen"
and "The Yellow Blanket"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Misterioso
mf
VOICE
The fret - ted fires of Mo - ra Blew o'er him in the night, He
PIANO
mf
cresc.
thrills no more at lov - ing, Nor weeps for lost de - light. For when those flames have
cresc.
dim.
bit - ten Both joy and grief take flight, For— when those flames have

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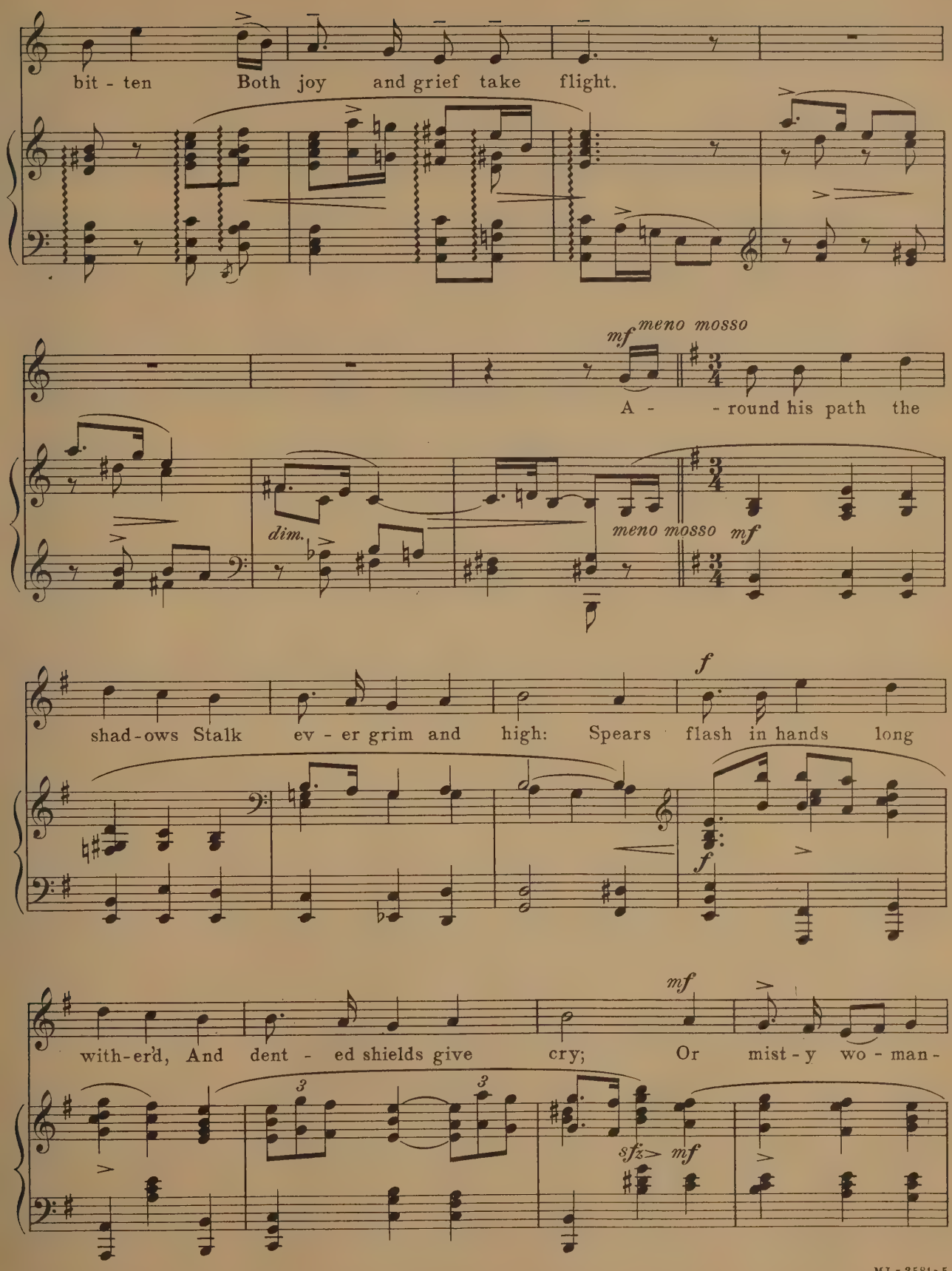
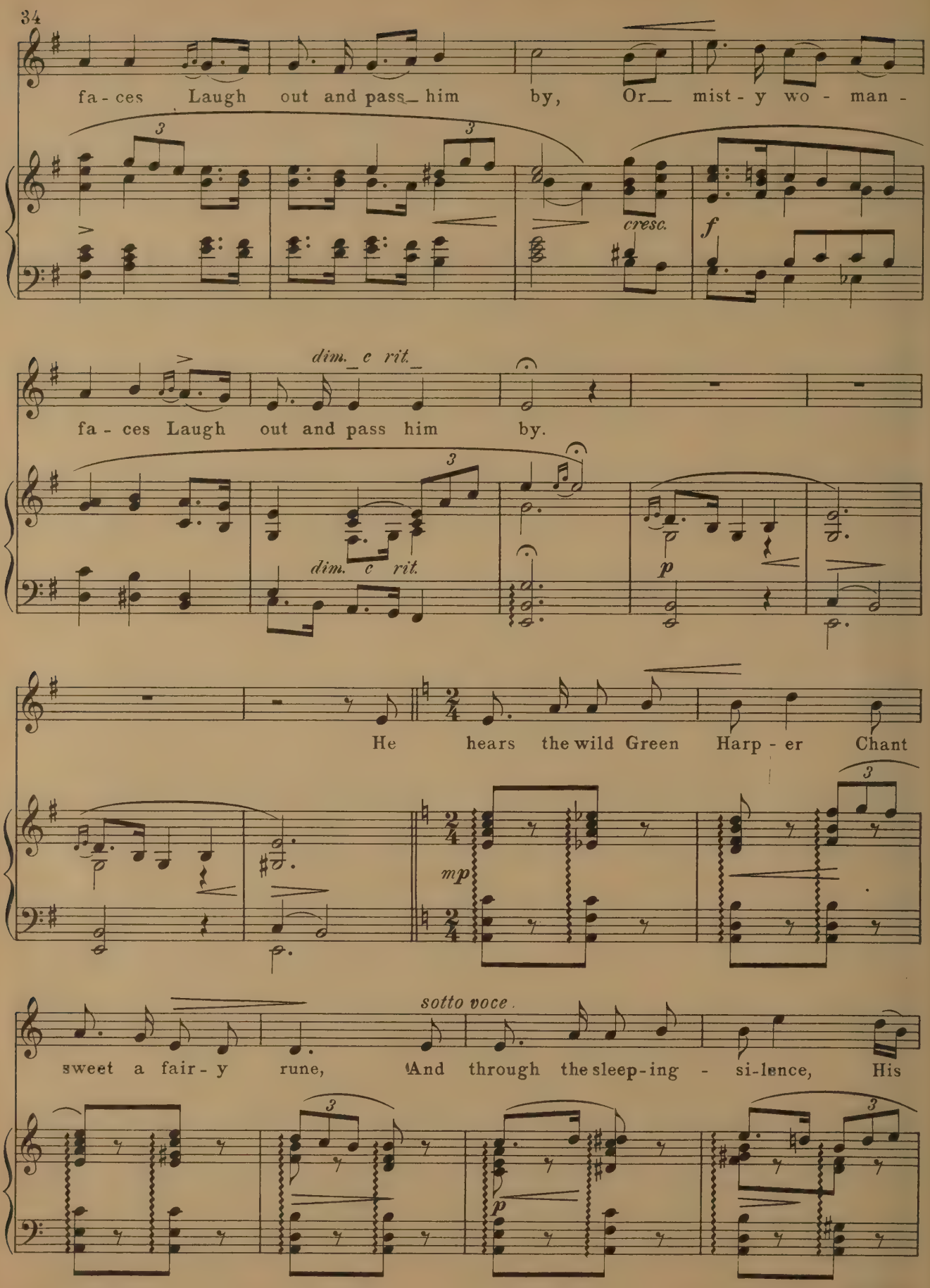
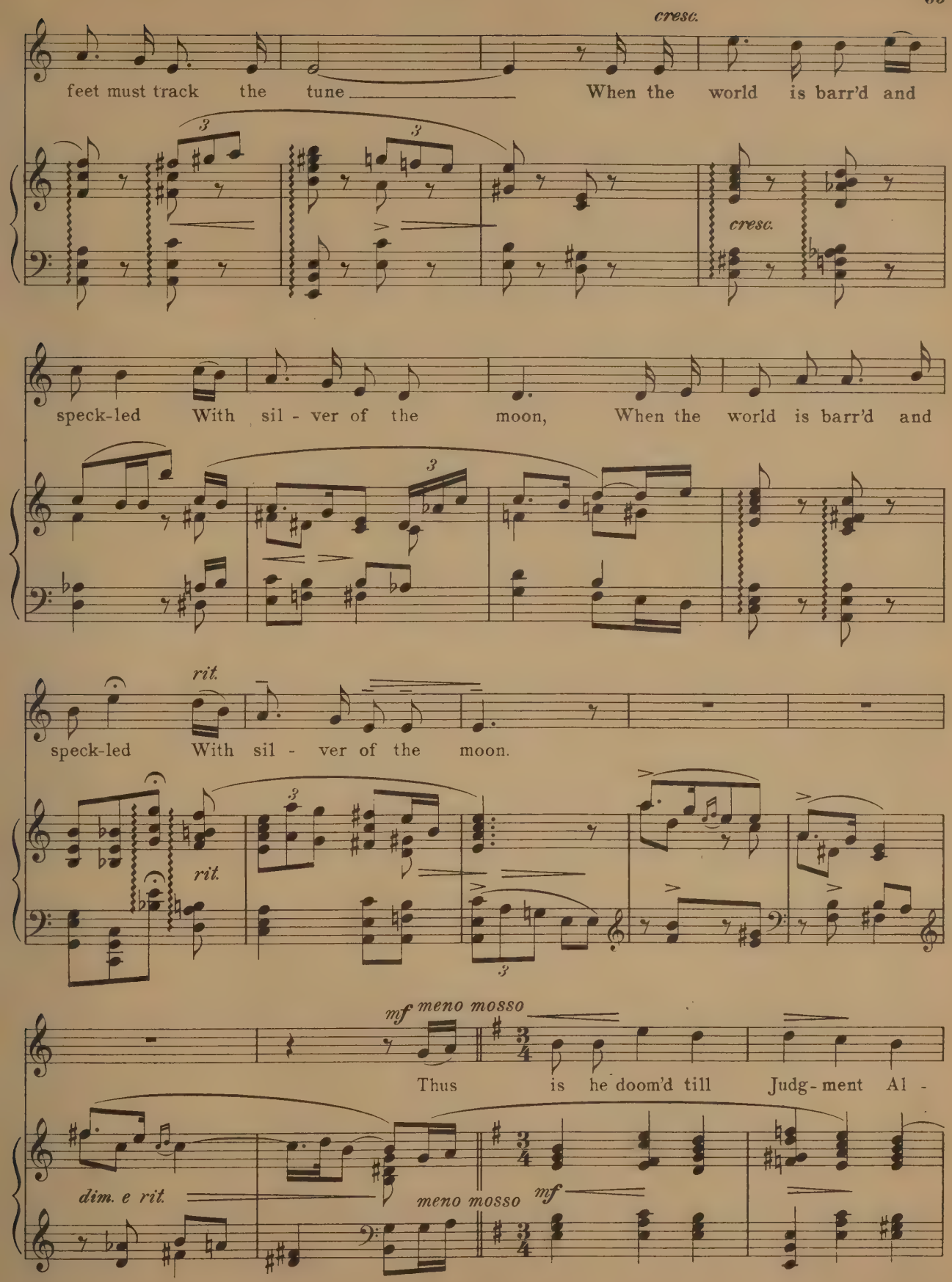
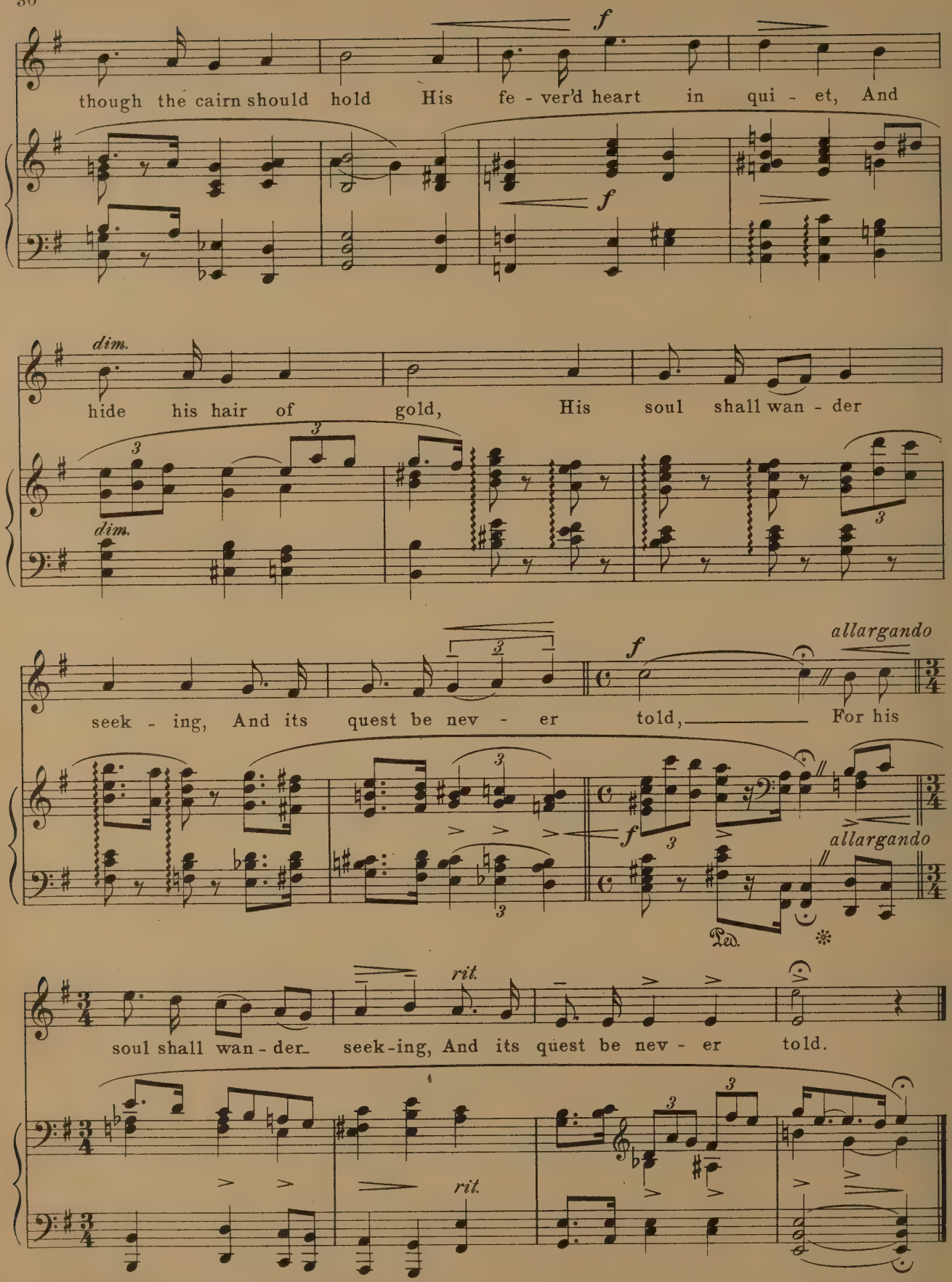

bit - ten Both joy and grief take flight.
mf meno mosso
A - - round his path the
dim.
meno mosso mf
f
shad-ows Stalk ev - er grim and high: Spears flash in hands long
f
mf
with-er'd, And dent - ed shields give cry; Or mist - y wo - man -
3
3
sfz mf


fa - ces Laugh out and pass_ him by, Or__ mist - y wo - man -
cresc.
f
dim._ c rit._
fa - ces Laugh out and pass him by.
dim. c rit.
p
He hears the wild Green Harp - er Chant
mp
sotto voce.
sweet a fair - y rune, And through the sleep-ing - si-lence, His
p

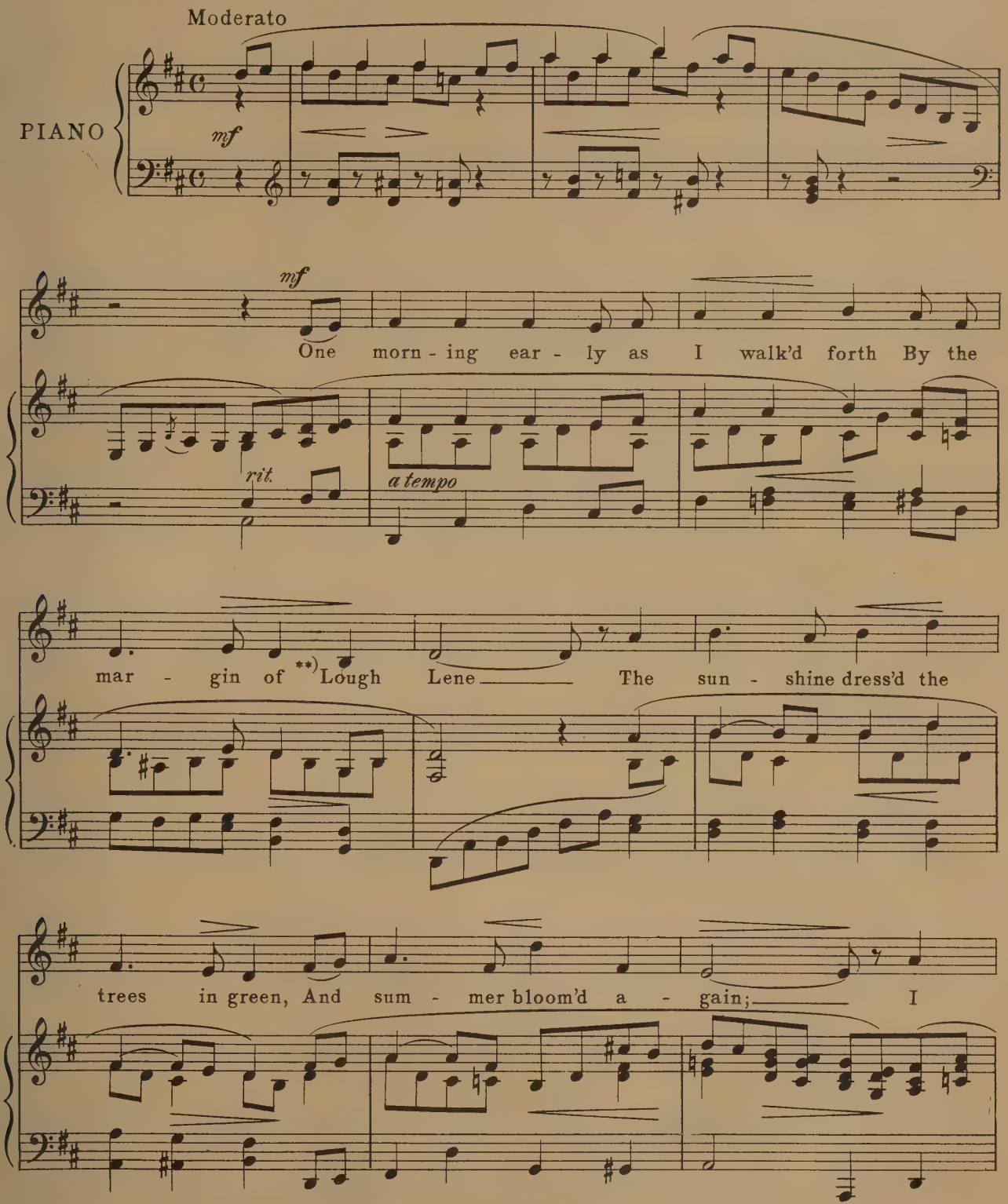

cresc.
feet must track the tune When the world is barr'd and
cresc.
speck-led With sil - ver of the moon, When the world is barr'd and
rit.
speck-led With sil - ver of the moon.
rit.
mf meno mosso
Thus is he doom'd till Judg - ment Al -
dim. e rit.
meno mosso
mf


f
though the cairn should hold His fe - ver'd heart in qui - et, And
f
dim.
hide his hair of gold, His soul shall wan - der
dim.
3
3
3
seek - ing, And its quest be nev - er told, For his
f
allargando
f
allargando
Ped.
rit.
soul shall wan - der seek-ing, And its quest be nev - er told.
rit.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

Translated from the Irish by
P. W. Joyce L.L.D.

*) Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
PIANO
mf
mf
One morn - ing ear - ly as I walk'd forth By the
rit.
a tempo
mar - gin of **) Lough Lene The sun - shine dress'd the
trees in green, And sum - mer bloom'd a - gain; I

*) As collected by Charlotte Milligan Fox.
**) Lough Lene is the old name of the Lower and Middle Lake of Killarney.

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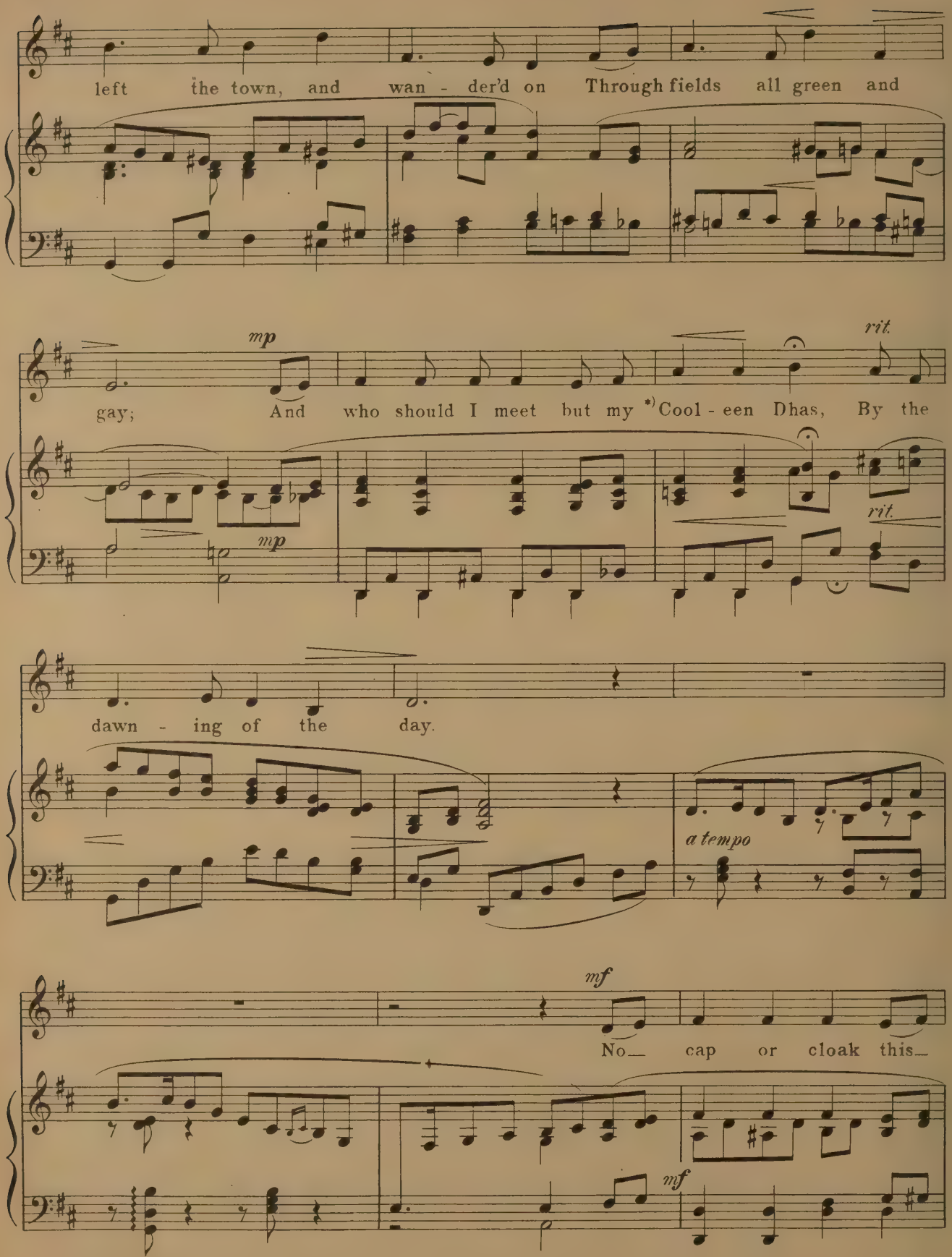
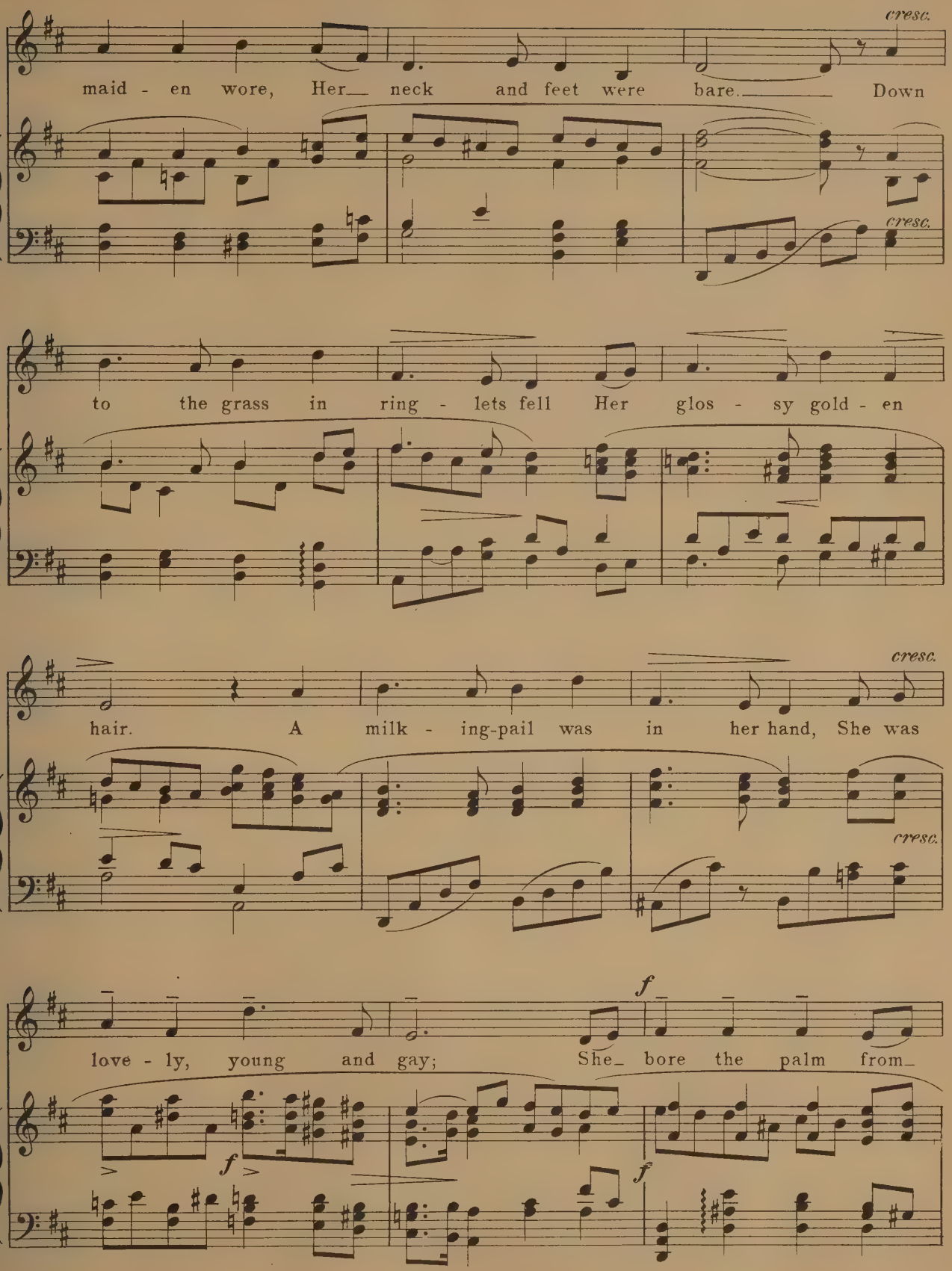
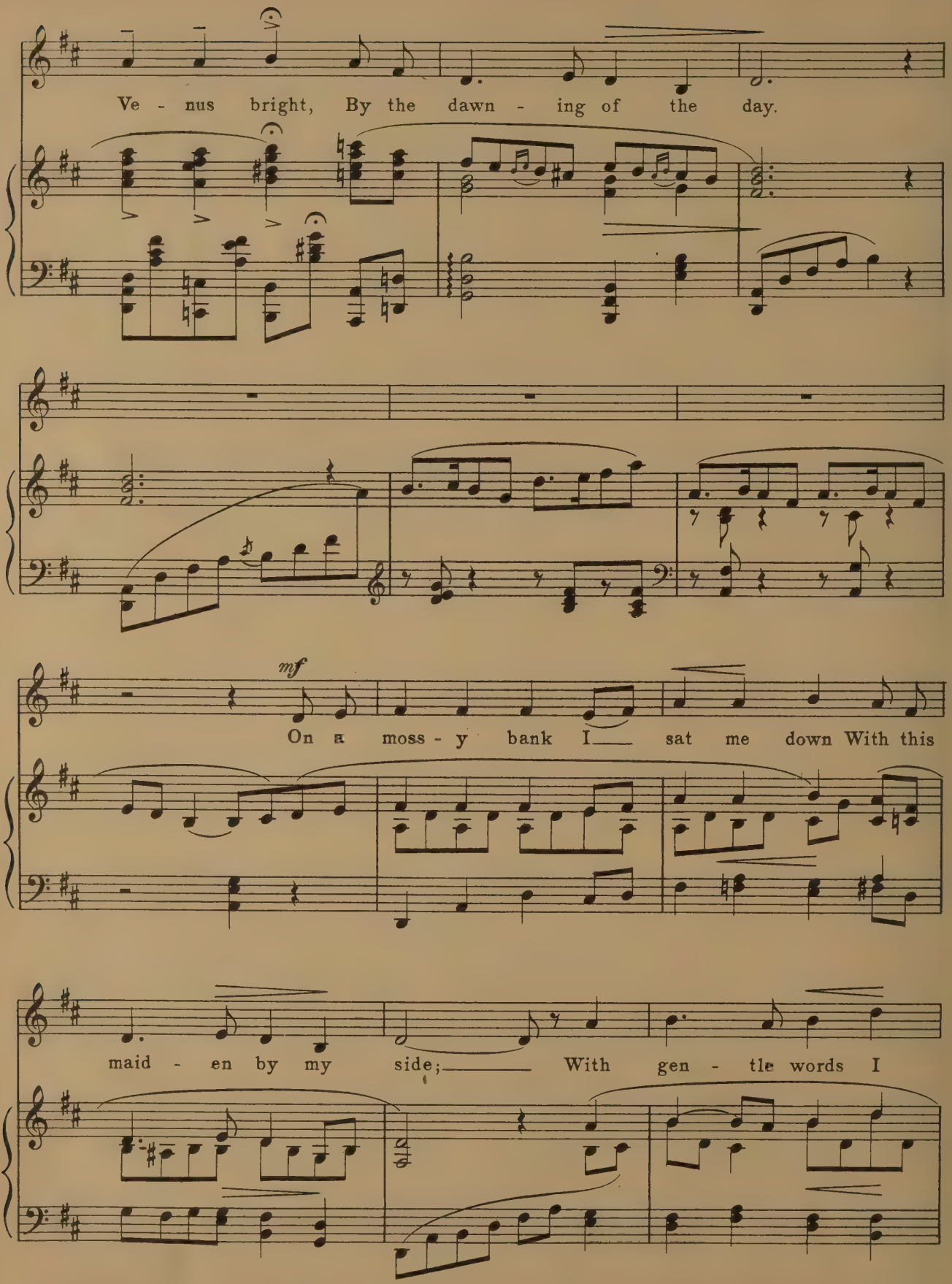
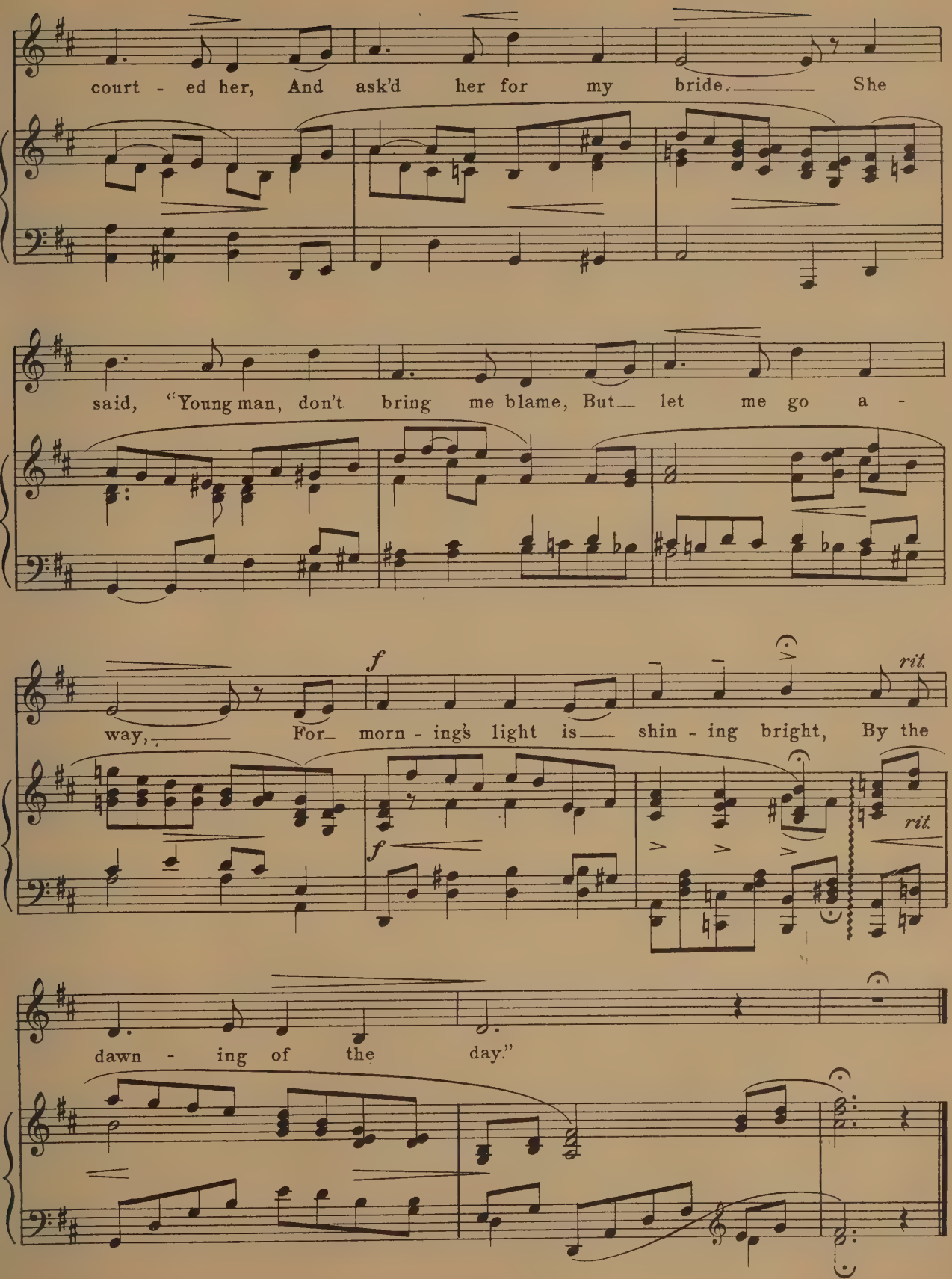

left the town, and wan - der'd on Through fields all green and
mp
rit.
gay; And who should I meet but my *) Cool - een Dhas, By the
mp
rit.
dawn - ing of the day.
a tempo
mf
No— cap or cloak this—
mf

*) Cooleen Dhas means: Pretty, fair-haired maiden


cresc.
maid - en wore, Her neck and feet were bare. Down
cresc.
to the grass in ring - lets fell Her glos - sy gold - en
cresc.
hair. A milk - ing-pail was in her hand, She was
cresc.
f
love - ly, young and gay; She bore the palm from
f
f
f

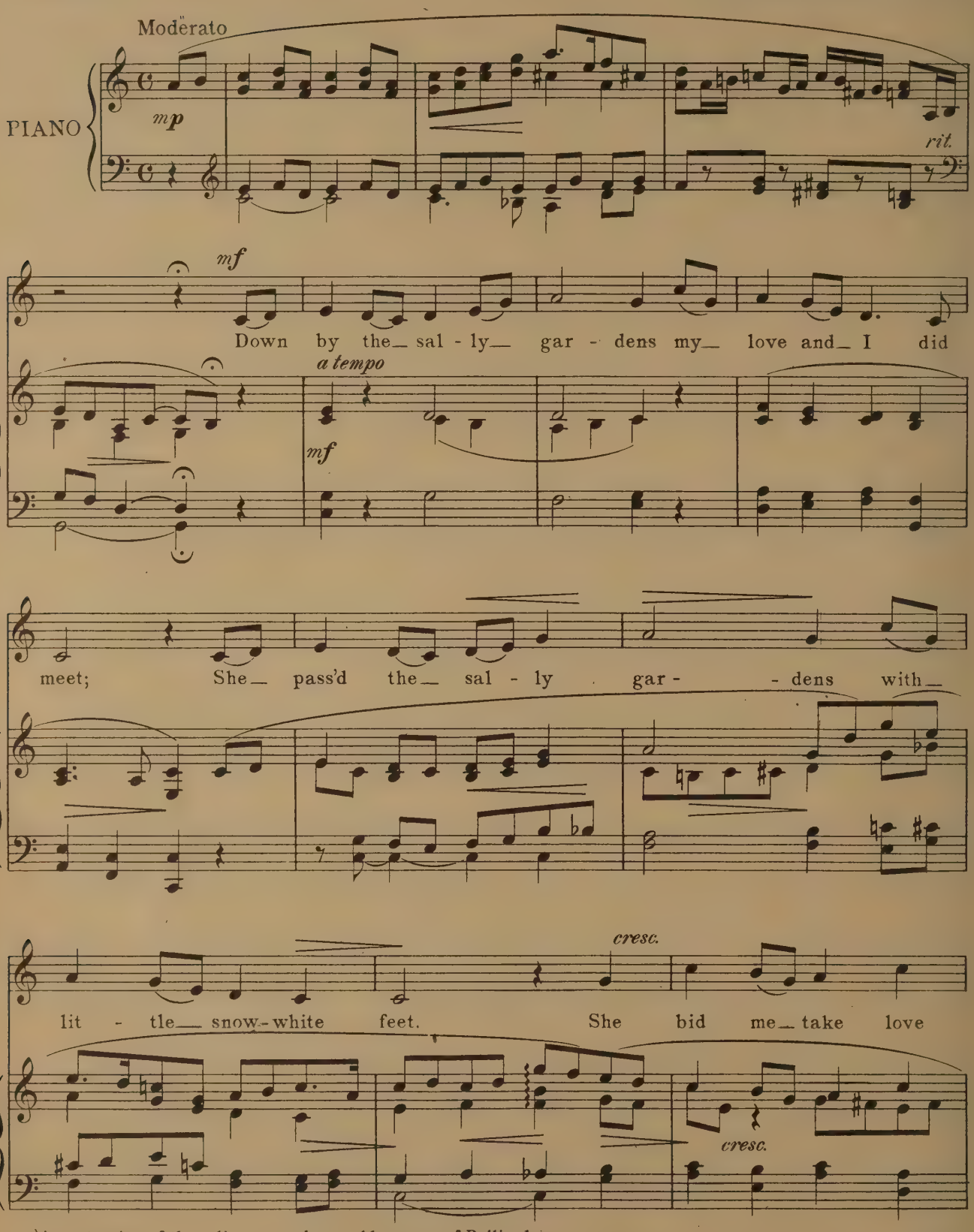

Ve - nus bright, By the dawn - ing of the day.
mf
On a moss - y bank I sat me down With this
maid - en by my side; With gen - tle words I


court - ed her, And ask'd her for my bride. She
said, "Young man, don't bring me blame, But let me go a -
f
rit.
way, For morn - ing's light is shin - ing bright, By the
f
rit.
dawn - ing of the day."

*)DOWN BY THE SALLY GARDENS

W. B. YEATS

Air: "The Maids of Mourne Shore"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



*)An extension of three lines sung by an old woman of Ballisodare.

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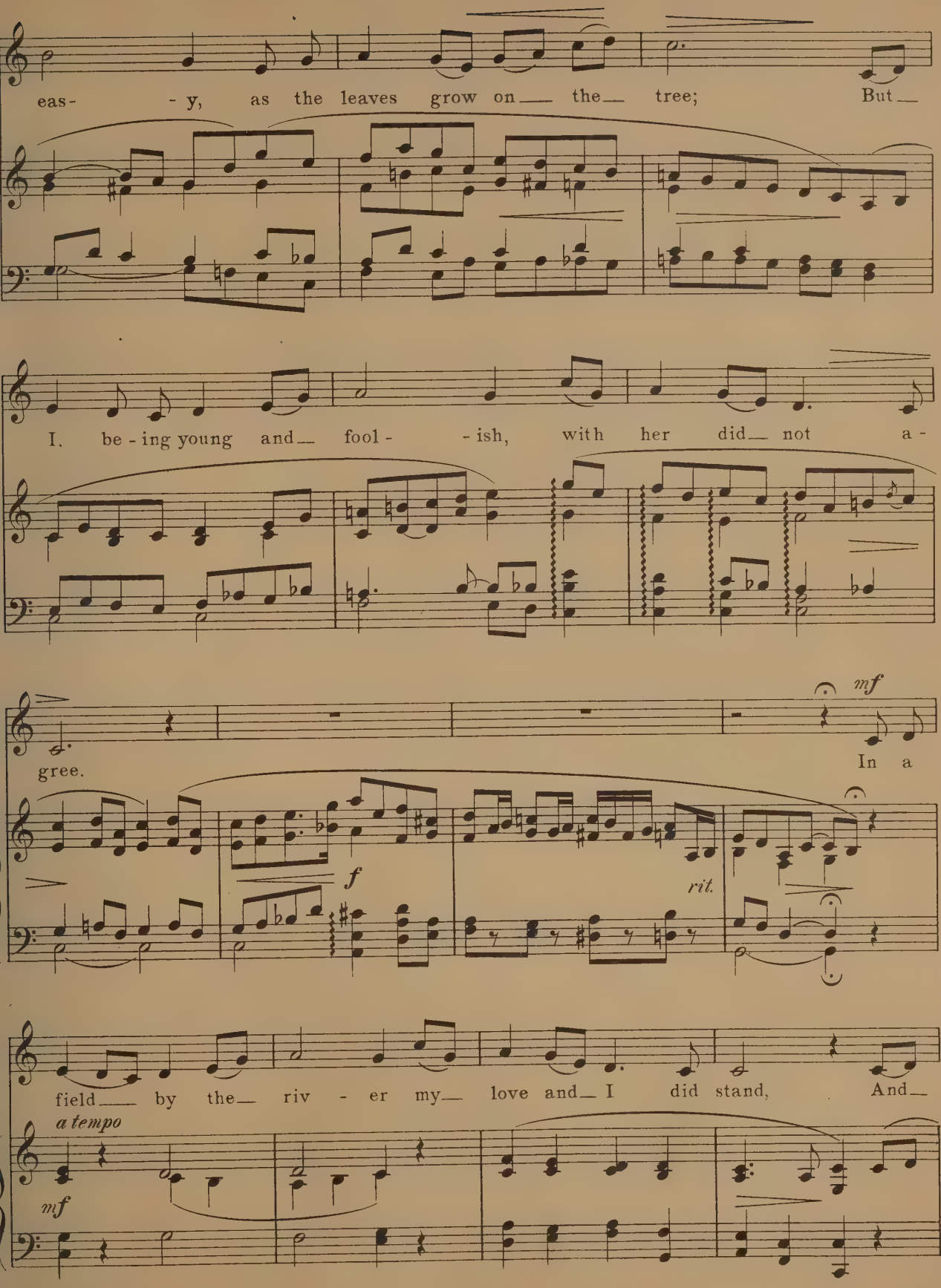
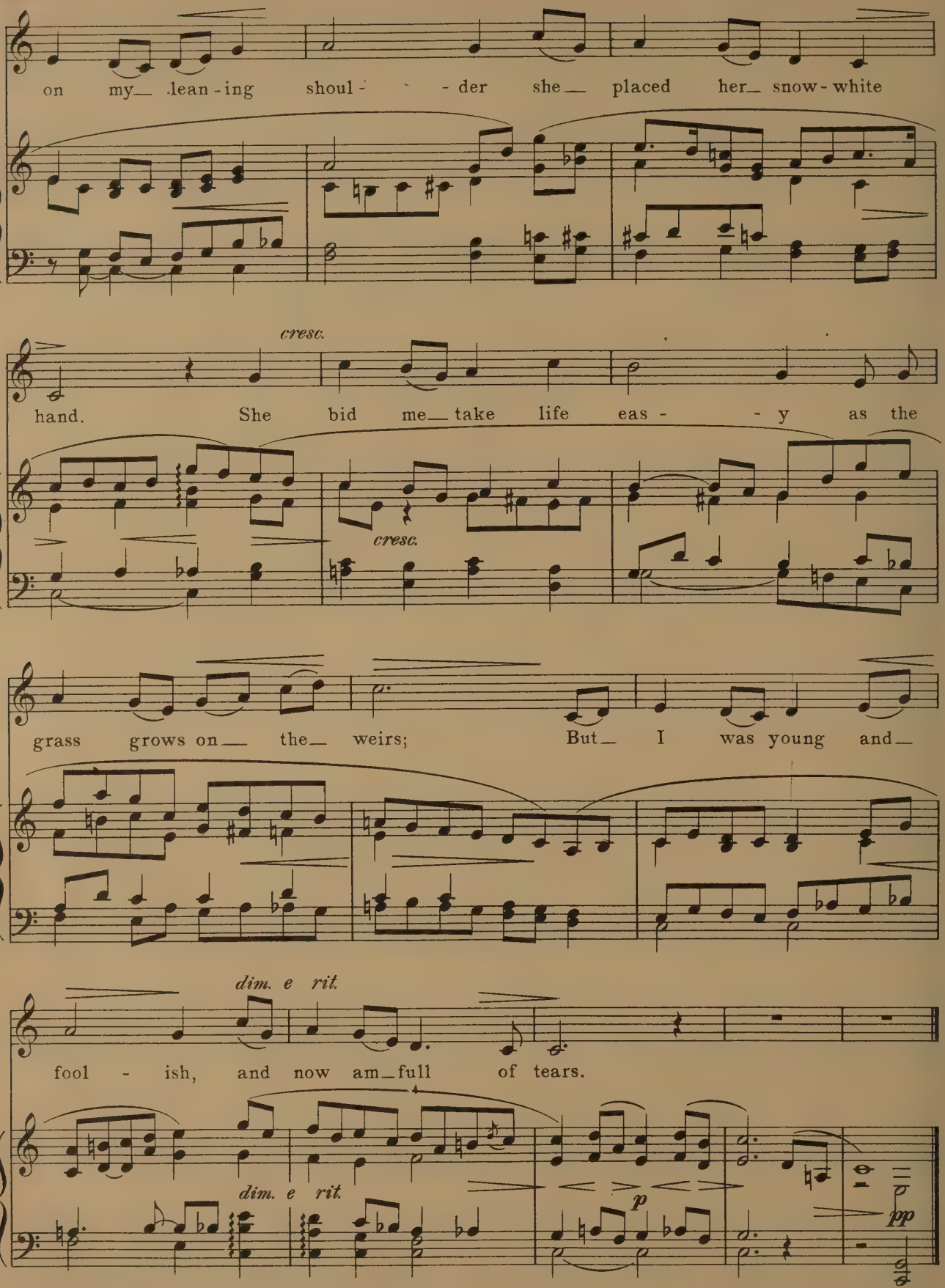

eas- - y, as the leaves grow on the tree; But
I, be - ing young and fool - - ish, with her did not a -
gree.
mf
In a
f
rit.
field by the riv - er my love and I did stand, And
a tempo
mf


on my lean-ing shoul- der she placed her snow-white
cresc.
hand. She bid me take life eas- y as the
cresc.
grass grows on the weirs; But I was young and
dim. e rit.
fool - ish, and now am full of tears.
dim. e rit.
p
pp

ERE THE LONG ROLL OF THE AGES END

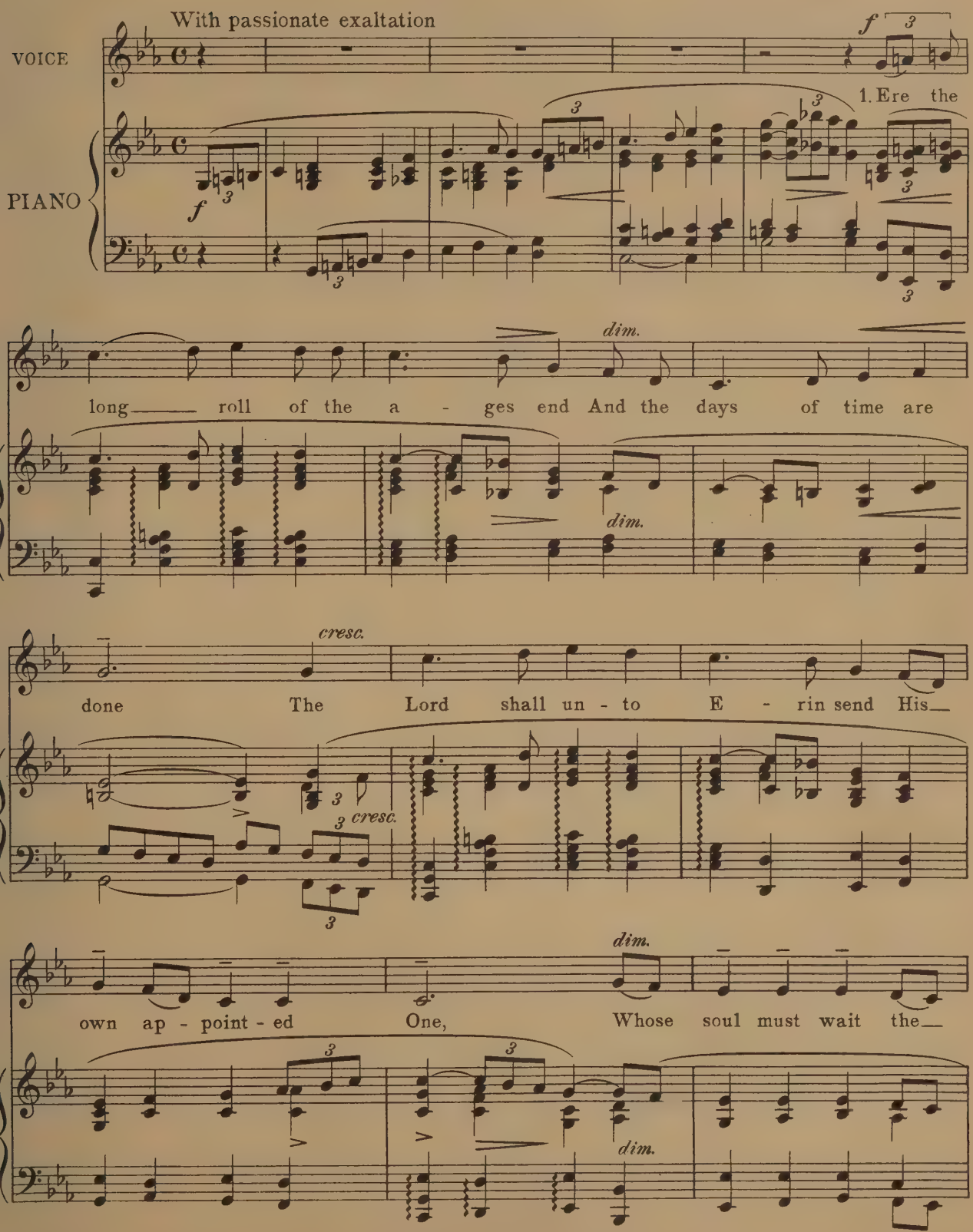
(FAINNE GEAL AN LAE)

ALICE MILLIGAN

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away"

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher


With passionate exaltation
VOICE
PIANO
f
1. Ere the
dim.
long roll of the a - ges end And the days of time are
cresc.
done The Lord shall un - to E - rin send His
cresc.
dim.
own ap - point - ed One, Whose soul must wait the
dim.

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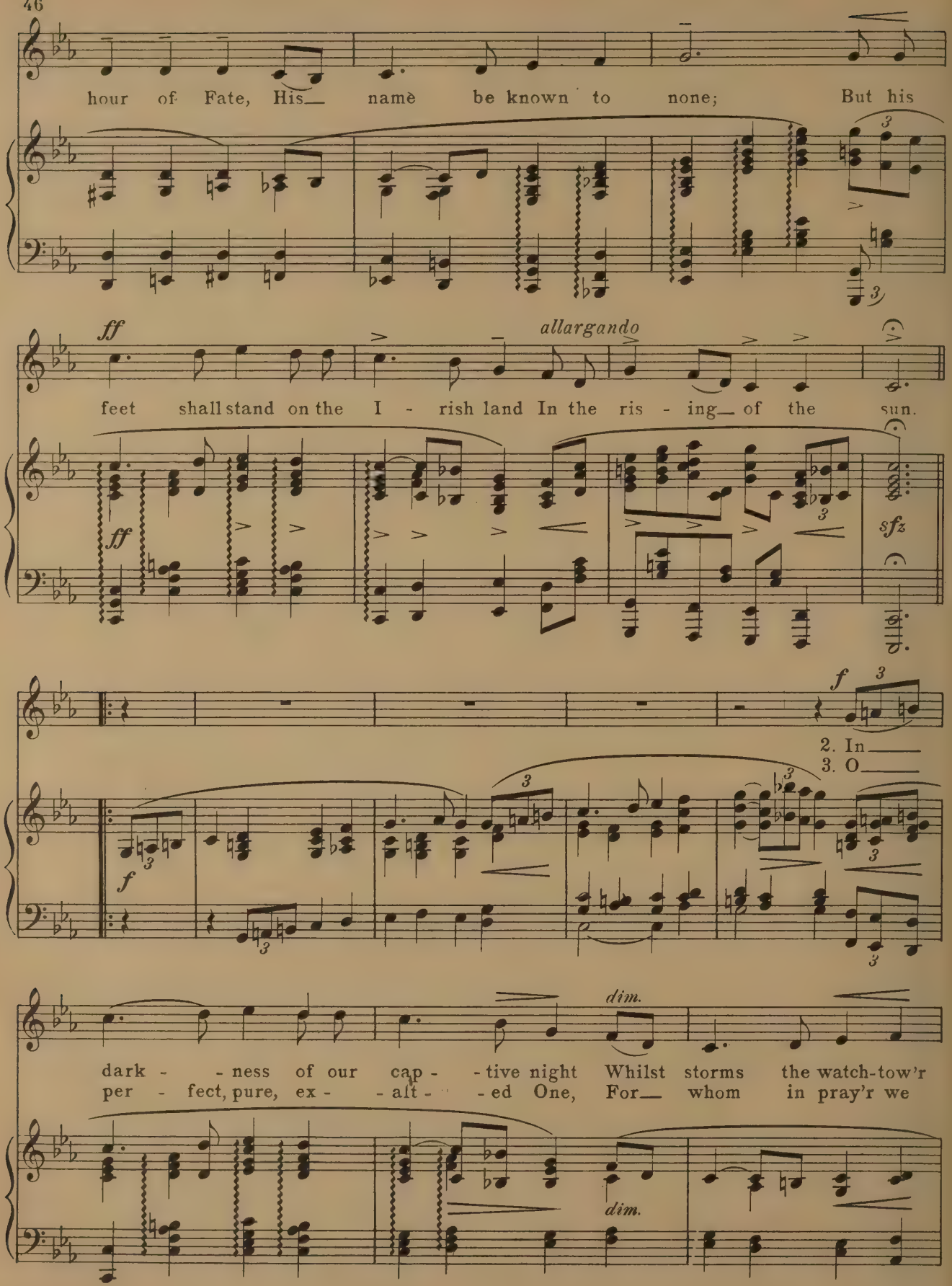
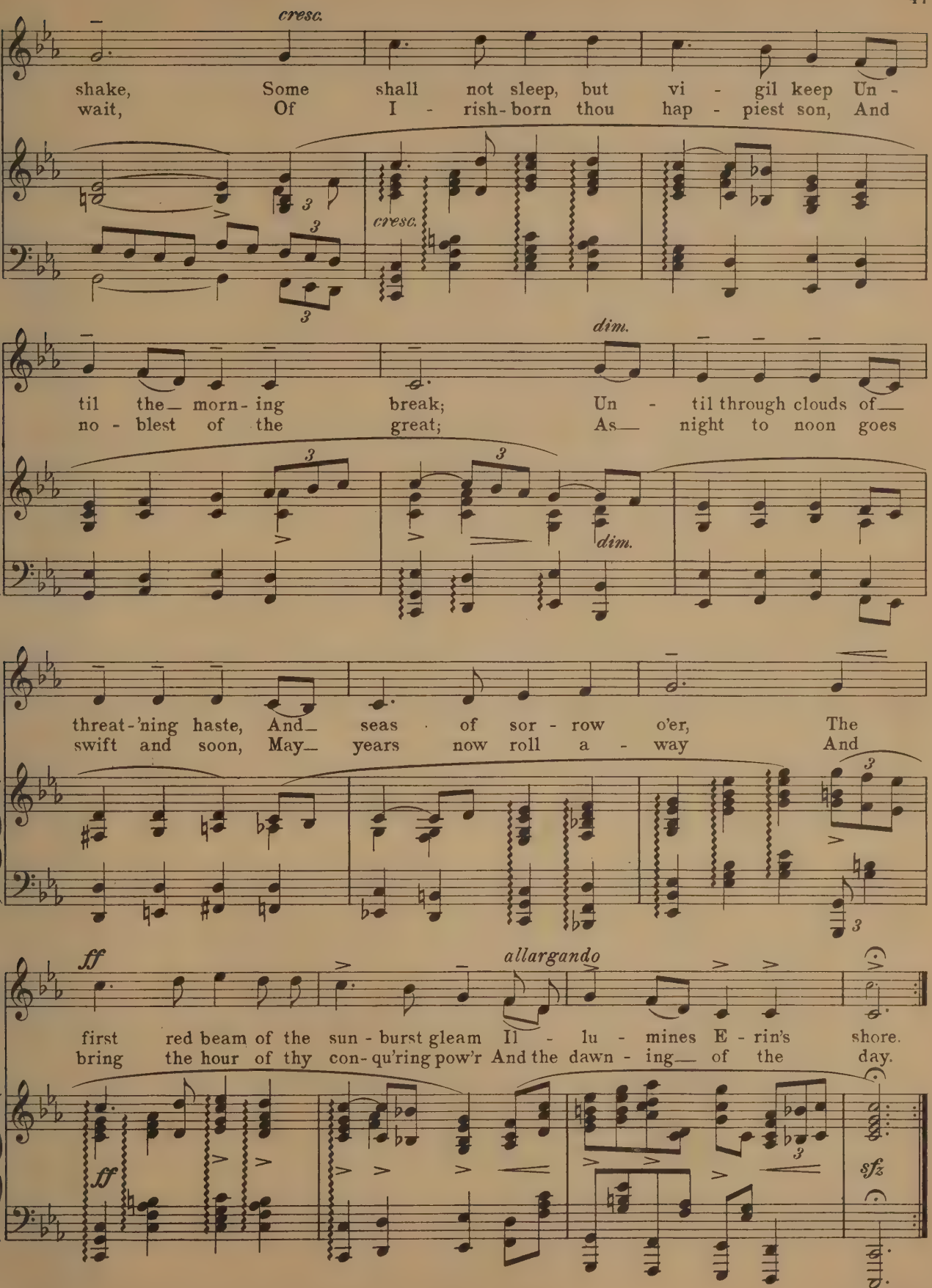
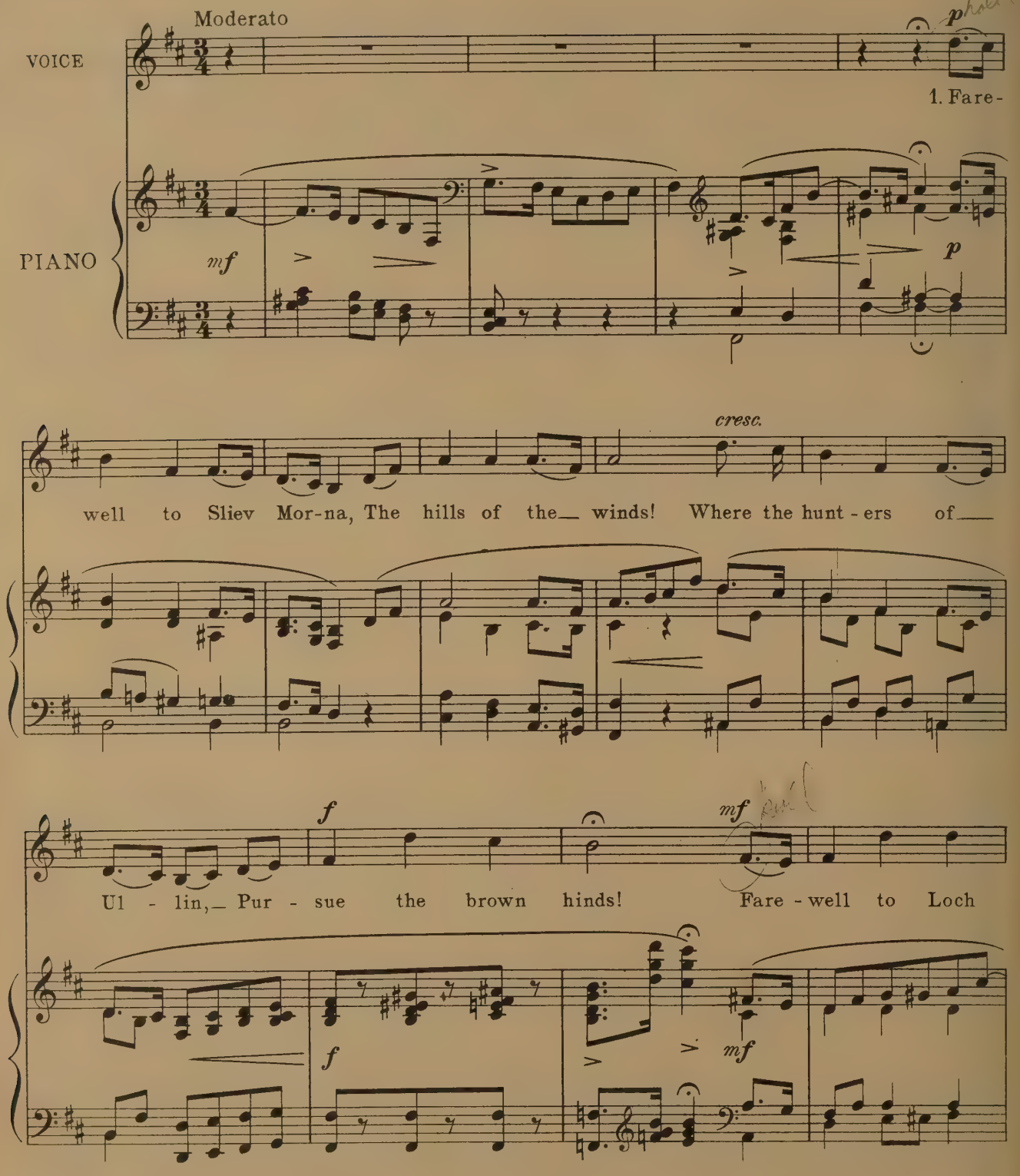

hour of Fate, His_ name be known to none; But his
ff
allargando
feet shall stand on the I - rish land In the ris - ing_ of the sun.
ff
sfz
f
2. In____
3. O____
f
dim.
dark - - ness of our cap - - tive night Whilst storms the watch-tow'r
per - fect, pure, ex - - alt - - ed One, For_ whom in pray'r we
dim.


cresc.
shake, Some shall not sleep, but vi - gil keep Un -
wait, Of I - rish-born thou hap - piest son, And
cresc.
dim.
til the morn - ing break; Un - til through clouds of
no - blest of the great; As night to noon goes
dim.
threat-'ning haste, And seas of sor - row o'er, The
swift and soon, May years now roll a - way And
ff
allargando
first red beam of the sun - burst gleam Il - lu - mines E - rin's shore.
bring the hour of thy con-qu'ring pow'r And the dawn - ing of the day.
ff
sfz

FAREWELL TO SLIEV MORNA

GEORGE DARLEY (1795-1846)

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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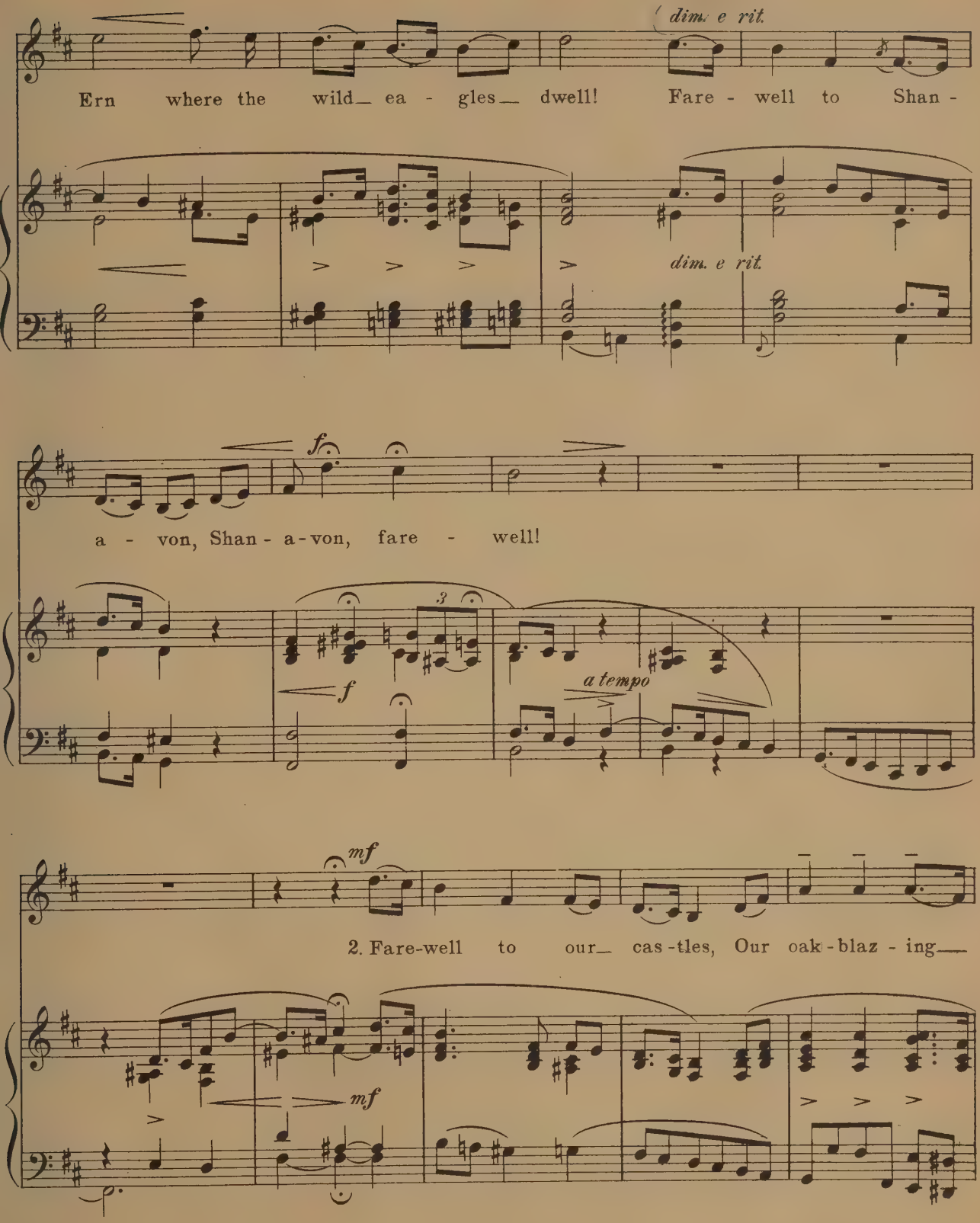
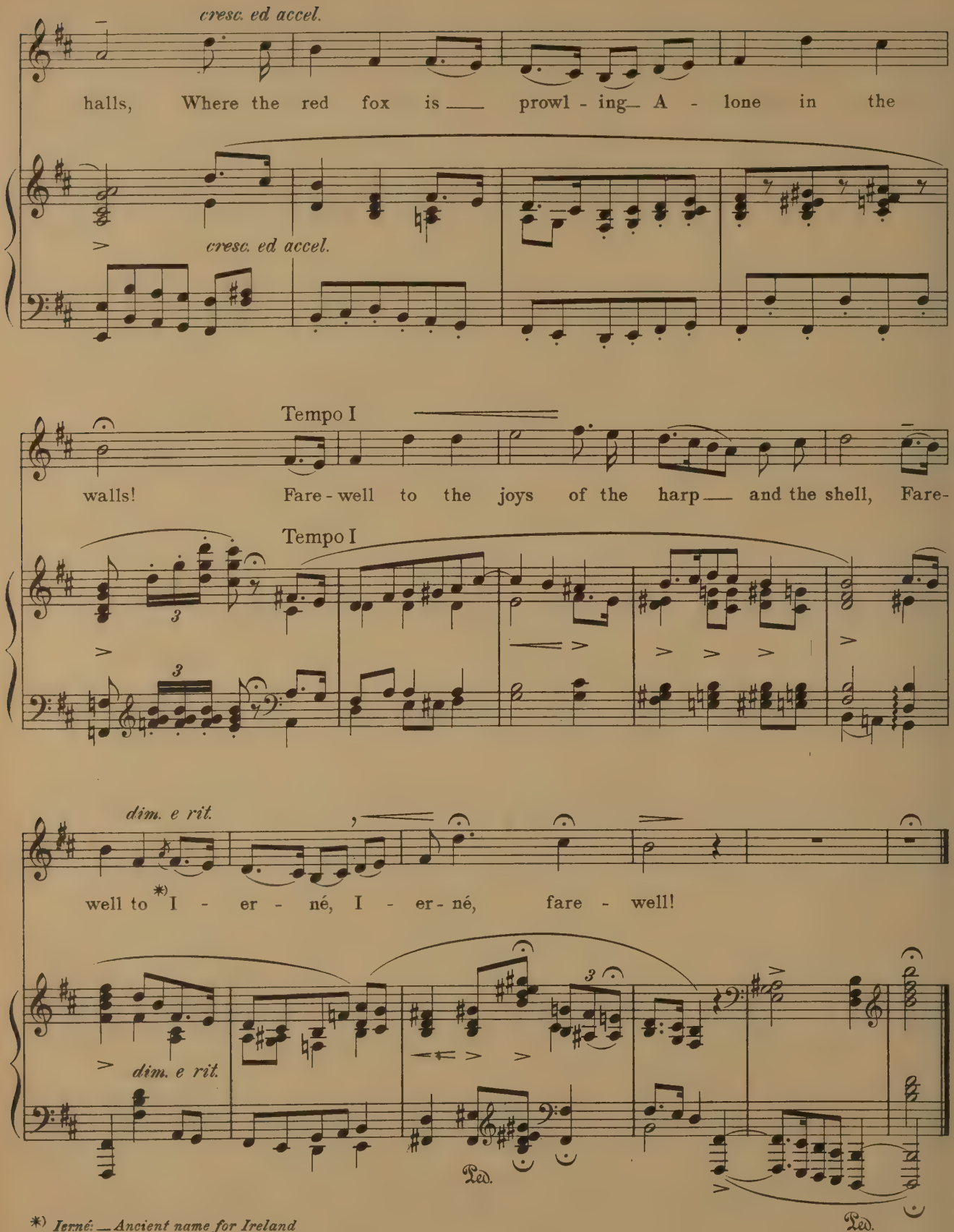

dim. e rit.
Ern where the wild_ ea - gles_ dwell! Fare - well to Shan -
dim. e rit.
f
a - von, Shan - a - von, fare - well!
3
f
a tempo
mf
2. Fare-well to our_ cas - tles, Our oak - blaz - ing_
mf

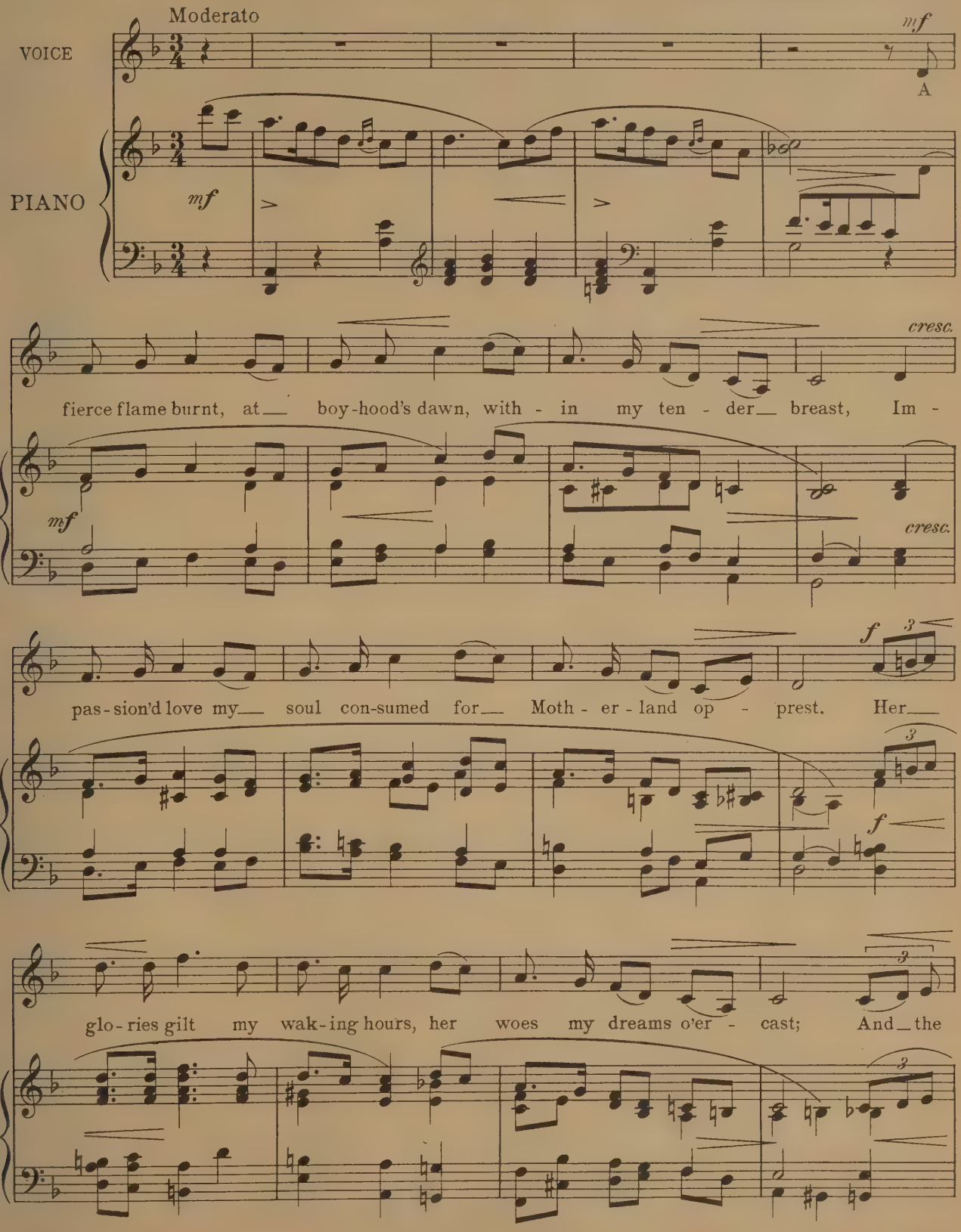

cresc. ed accel.
halls, Where the red fox is prowl - ing A - lone in the
cresc. ed accel.
Tempo I
walls! Fare - well to the joys of the harp and the shell, Fare-
Tempo I
dim. e rit.
well to *) I - er - né, I - er - né, fare - well!
dim. e rit.
Ped.
Ped.

*) *Ierné: — Ancient name for Ireland*

FOR IRELAND

SEUMAS MacMANUS

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
mf
A
cresc.
fierce flame burnt, at boy-hood's dawn, with - in my ten - der breast, Im -
pas-sion'd love my soul con-sumed for Moth - er - land op - prest. Her
glo-ries gilt my wak-ing hours, her woes my dreams o'er - cast; And the

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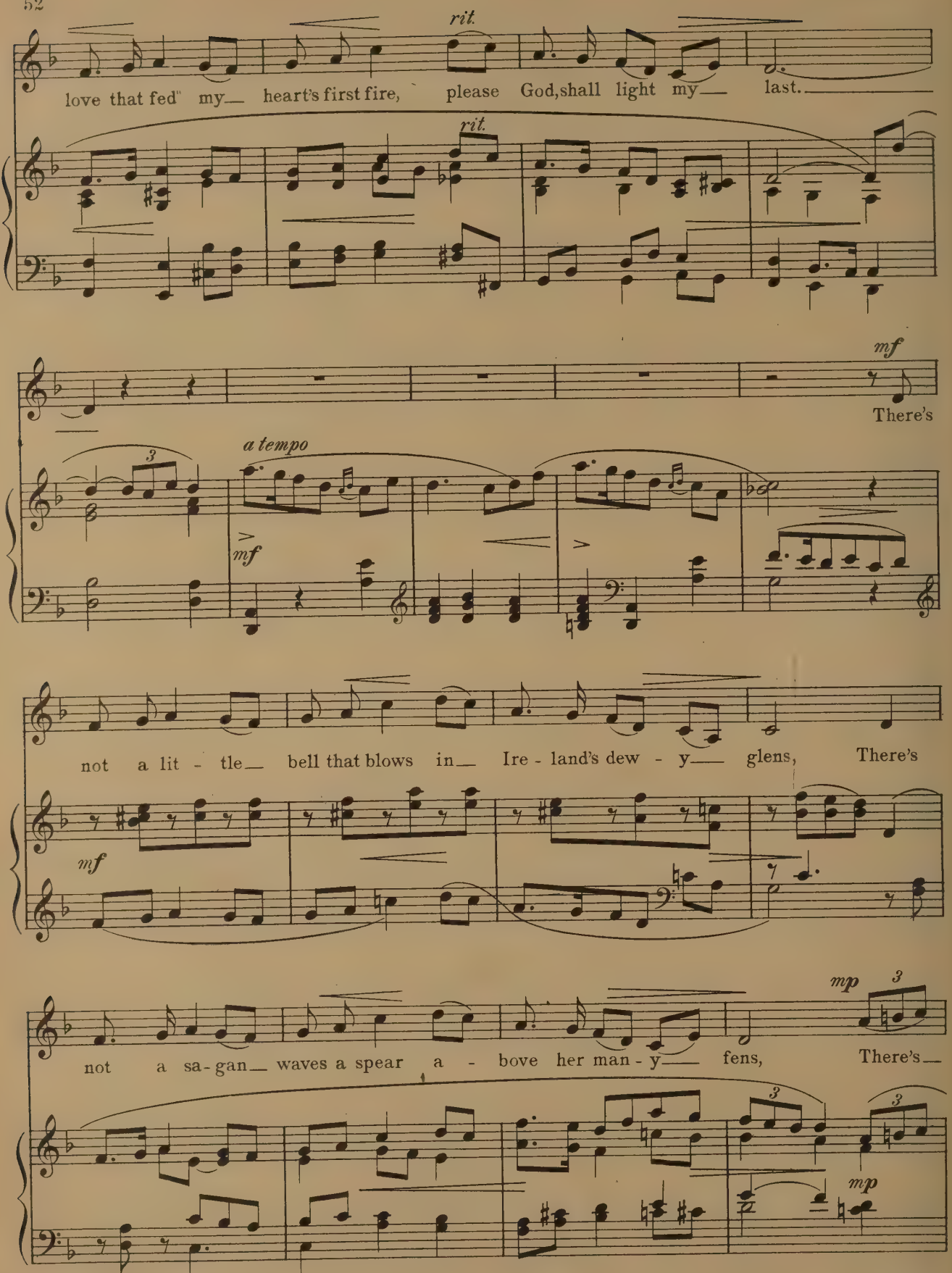
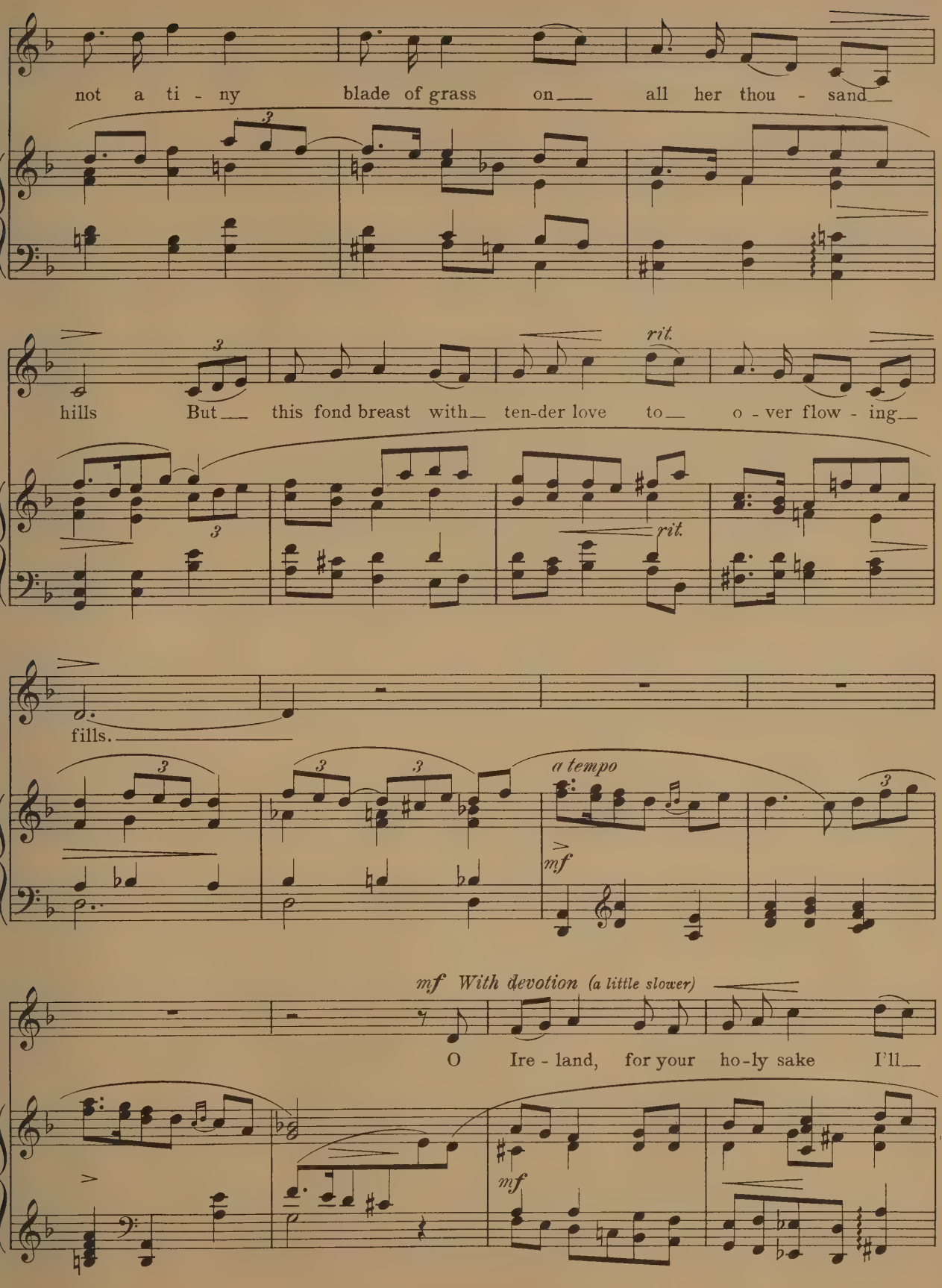
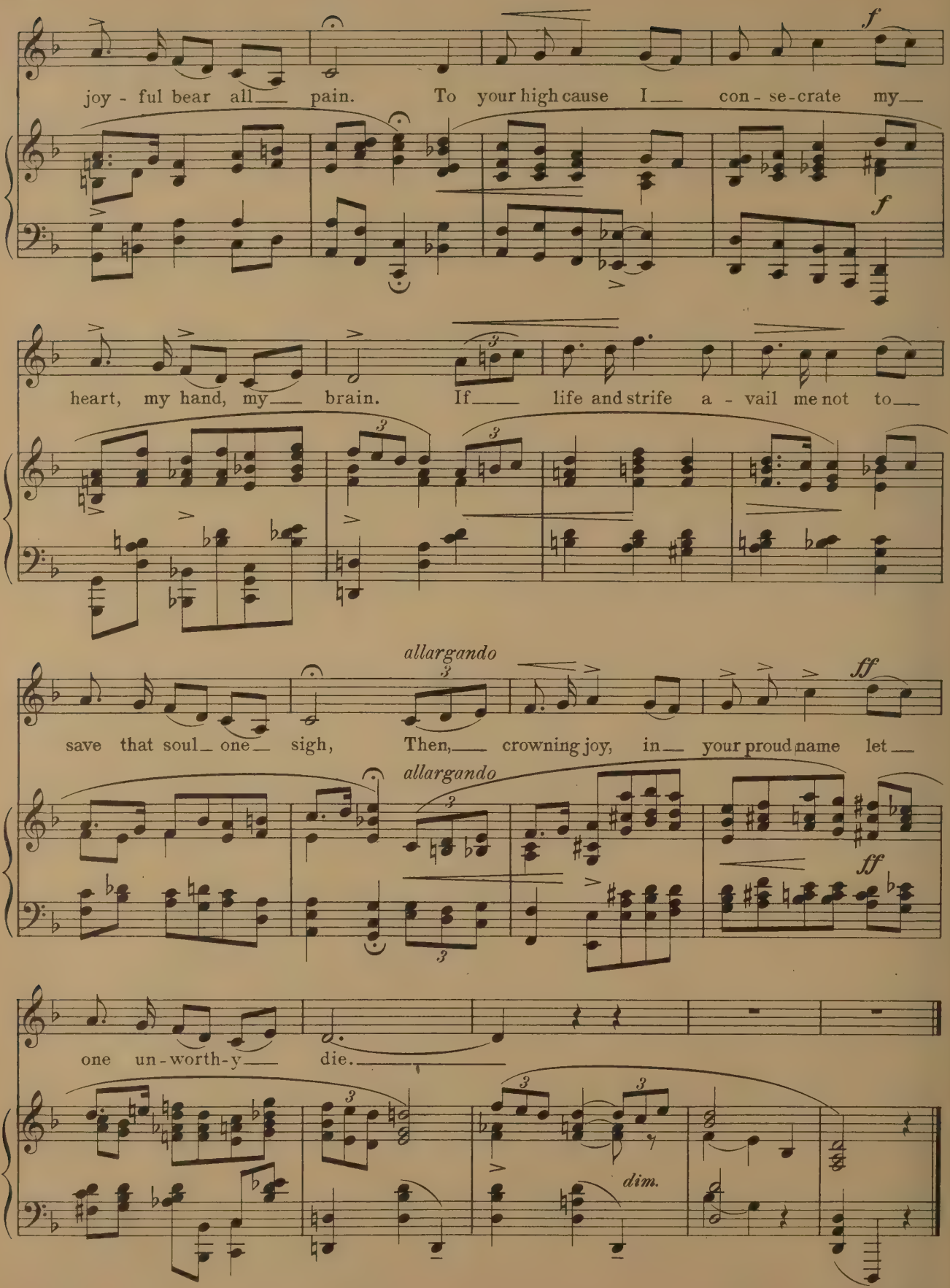

rit.
love that fed my heart's first fire, please God, shall light my last.
rit.
mf
There's
a tempo
mf
not a lit - tle bell that blows in Ire - land's dew - y glens, There's
mf
mp
not a sa - gan waves a spear a - bove her man - y fens, There's
mp

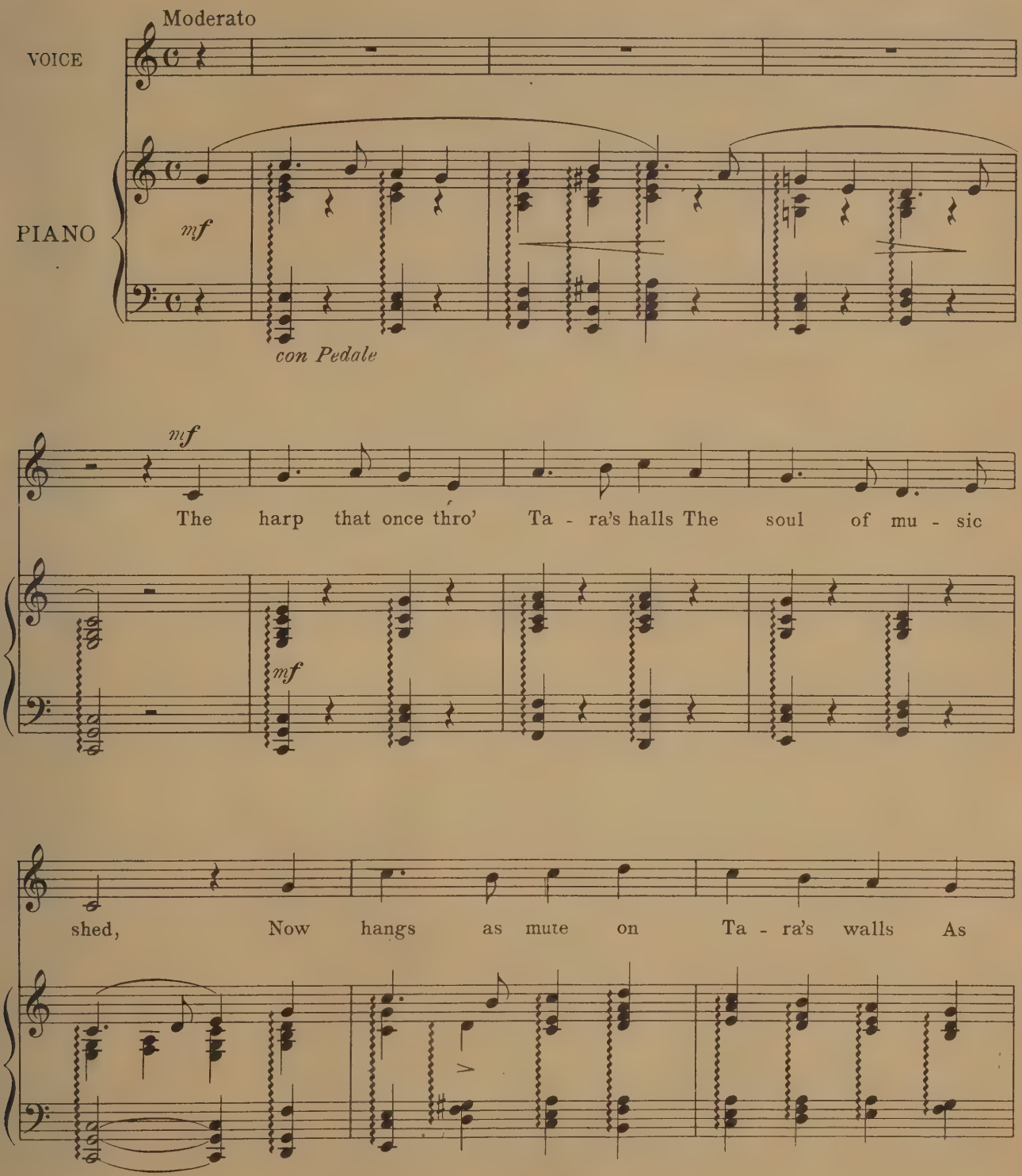

not a ti - ny blade of grass on all her thou - sand
hills But this fond breast with ten-der love to o - ver flow - ing
rit.
rit.
fills.
a tempo
mf
mf With devotion (a little slower)
O Ire - land, for your ho-ly sake I'll
mf


joy - ful bear all pain. To your high cause I con - se - crate my
f
f
heart, my hand, my brain. If life and strife a - vail me not to
allargando
save that soul one sigh, Then, crowning joy, in your proud name let
allargando
ff
ff
one un - worth - y die.
dim.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air: "Gramachree"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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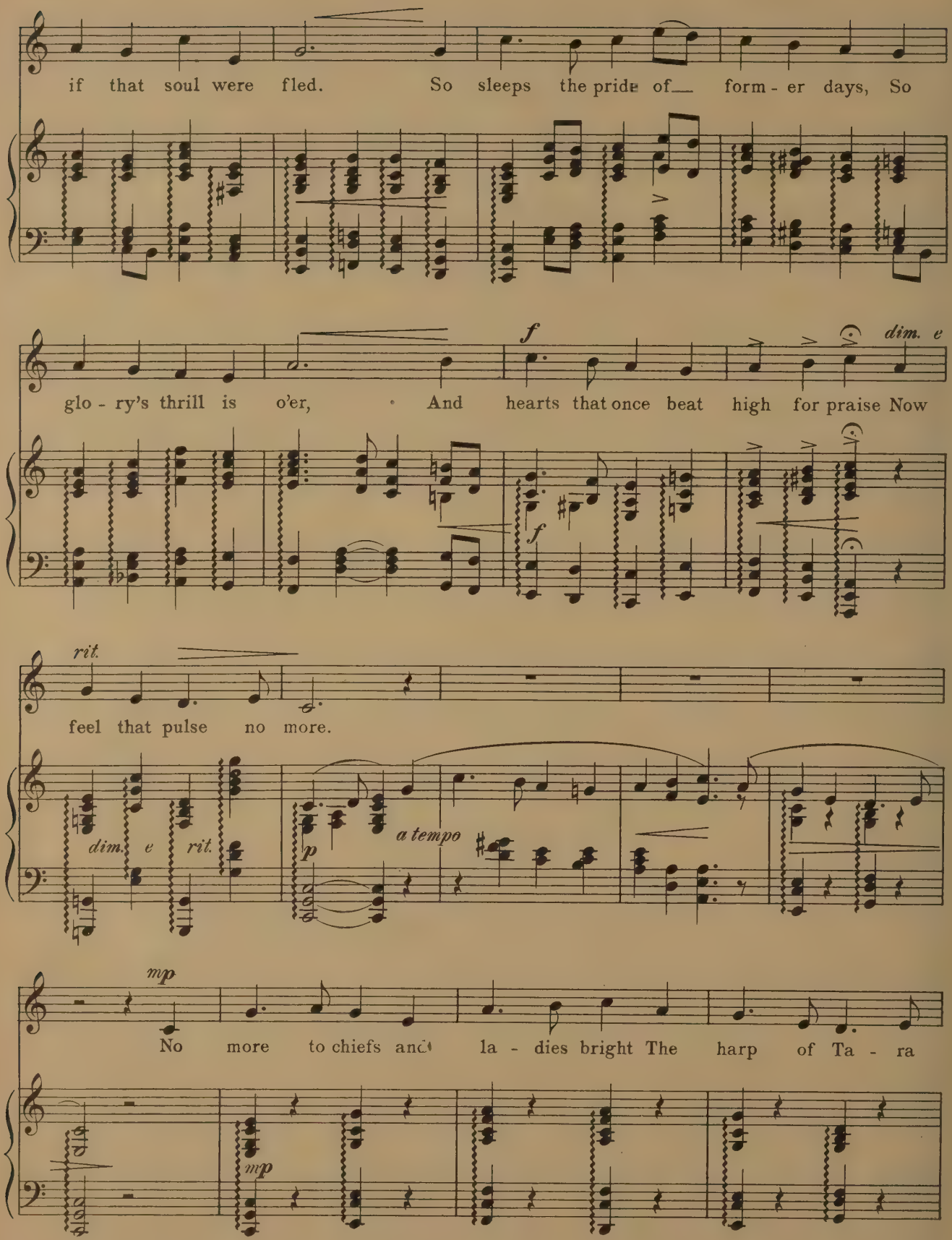
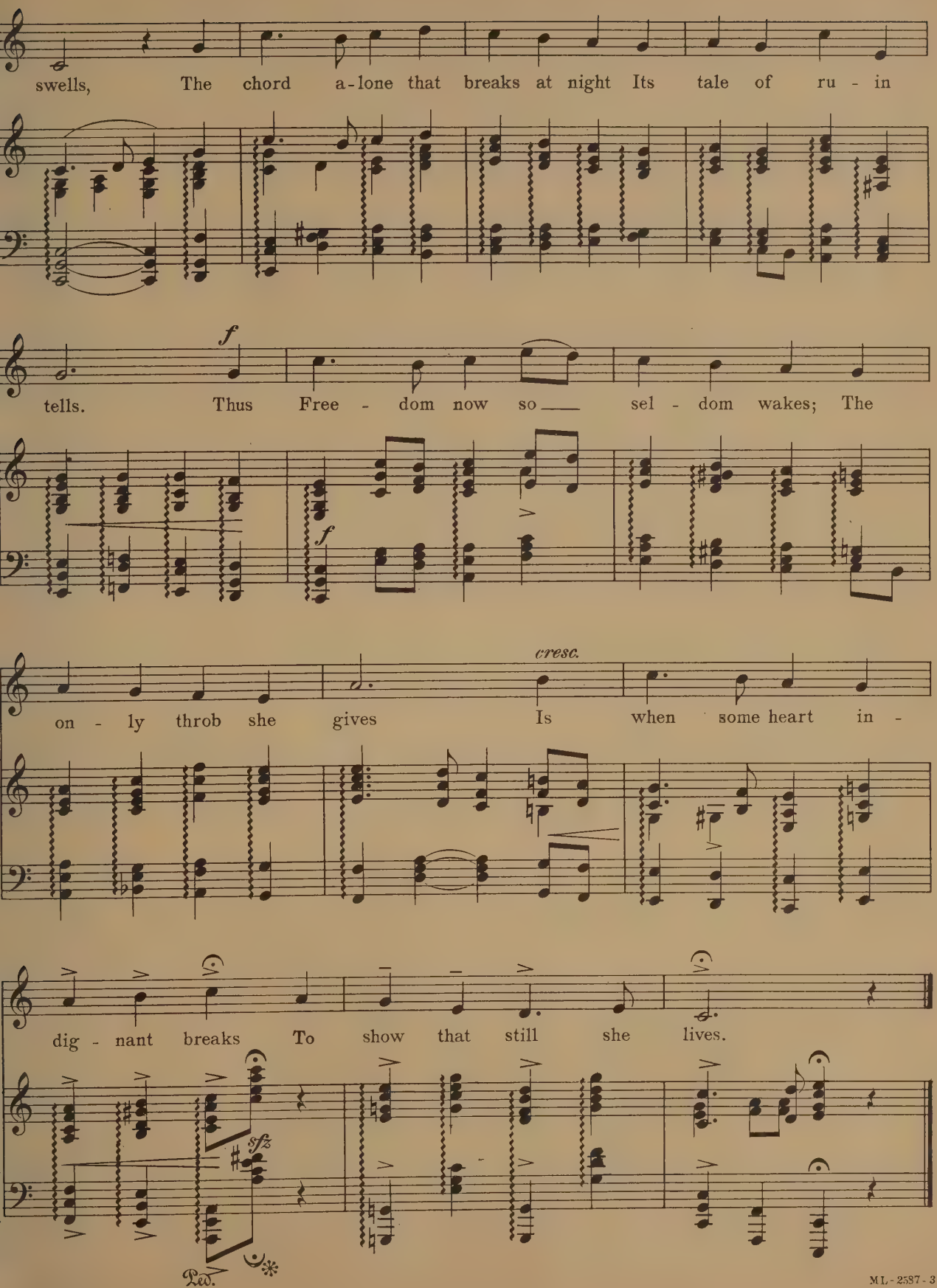
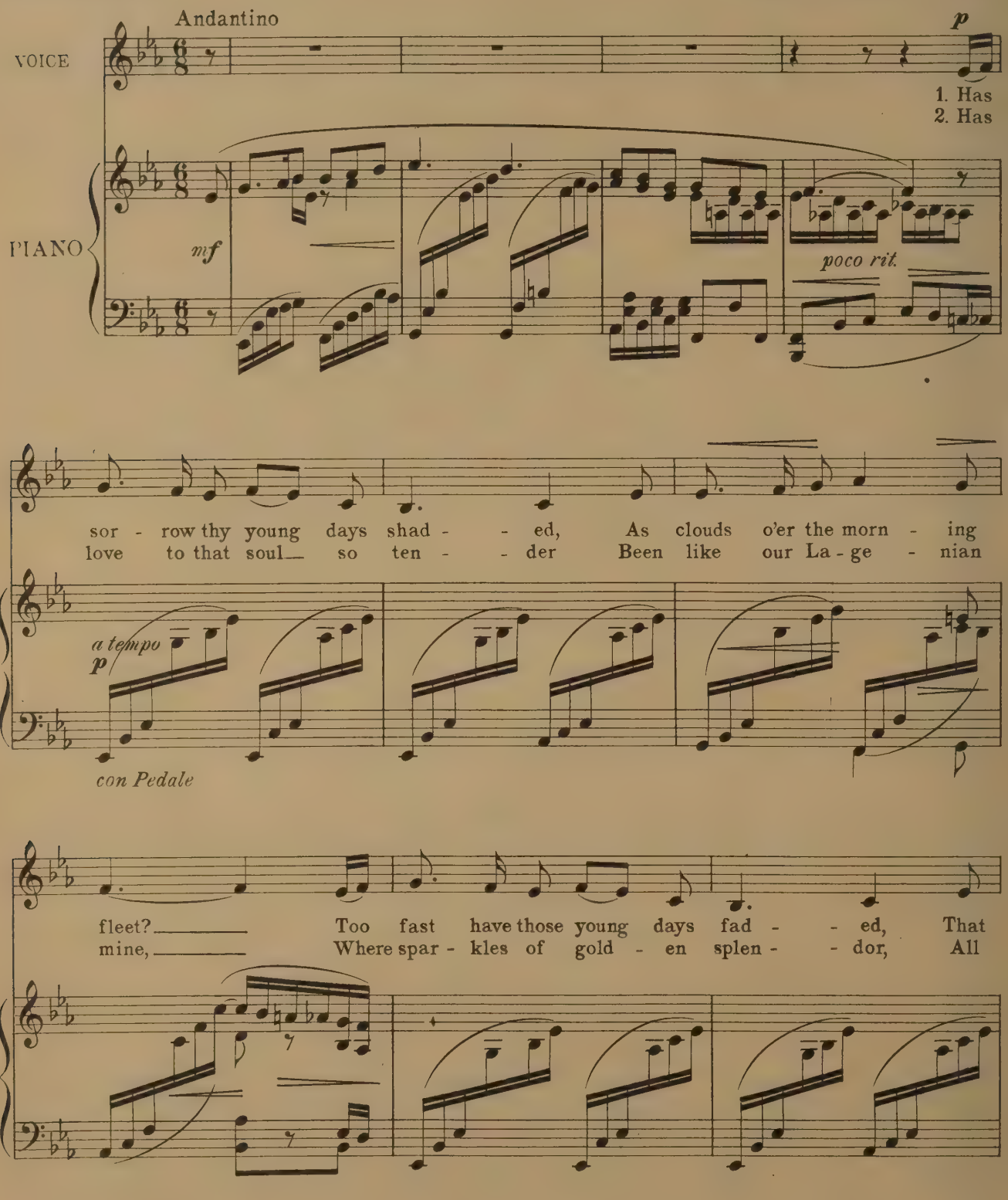

if that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of form - er days, So
glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now
f
dim. e
rit.
feel that pulse no more.
dim. e rit.
p
a tempo
mp
No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra
mp


swells, The chord a-lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in
f
tells. Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes; The
f
cresc.
on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart in -
dig - nant breaks To show that still she lives.
sfz
Ped.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air: "Sly Patrick"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Andantino
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Has
2. Has
mf
poco rit.
sor - row thy young days shad - - ed, As clouds o'er the morn - ing
love to that soul so ten - - der Been like our La - ge - nian
a tempo
p
con Pedale
fleet? Too fast have those young days fad - - ed, That
mine, Where spar - kles of gold - en splen - - dor, All

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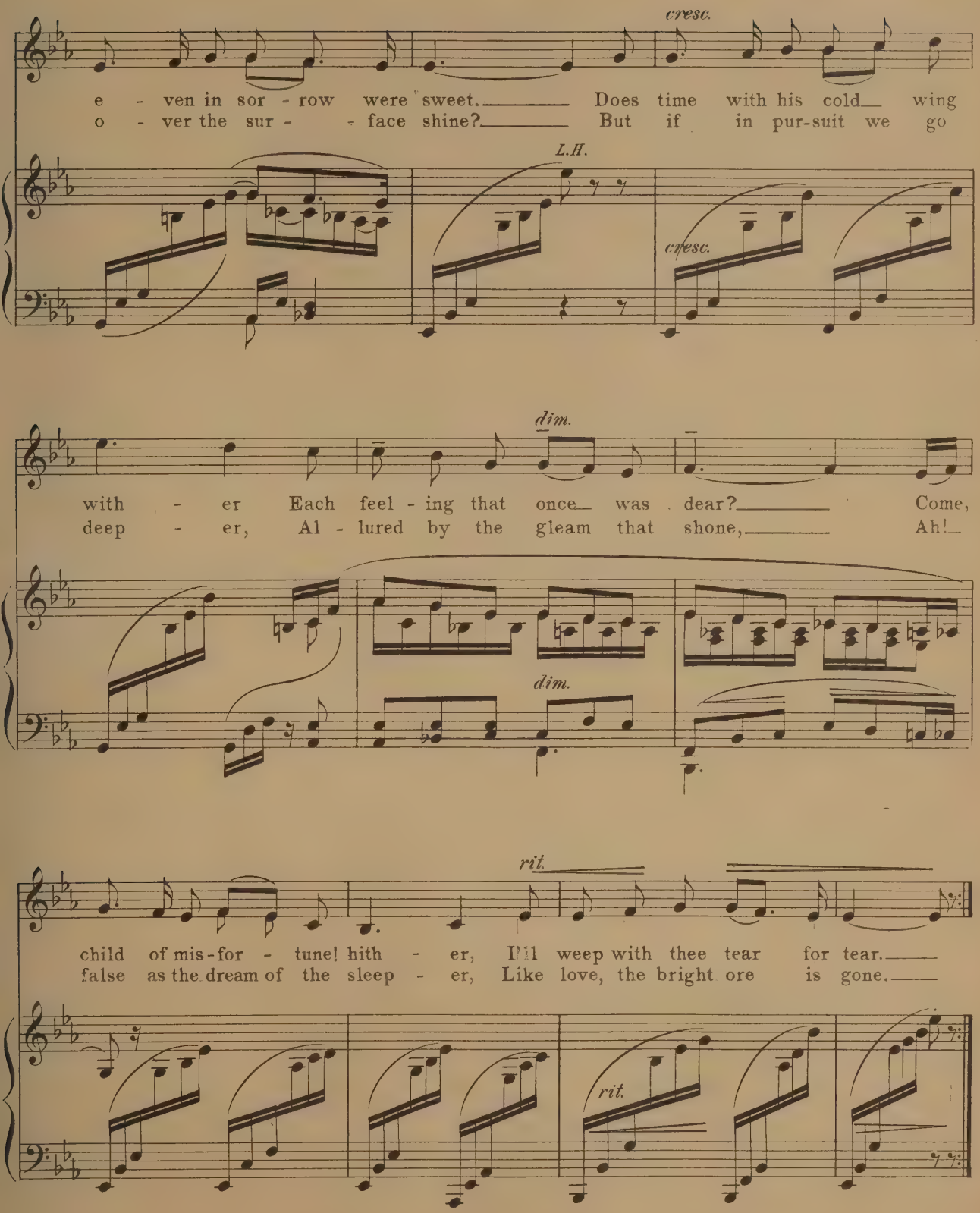
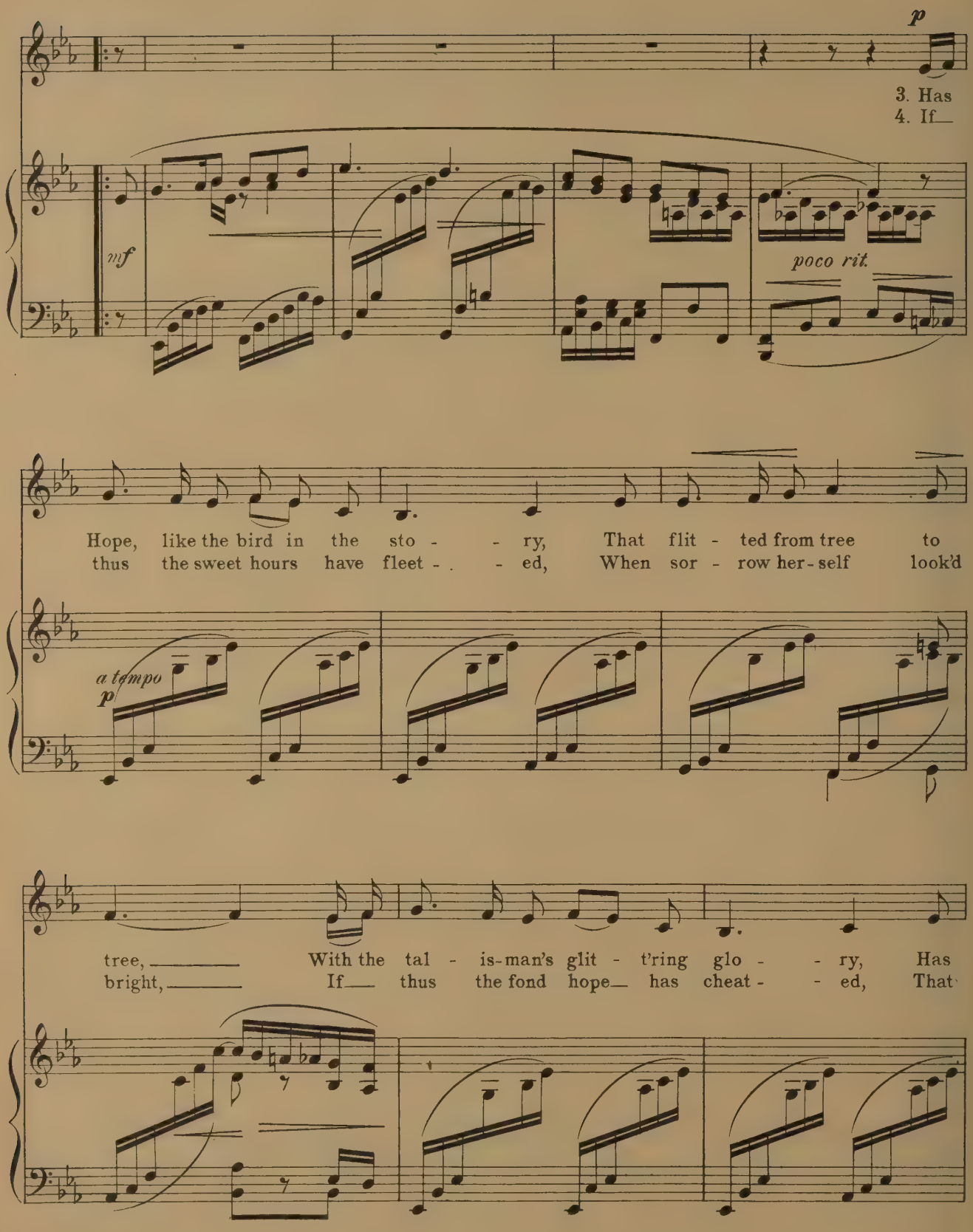
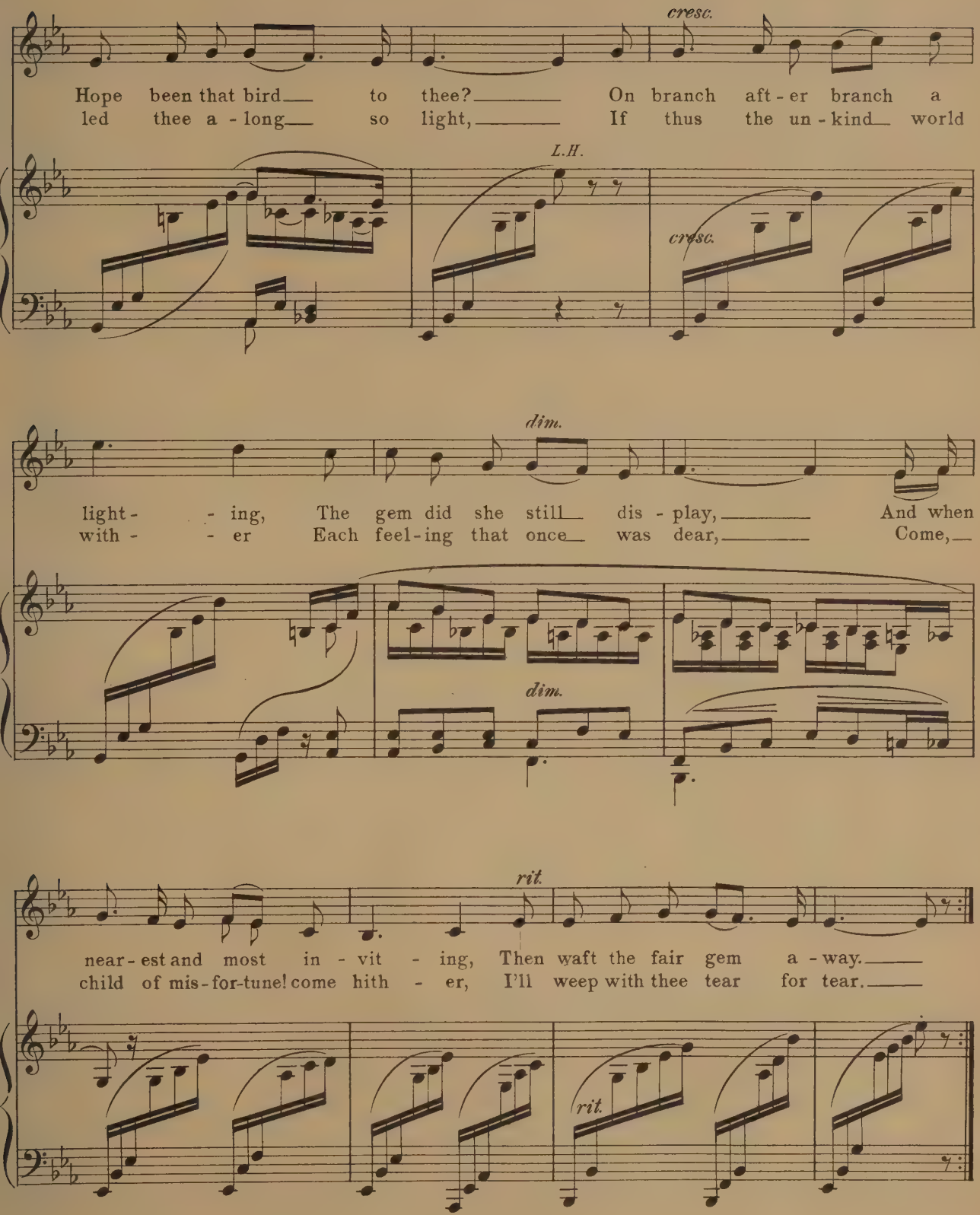

cresc.
e - ven in sor - row were sweet. Does time with his cold wing
o - ver the sur - face shine? But if in pur-suit we go
L.H.
cresc.
dim.
with - er Each feel - ing that once was dear? Come,
deep - er, Al - lured by the gleam that shone, Ah!
dim.
rit.
child of mis-for - tune! hith - er, I'll weep with thee tear for tear.
false as the dream of the sleep - er, Like love, the bright ore is gone.
rit.

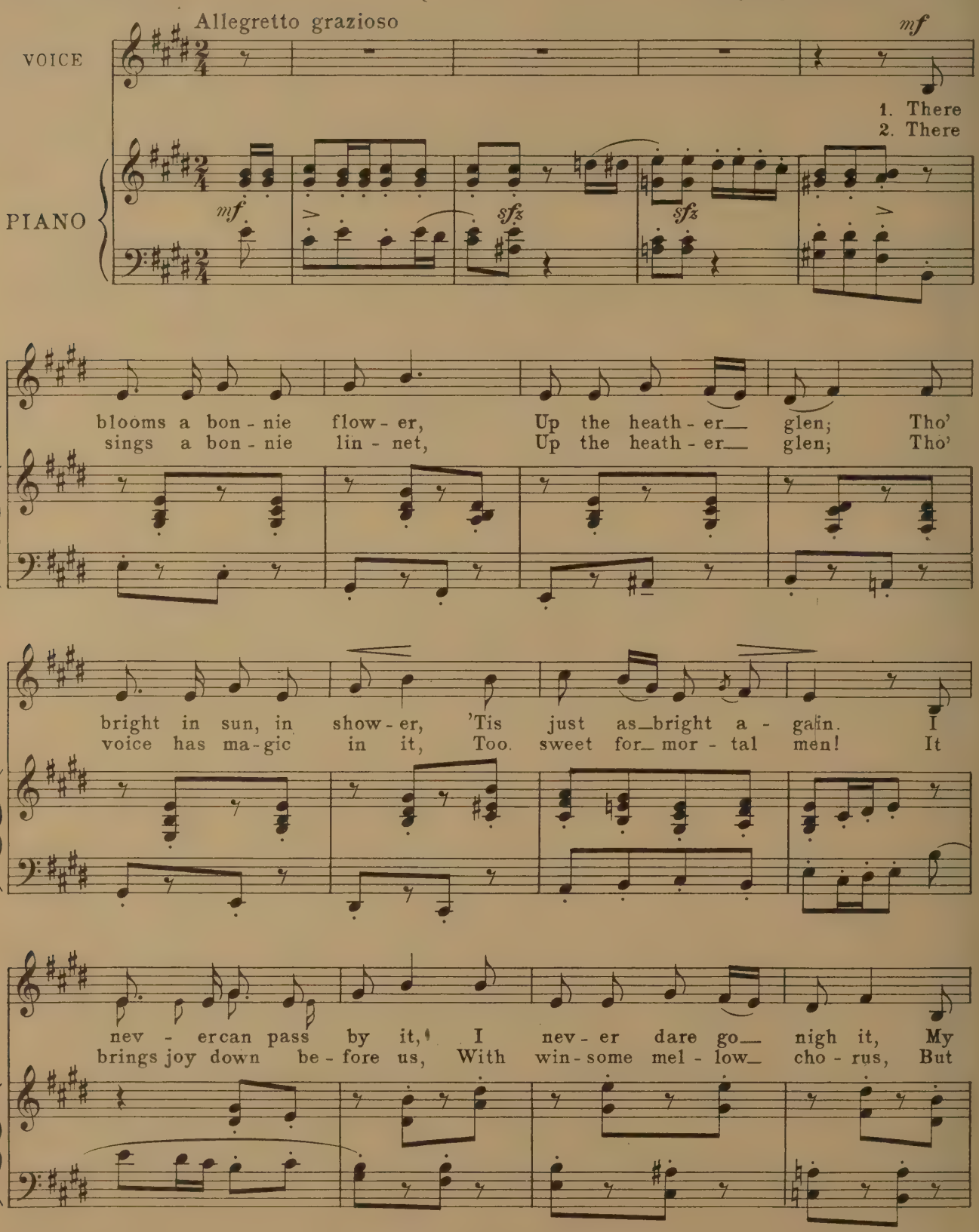

p
3. Has
4. If
mf
poco rit.
Hope, like the bird in the sto - - ry, That flit - ted from tree to
thus the sweet hours have fleet - - ed, When sor - row her - self look'd
a tempo
p
tree, With the tal - is-man's glit - t'ring glo - - ry, Has
bright, If thus the fond hope has cheat - - ed, That


cresc.
Hope been that bird to thee? On branch aft - er branch a
led thee a - long so light, If thus the un - kind world
L.H.
cresc.
dim.
light - - ing, The gem did she still dis - play, And when
with - - er Each feel - ing that once was dear, Come,
dim.
rit.
near - est and most in - vit - ing, Then waft the fair gem a - way.
child of mis - for - tune! come hith - er, I'll weep with thee tear for tear.
rit.

THE HEATHER GLEN

GEORGE TIGERSON

Irish Air
"The brown little Mallet"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Allegretto grazioso
mf
VOICE
1. There
2. There
PIANO
mf
sfz
sfz
blooms a bon - nie flow - er, Up the heath - er glen; Tho'
sings a bon - nie lin - net, Up the heath - er glen; Tho'
bright in sun, in show - er, 'Tis just as bright a - gain. I
voice has ma - gic in it, Too sweet for mor - tal men! It
nev - er can pass by it, I nev - er dare go nigh it, My
brings joy down be - fore us, With win - some mel - low cho - rus, But

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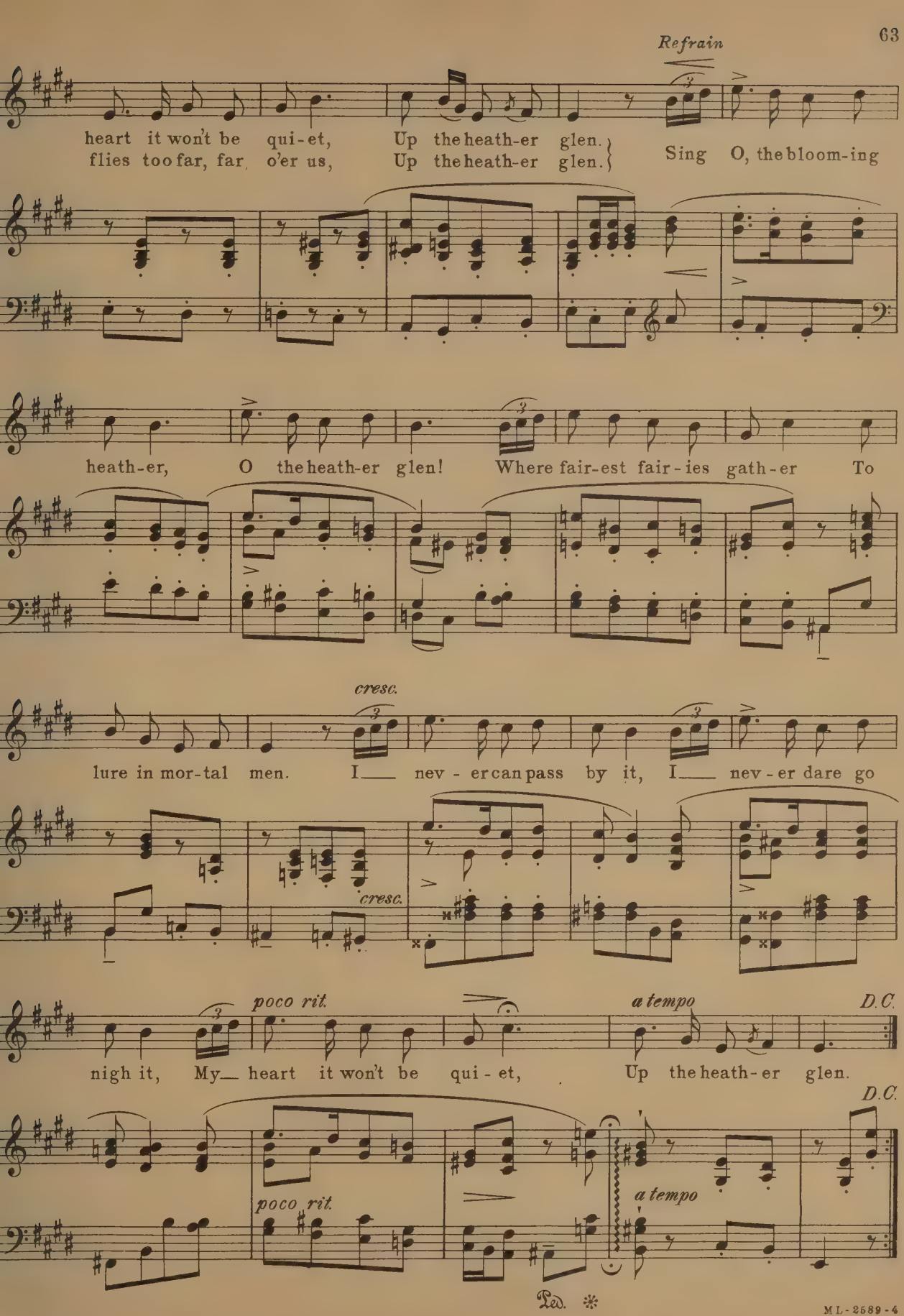
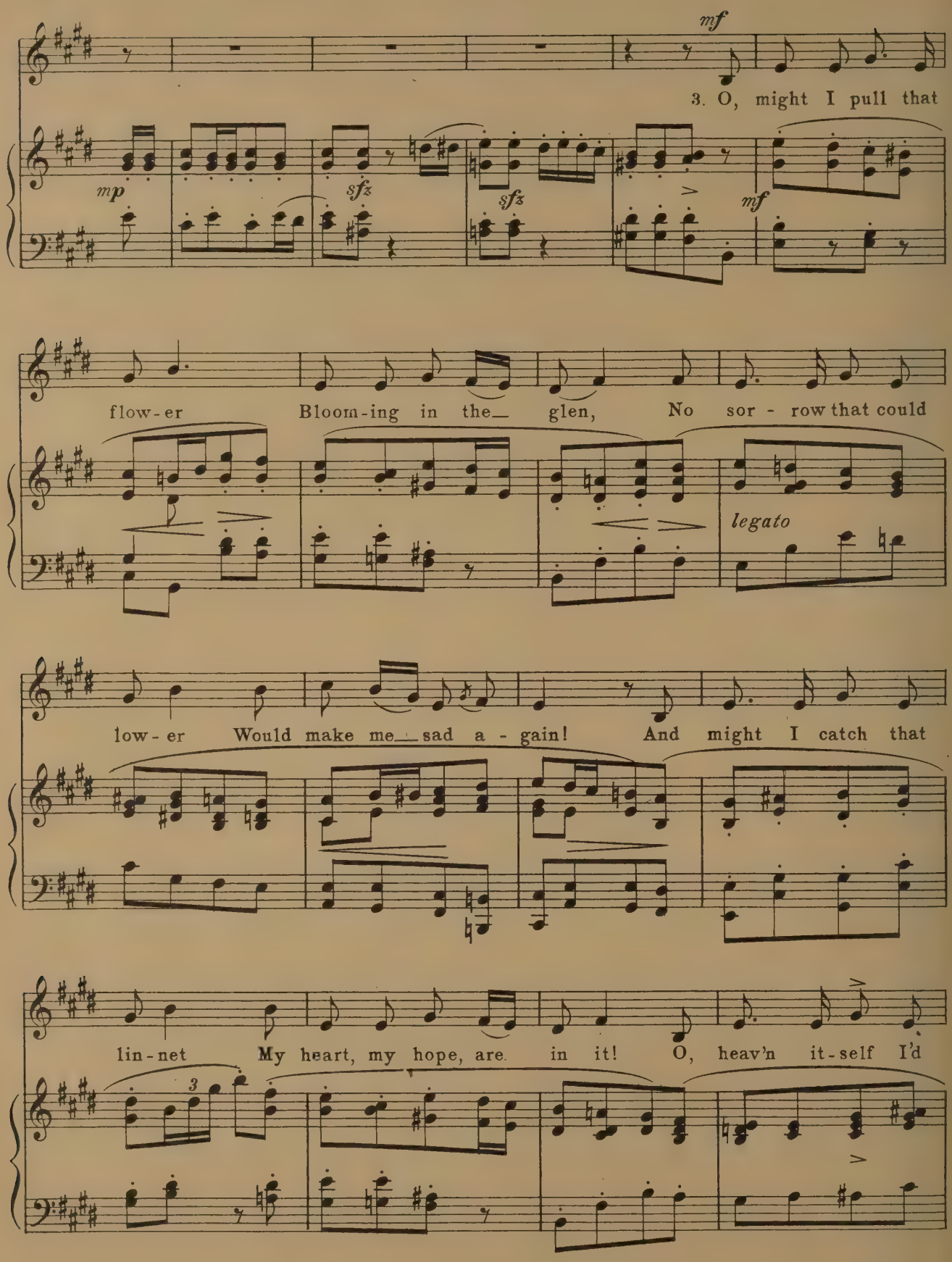
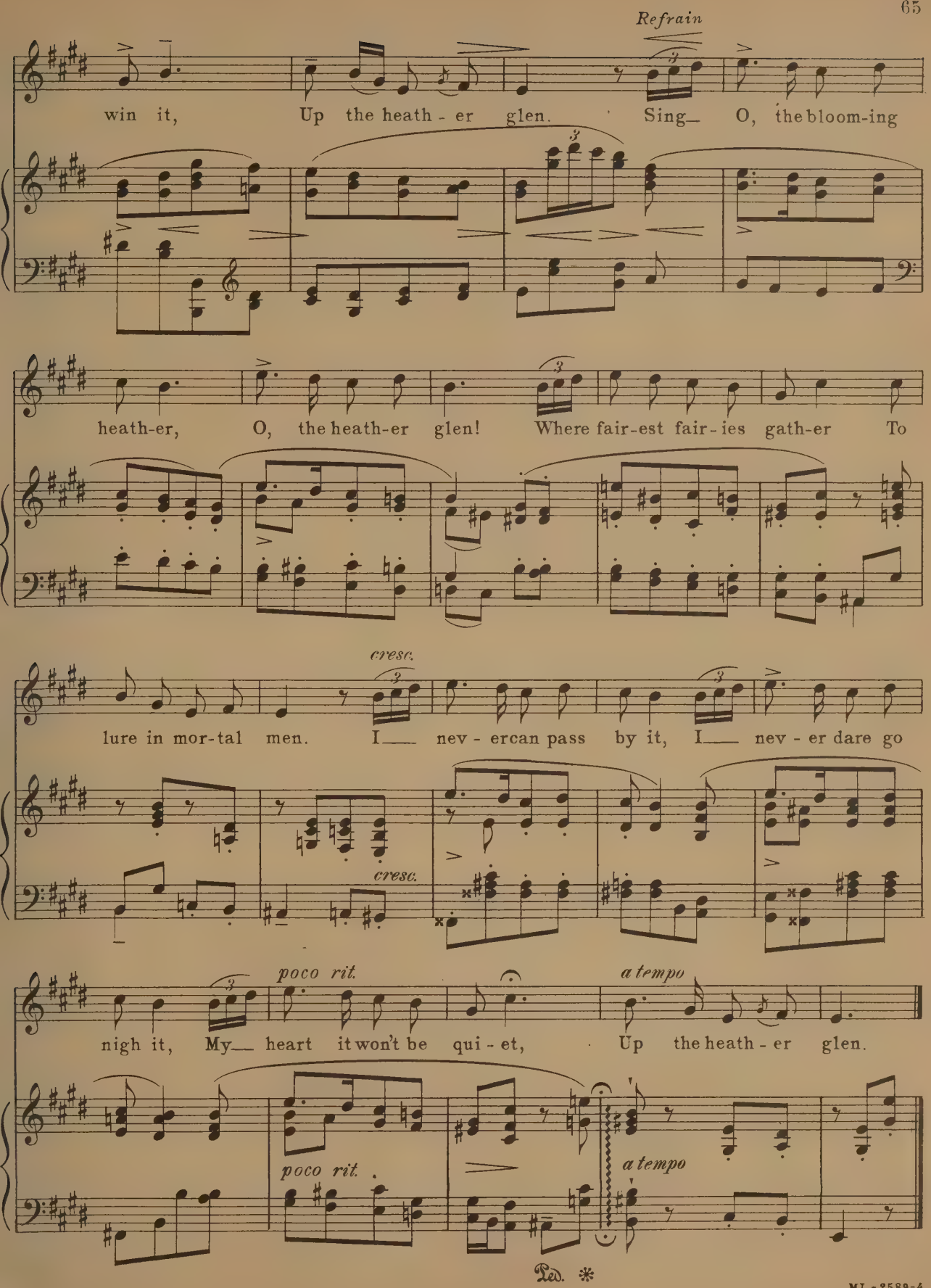

Refrain
heart it won't be qui-et, Up the heath-er glen.
flies too far, far o'er us, Up the heath-er glen.
Sing O, the bloom-ing
heath-er, O the heath-er glen! Where fair-est fair-ies gath-er To
cresc.
lure in mor-tal men. I___ nev-er can pass by it, I___ nev-er dare go
cresc.
poco rit.
a tempo
D.C.
nigh it, My___ heart it won't be qui-et, Up the heath-er glen.
D.C.
poco rit.
a tempo
Ped. *

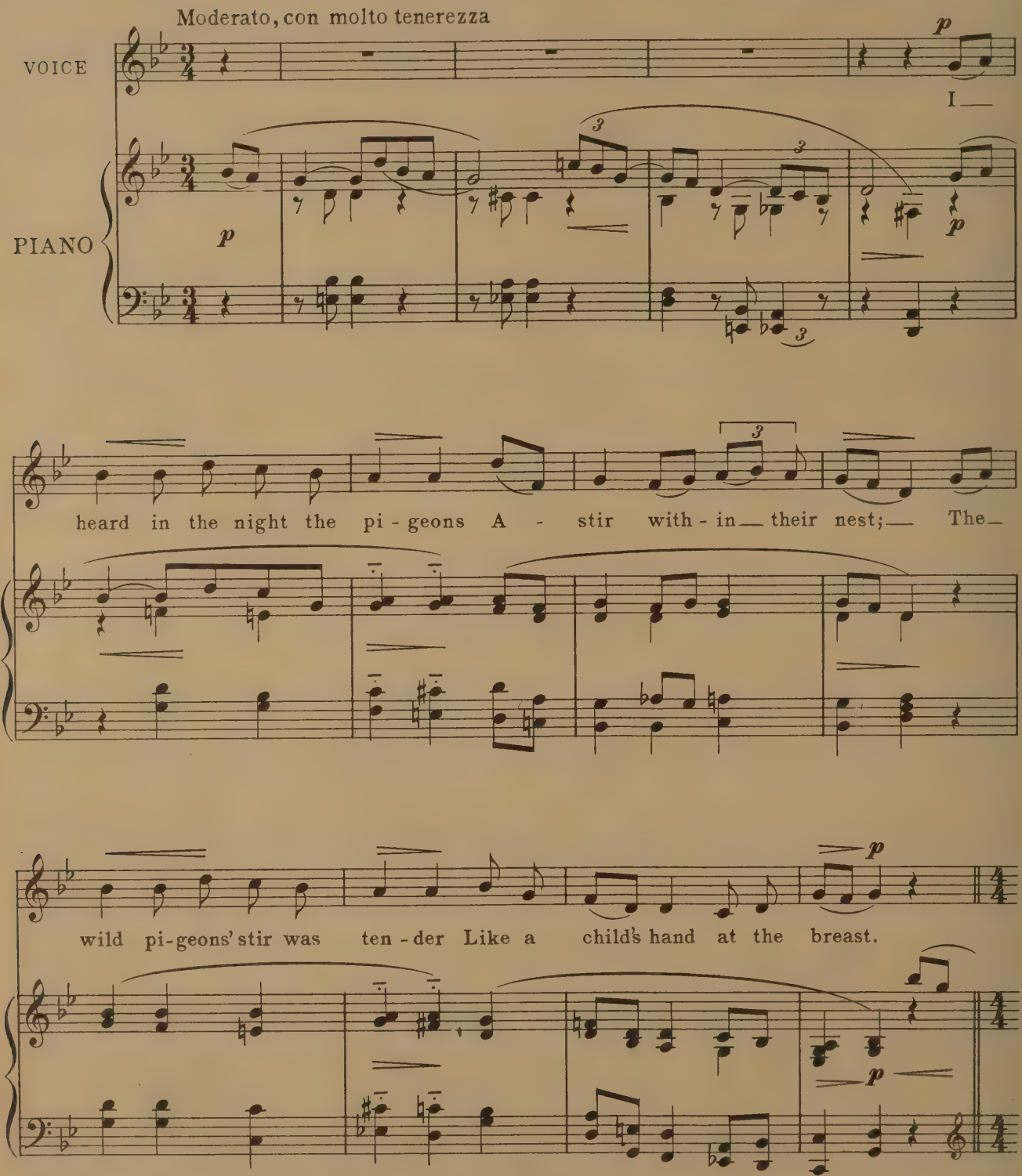

mf
3. O, might I pull that
mp
sfz
sfz
mf
flow-er Bloom-ing in the glen, No sor - row that could
legato
low-er Would make me sad a - gain! And might I catch that
lin-net My heart, my hope, are in it! O, heav'n it-self I'd
3


Refrain
win it, Up the heath - er glen. Sing_ O, the bloom-ing
heath-er, O, the heath-er glen! Where fair-est fair - ies gath-er To
cresc.
lure in mor-tal men. I___ nev - ercan pass by it, I___ nev - er dare go
cresc.
poco rit.
a tempo
nigh it, My___ heart it won't be qui - et, Up the heath - er glen.
poco rit.
a tempo
Ped. *

I HEARD IN THE NIGHT THE PIGEONS

PADRAIC COLUM

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato, con molto tenerezza
VOICE
PIANO
p
I
heard in the night the pi - geons A - stir with - in their nest; The
wild pi-geons' stir was ten - der Like a child's hand at the breast.

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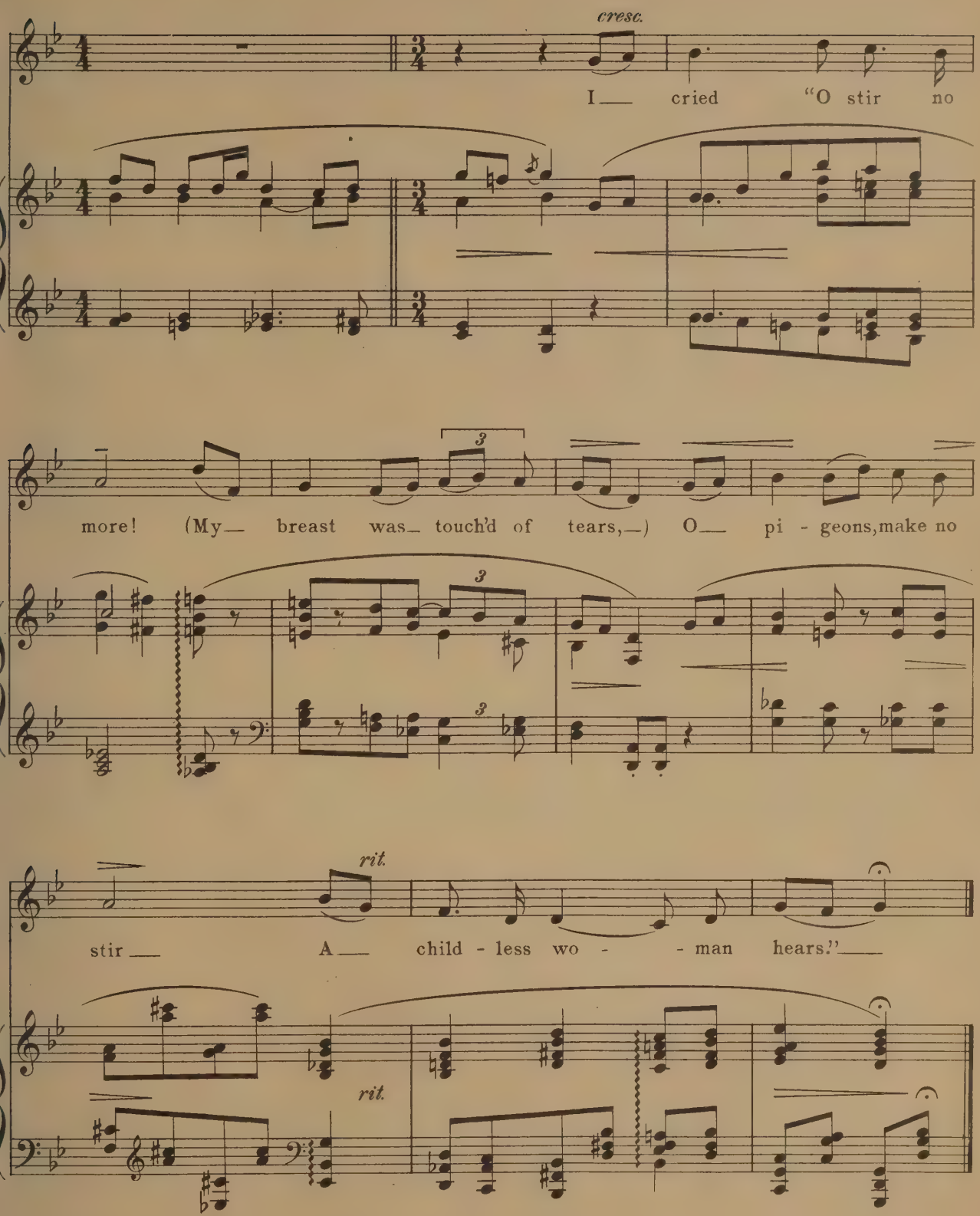
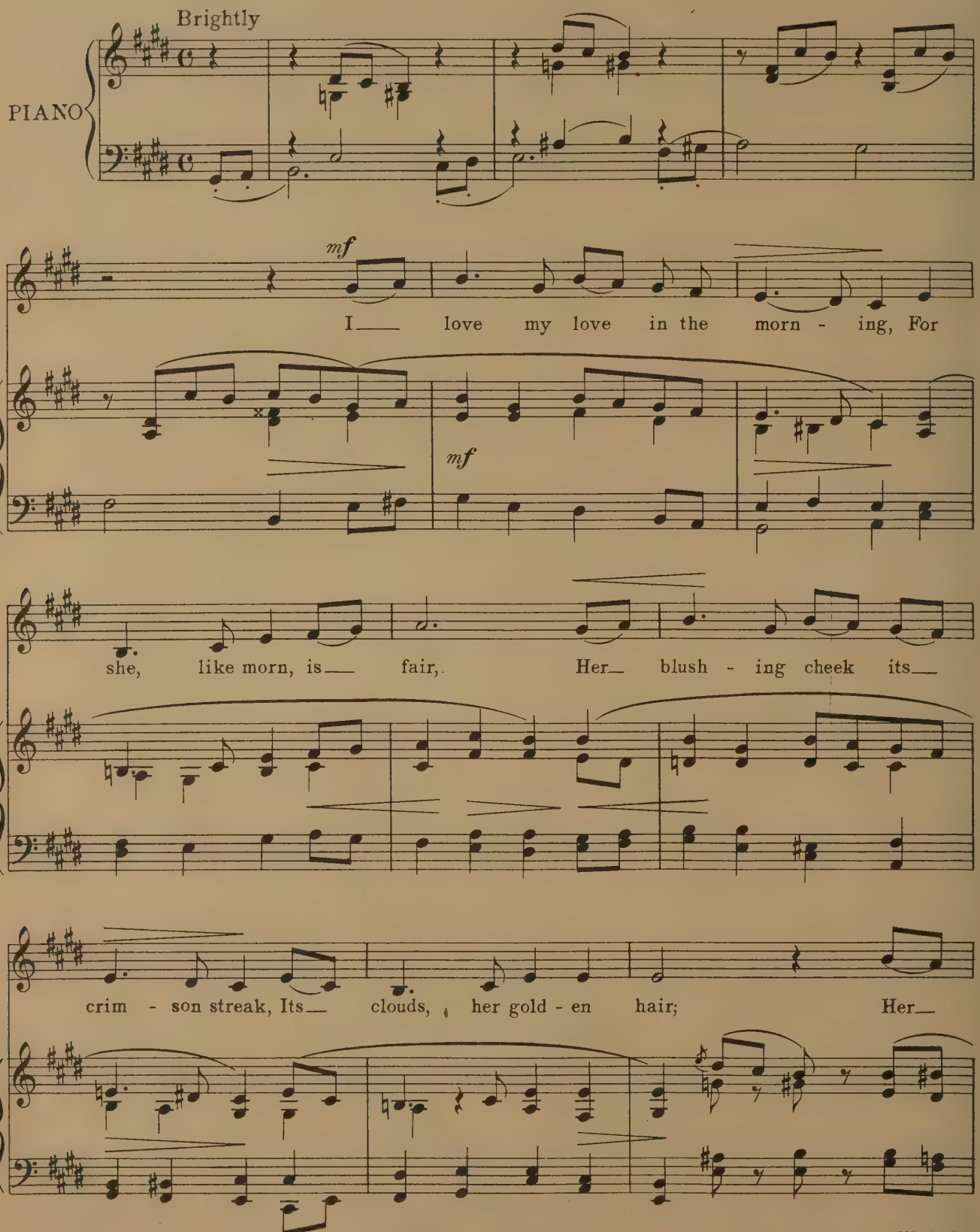

cresc.
I___ cried "O stir no
more! (My___ breast was___ touch'd of tears,___) O___ pi - geons, make no
rit.
stir___ A___ child - less wo - - man hears!"___
rit.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING

GERALD GRIFFIN

Irish Air: "The Mountains High"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Brightly
PIANO
mf
I love my love in the morn - ing, For
mf
she, like morn, is fair, Her blush - ing cheek its
crim - son streak, Its clouds, her gold - en hair; Her

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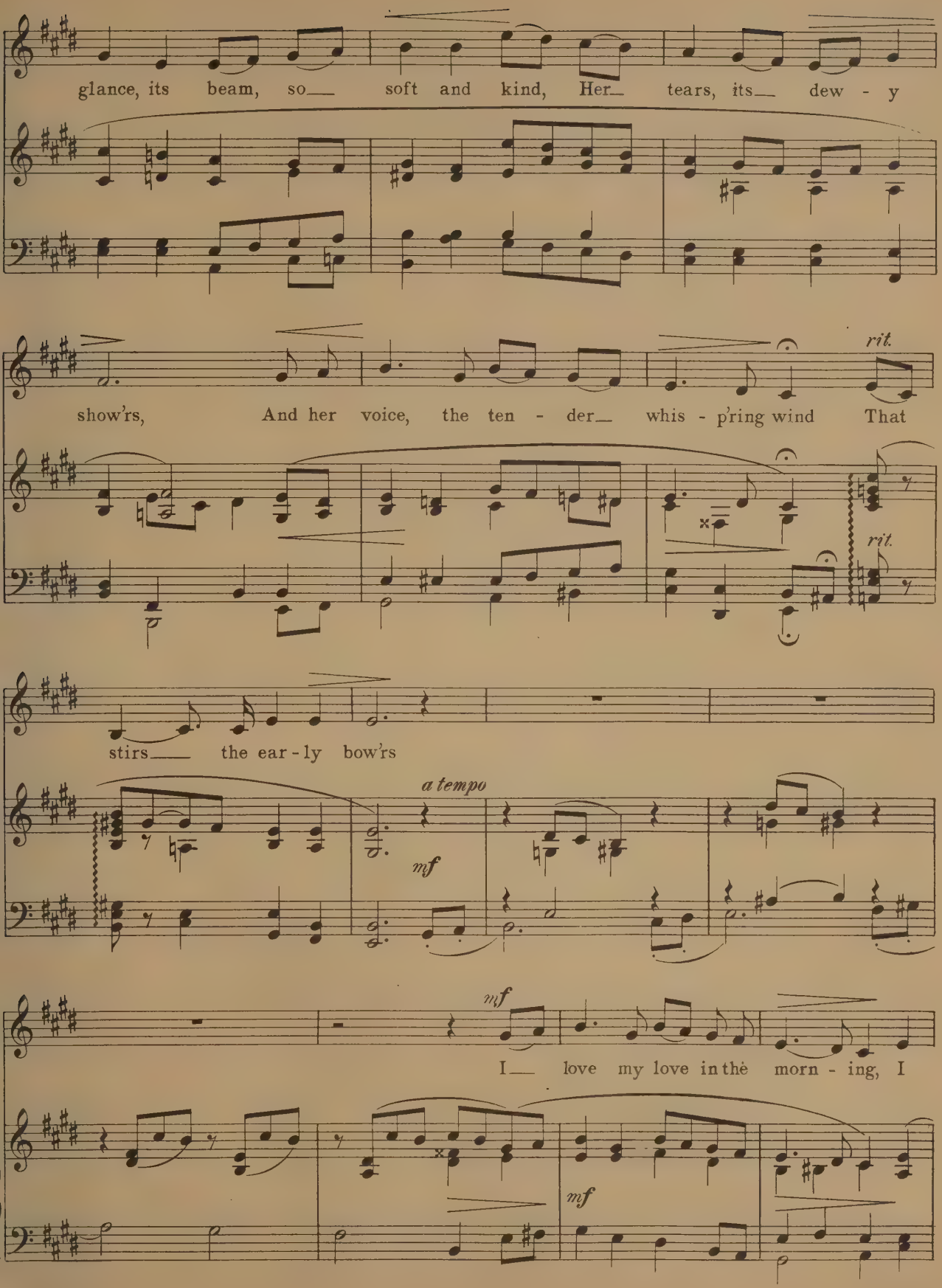
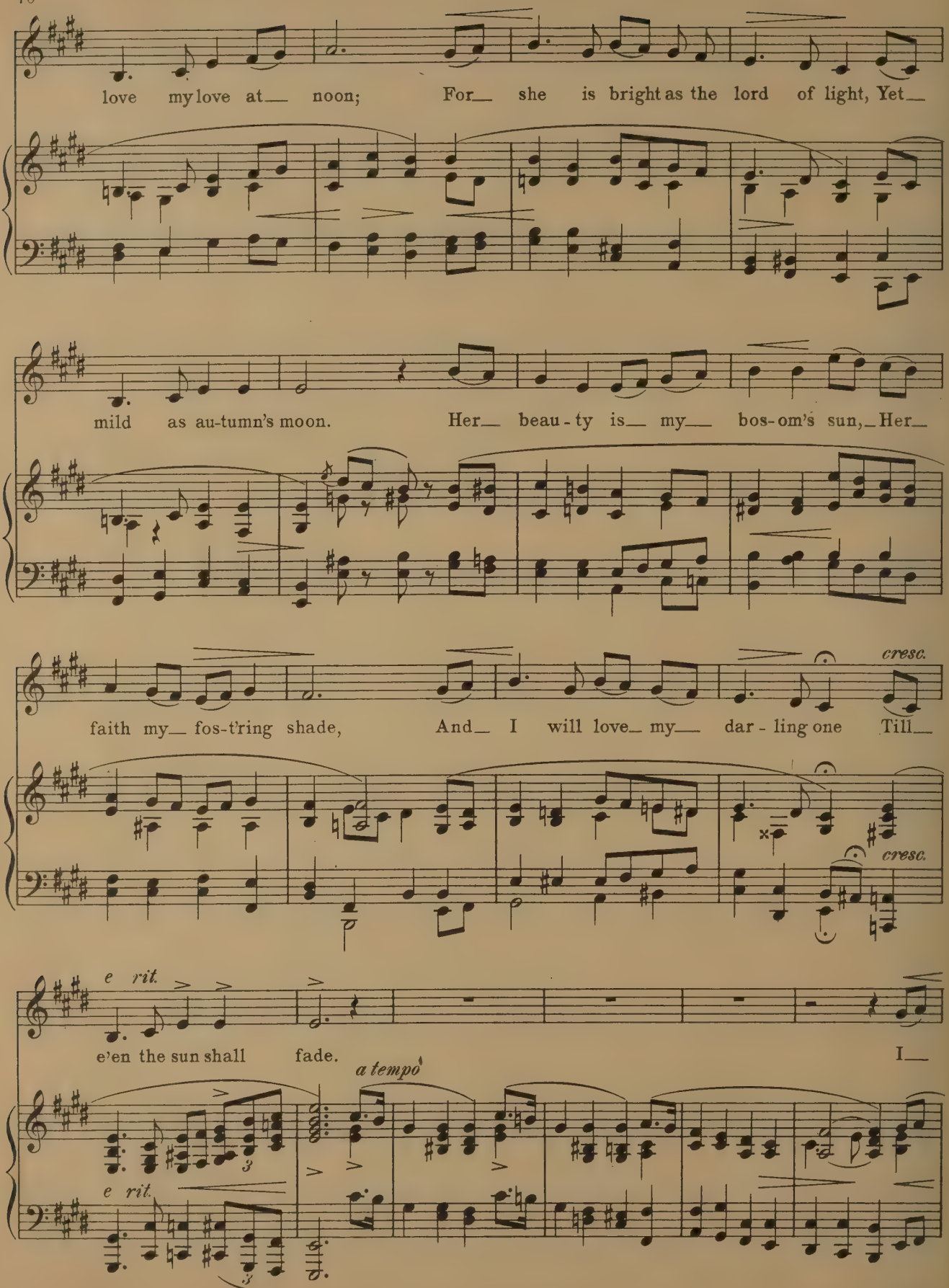
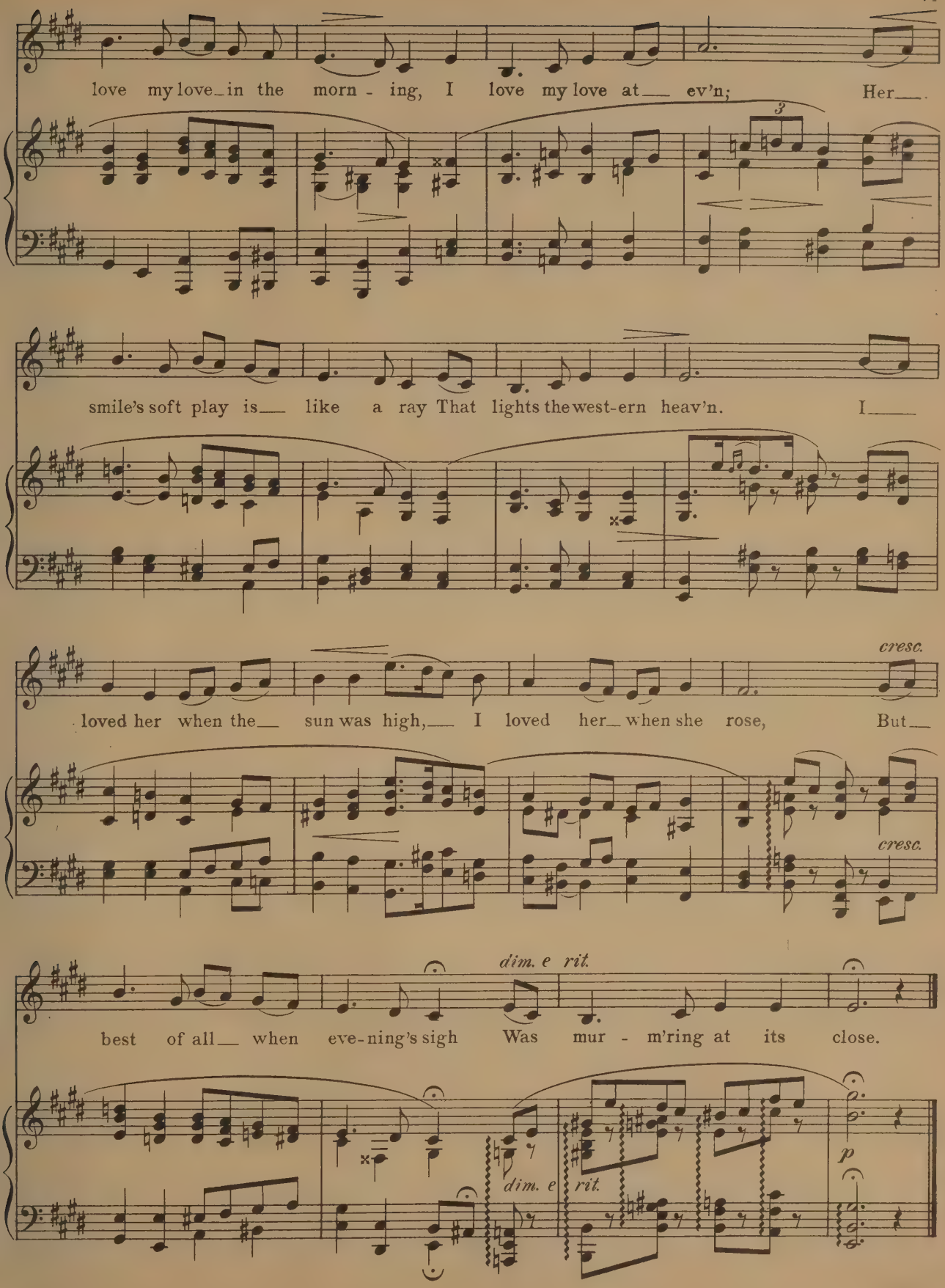

glance, its beam, so soft and kind, Her tears, its dew - y
rit.
show'rs, And her voice, the ten - der whis - p'ring wind That
rit.
stirs the ear - ly bow'rs
a tempo
mf
mf
I love my love in the morn - ing, I
mf

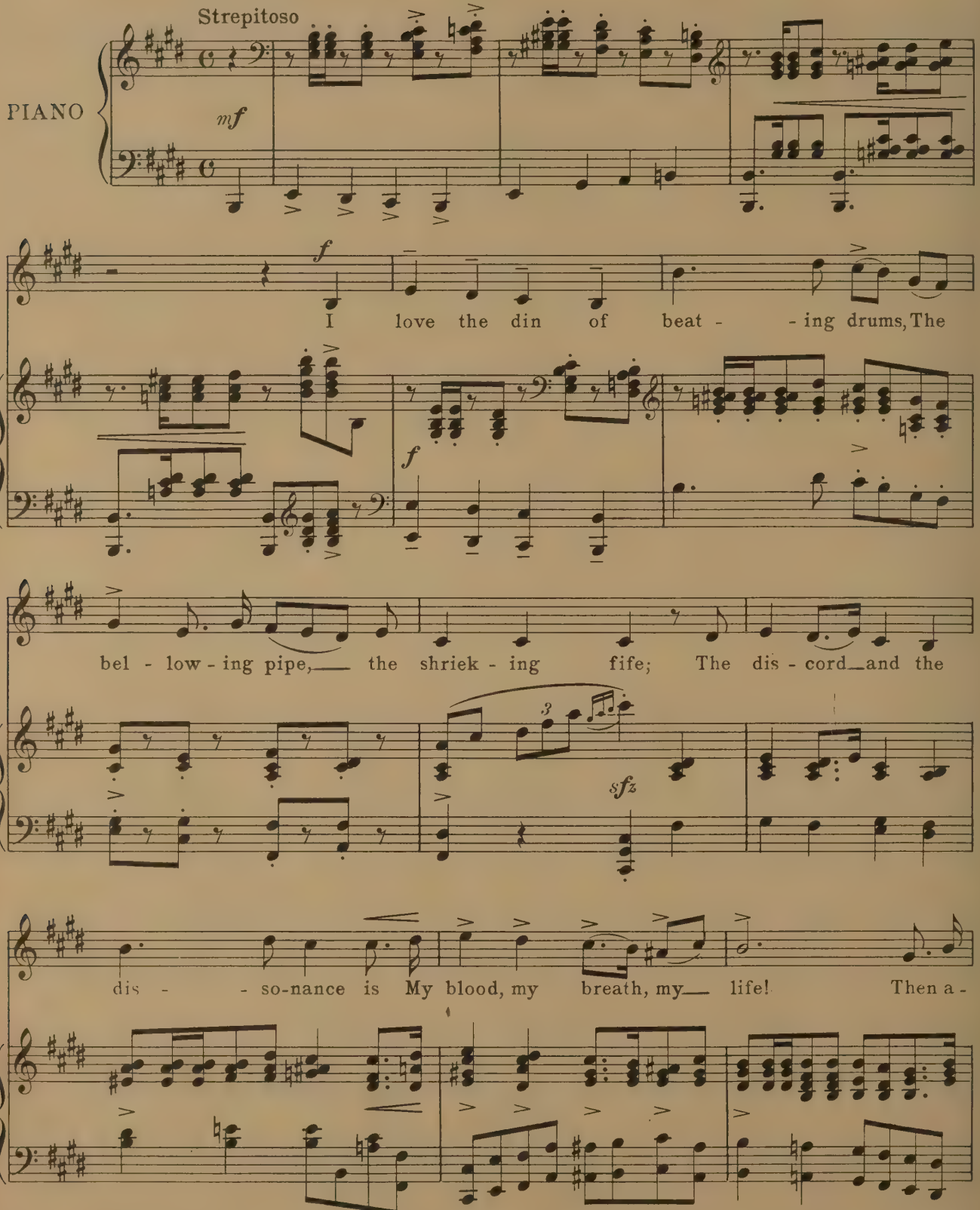

love my love at noon; For she is bright as the lord of light, Yet
mild as au-tumn's moon. Her beau-ty is my bos-om's sun, Her
faith my fos-t'ring shade, And I will love my dar-ling one Till
cresc.
cresc.
e rit.
e'en the sun shall fade. I
a tempo
e rit.


love my love in the morn - ing, I love my love at ev'n; Her
smile's soft play is like a ray That lights the west-ern heav'n. I
cresc.
loved her when the sun was high, I loved her when she rose, But
cresc.
dim. e rit.
best of all when eve-ning's sigh Was mur - m'ring at its close.
dim. e rit.
p

I LOVE THE DIN OF BEATING DRUMS

SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL
(Joseph Campbell)

Limerick Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Strepitoso
PIANO
mf
f
I love the din of beat - - ing drums, The
f
bel - low - ing pipe, the shriek - ing fife; The dis - cord and the
3
sfz
dis - - so-nance is My blood, my breath, my life! Then a -

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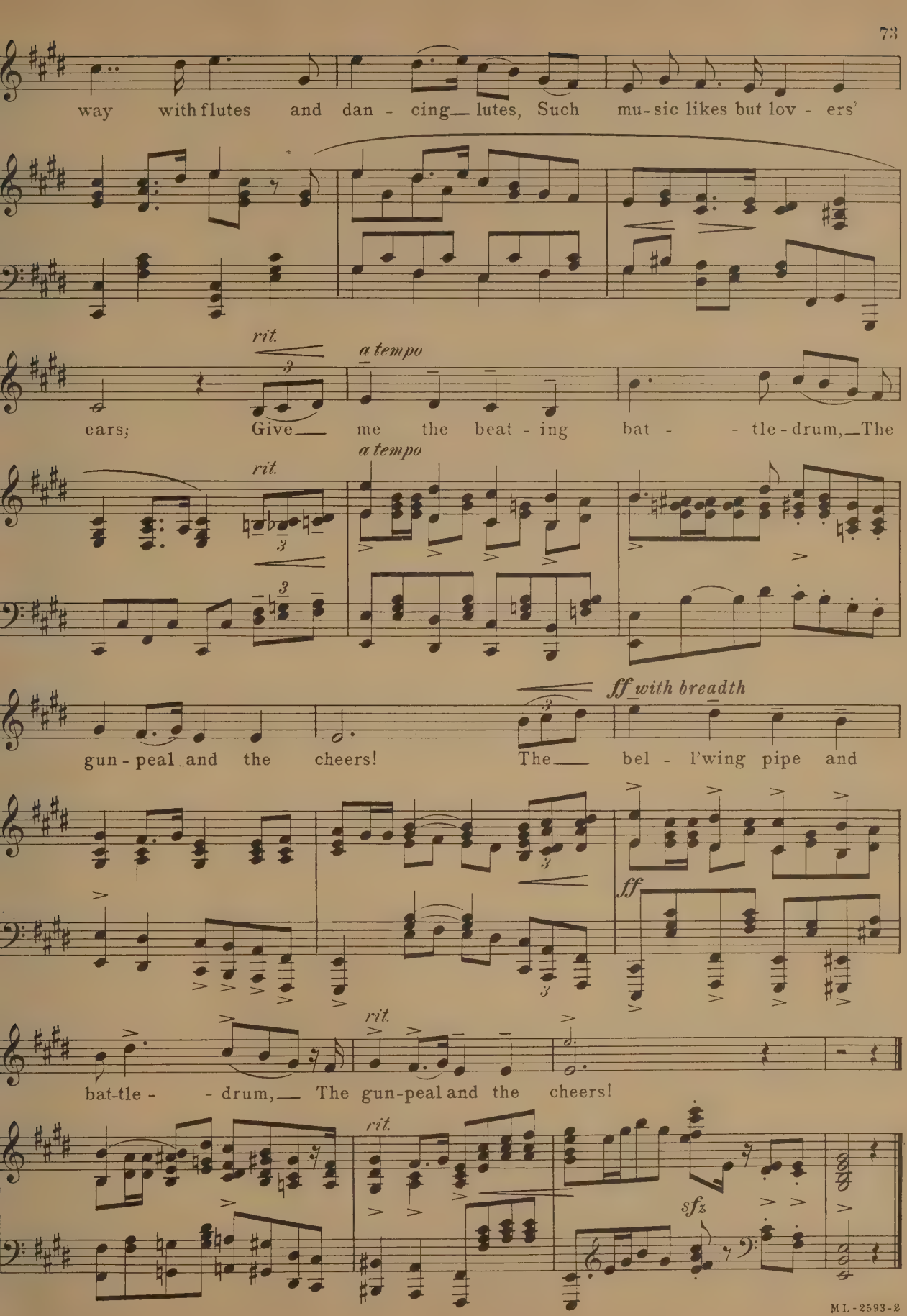

way with flutes and dan - cing lutes, Such mu-sic likes but lov - ers'
rit.
a tempo
ears; Give me the beat - ing bat - - tle-drum, The
rit.
a tempo
gun - peal and the cheers! The bel - l'wing pipe and
ff with breadth
ff
rit.
bat-tle - - drum, The gun-peal and the cheers!
rit.
sfz

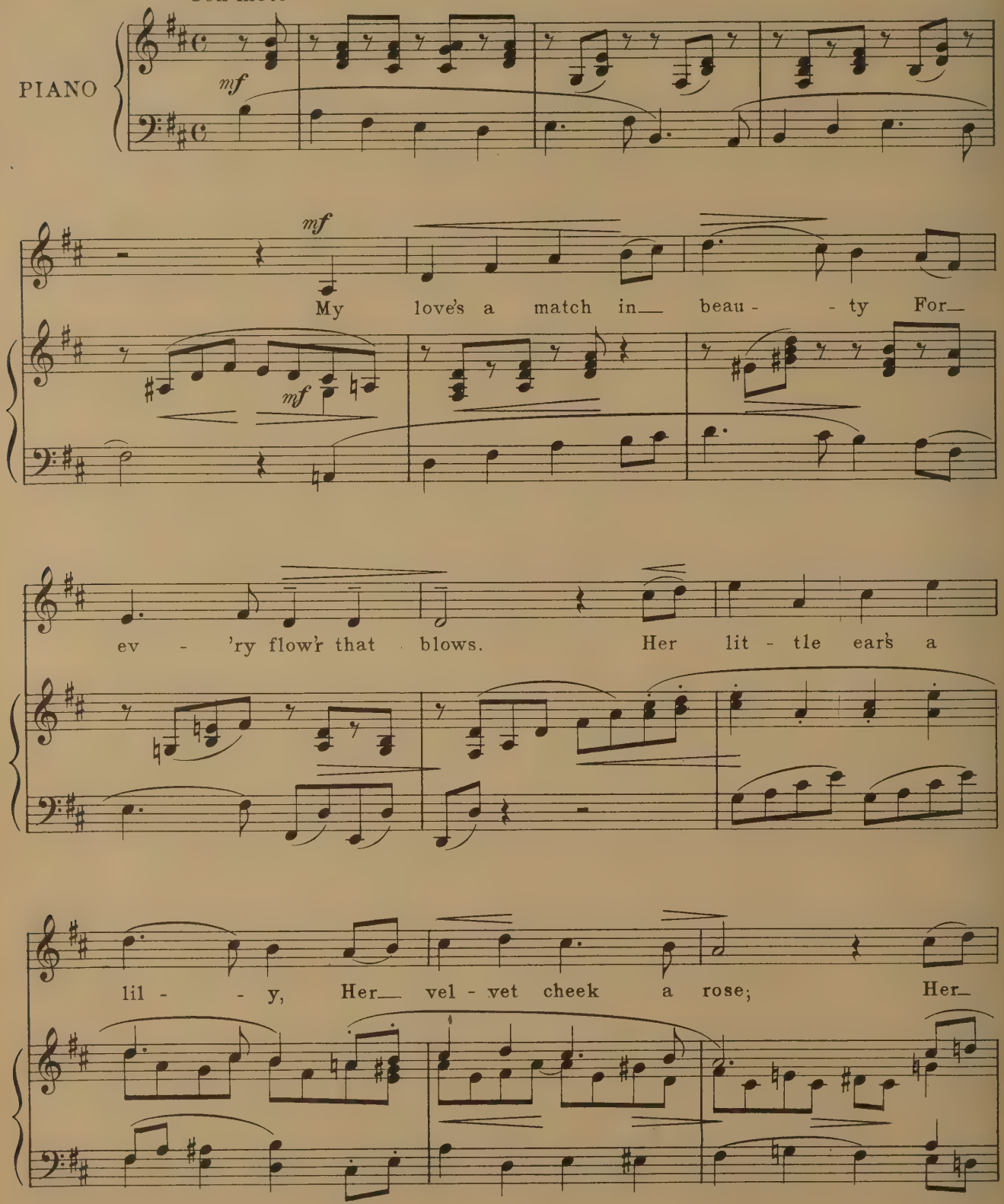
IF I WERE KING OF IRELAND

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con moto

PIANO



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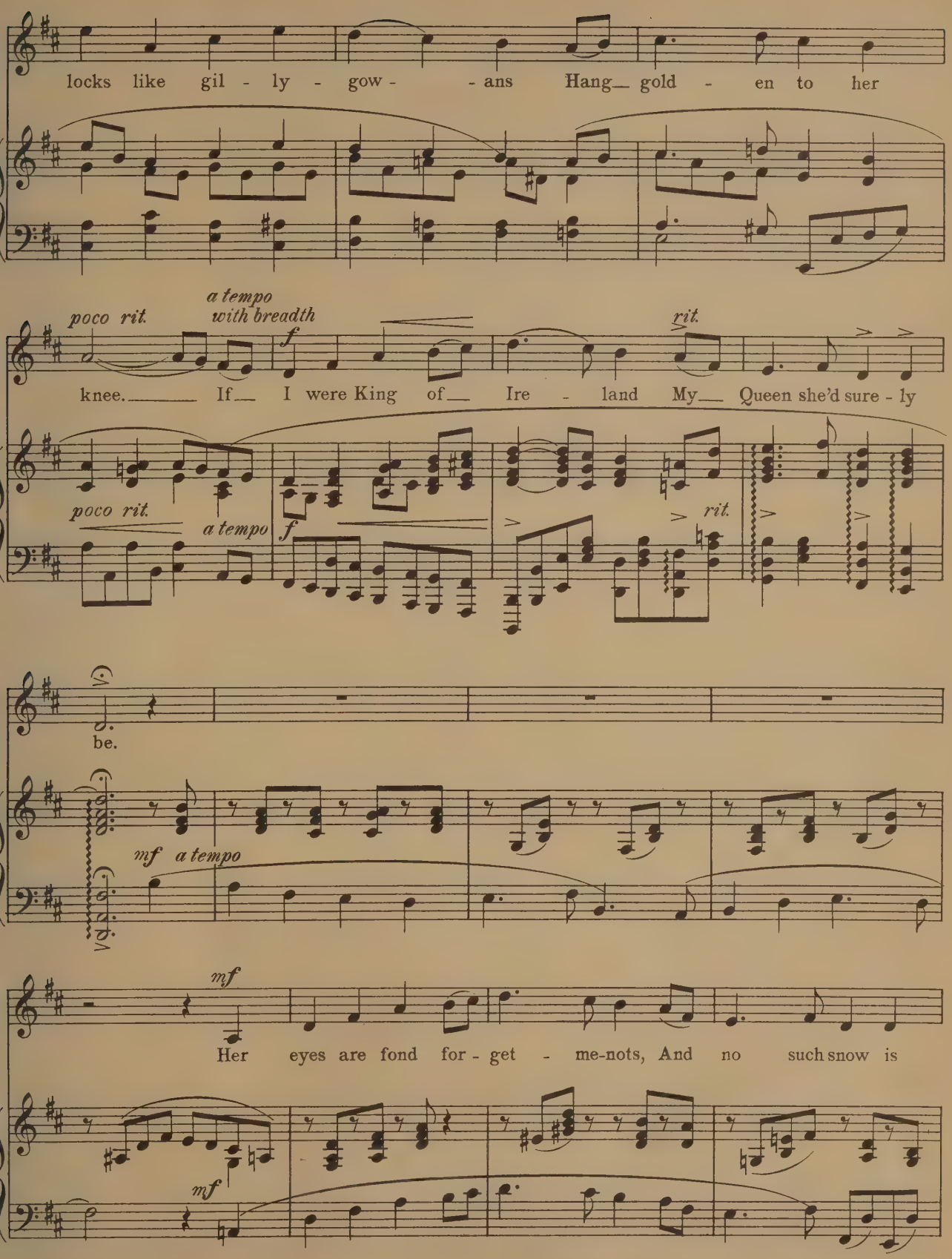
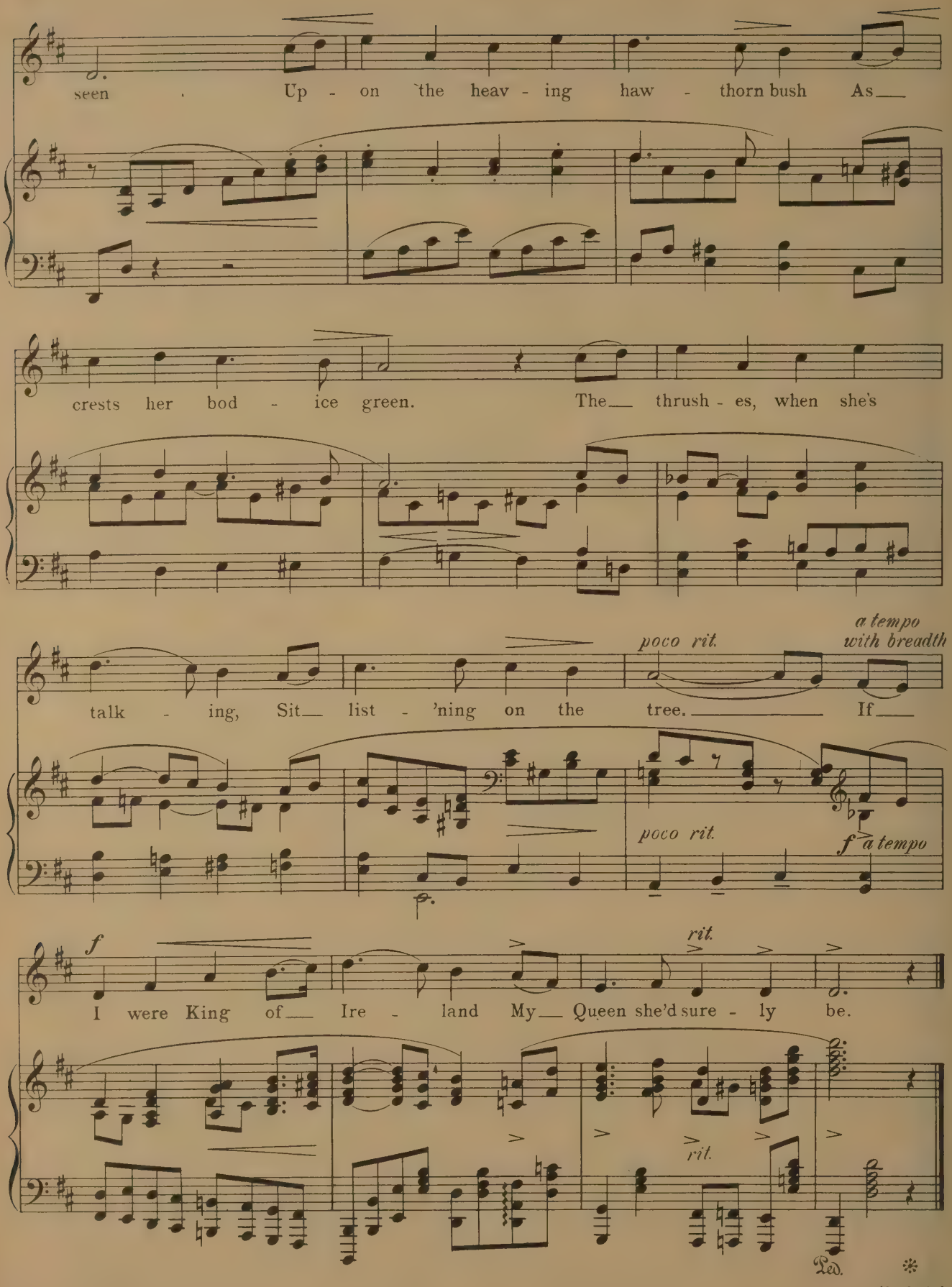
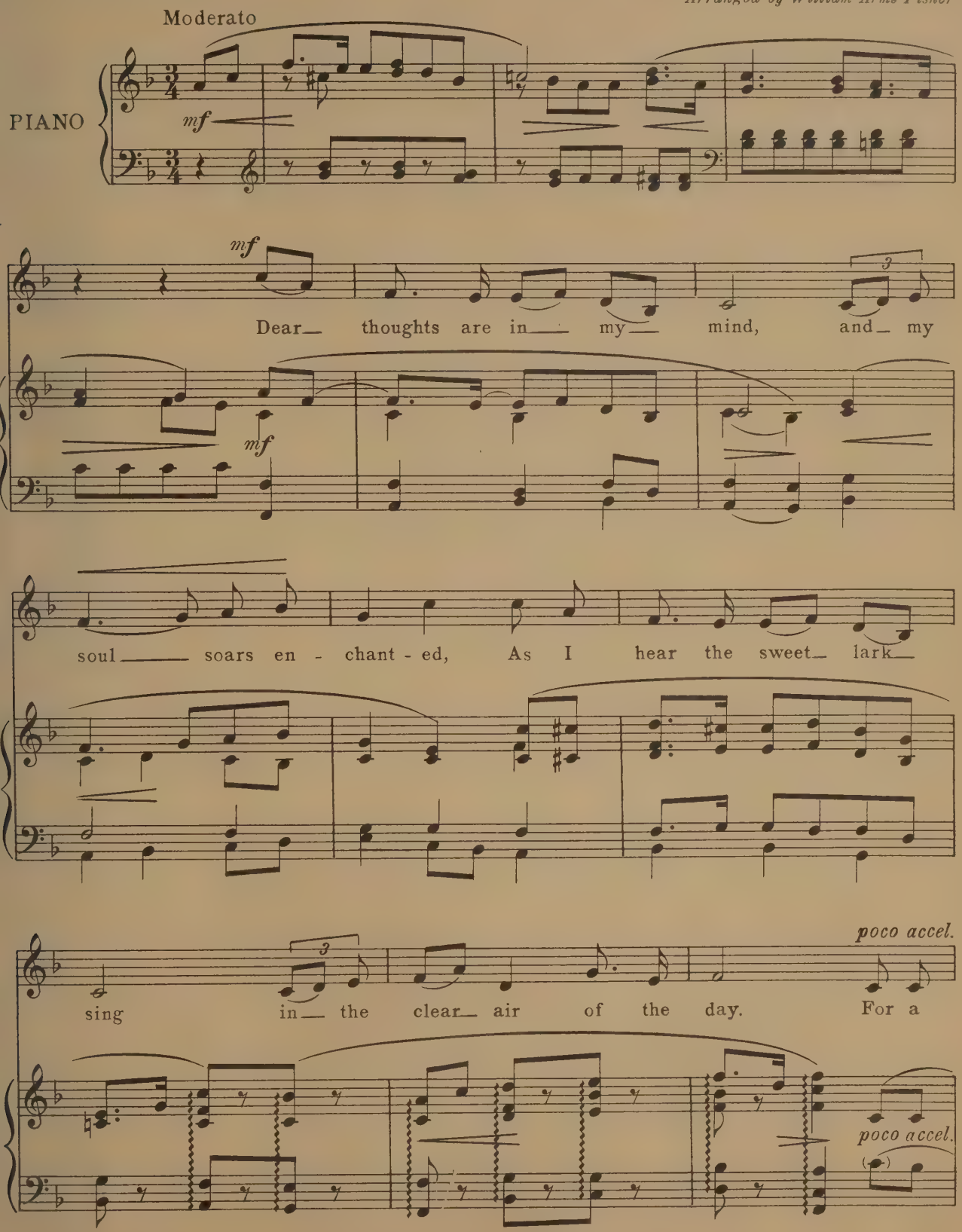

locks like gil - ly - gow - - ans Hang gold - en to her
poco rit.
a tempo
with breadth
f
rit.
knee. If I were King of Ire - land My Queen she'd sure - ly
poco rit.
a tempo
f
rit.
be.
mf a tempo
mf
Her eyes are fond for - get - me-nots, And no such snow is
mf


seen Up - on the heav - ing haw - thorn bush As
crests her bod - ice green. The thrush - es, when she's
talk - ing, Sit list - 'ning on the tree. If
poco rit.
a tempo
with breadth
poco rit.
f a tempo
f
I were King of Ire - land My Queen she'd sure - ly be.
rit.
rit.
Ped.
*

THE LARK IN CLEAR AIR

Sir SAMUEL FERGUSON

Irish Air: "Kathleen Nowlan"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
PIANO
mf
mf
Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my
mf
soul soars en - chant - ed, As I hear the sweet lark
poco accel.
sing in the clear air of the day. For a
poco accel.

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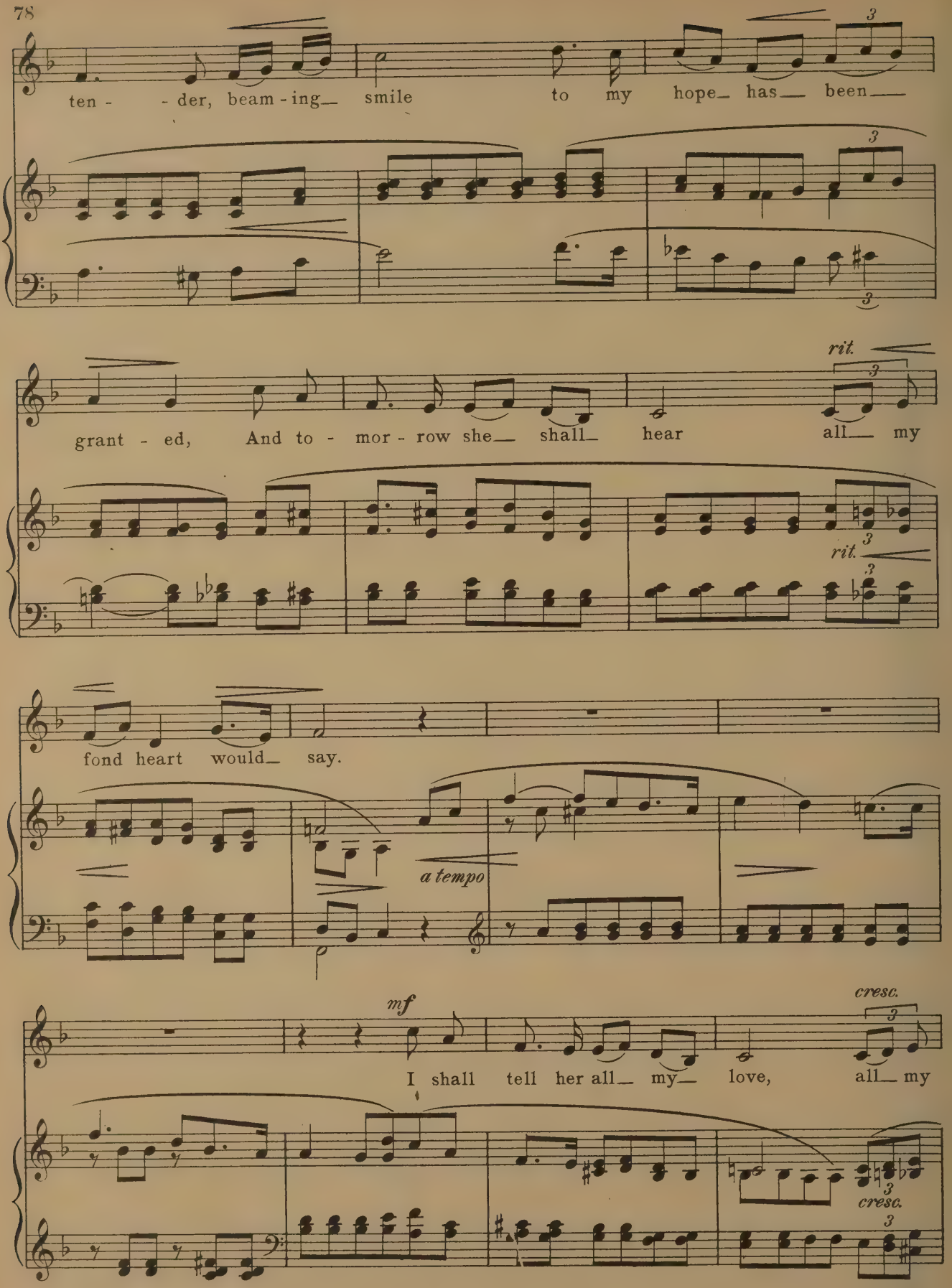
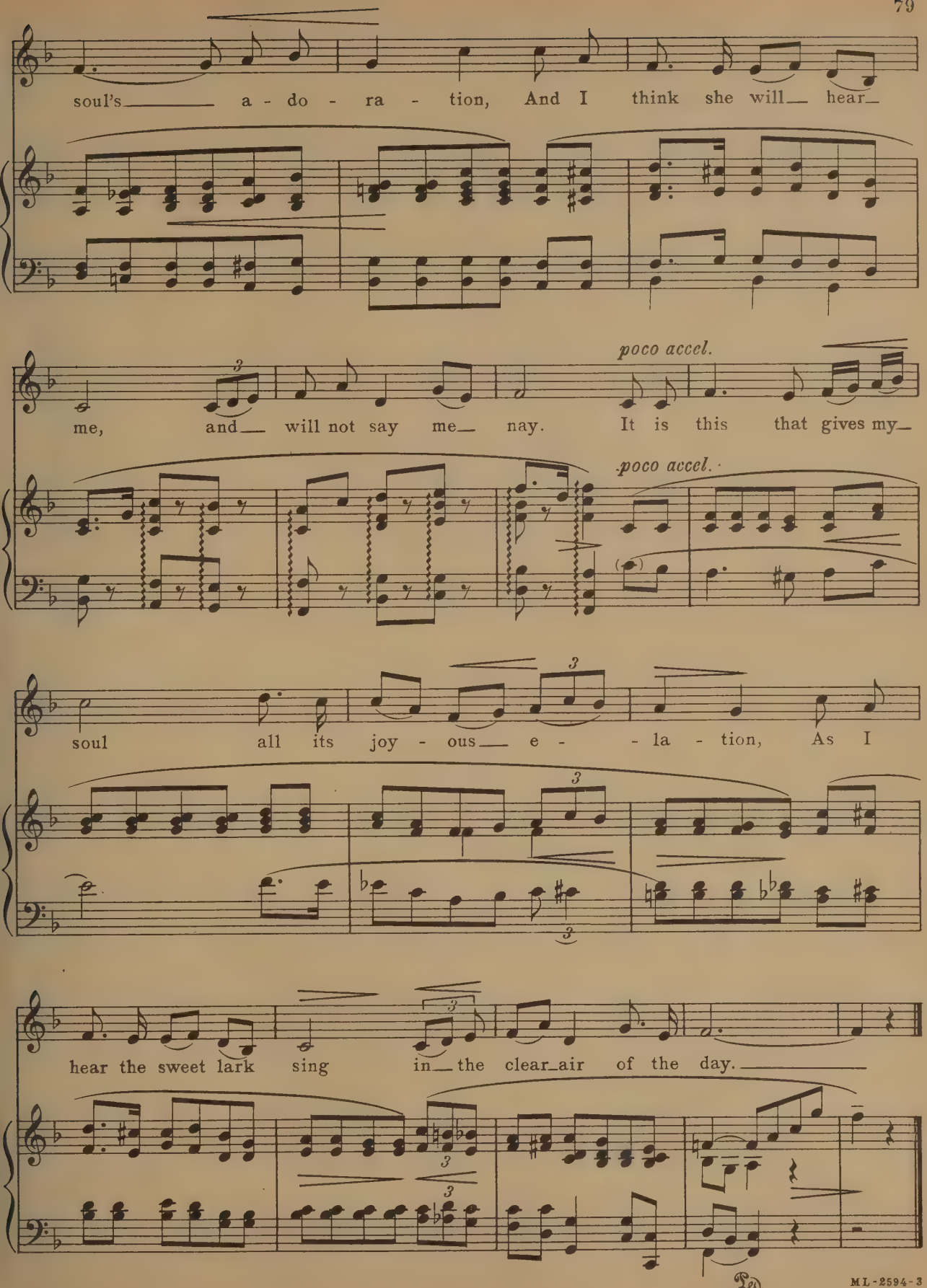

ten - - der, beam - ing_ smile to my hope_ has_ been_
grant - ed, And to - mor - row she_ shall_ hear all_ my
rit.
rit.
fond heart would_ say.
a tempo
mf
I shall tell her all_ my_ love, all_ my
cresc.
cresc.

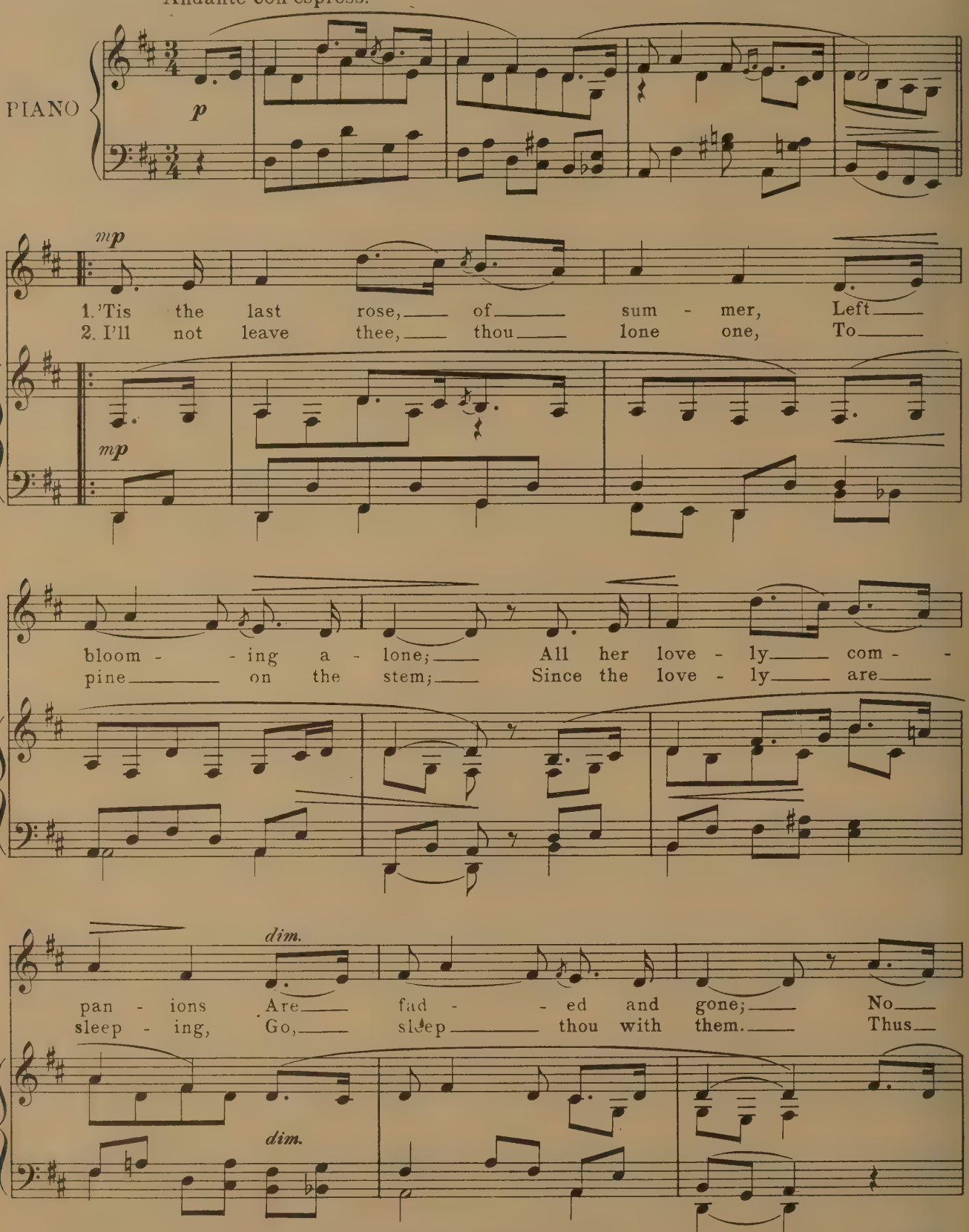

soul's a - do - ra - tion, And I think she will hear
poco accel.
me, and will not say me nay. It is this that gives my
poco accel.
soul all its joy - ous e - la - tion, As I
hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.
Ped.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air: "The Groves of Blarney"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Andante con espress.


PIANO
p
mp
1. 'Tis the last rose, of sum - mer, Left
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To
mp
bloom - - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com - -
pine on the stem; Since the love - ly are
dim.
pan - ions Are fad - - ed and gone; No
sleep - ing, Go, sleep thou with them. Thus
dim.

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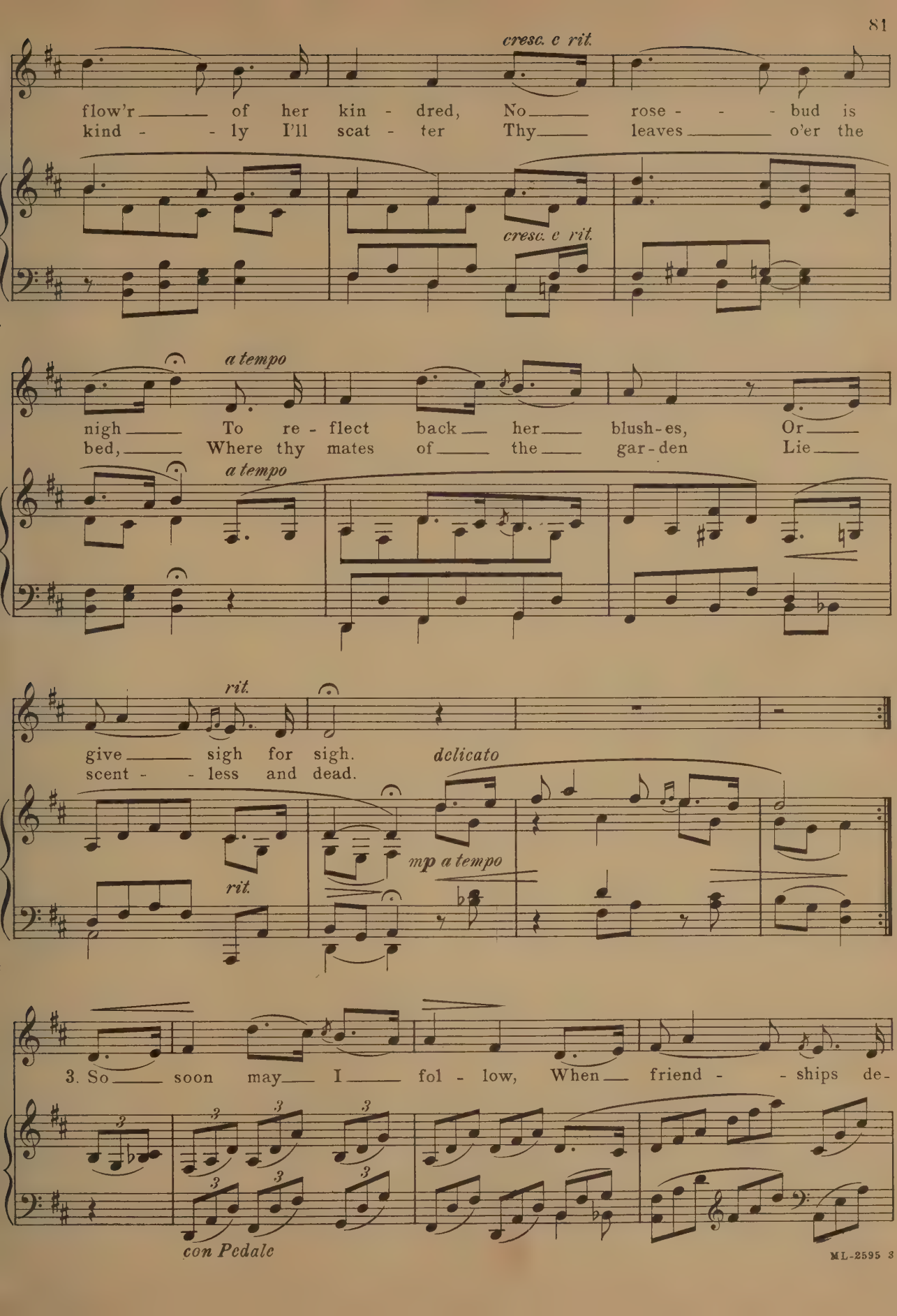
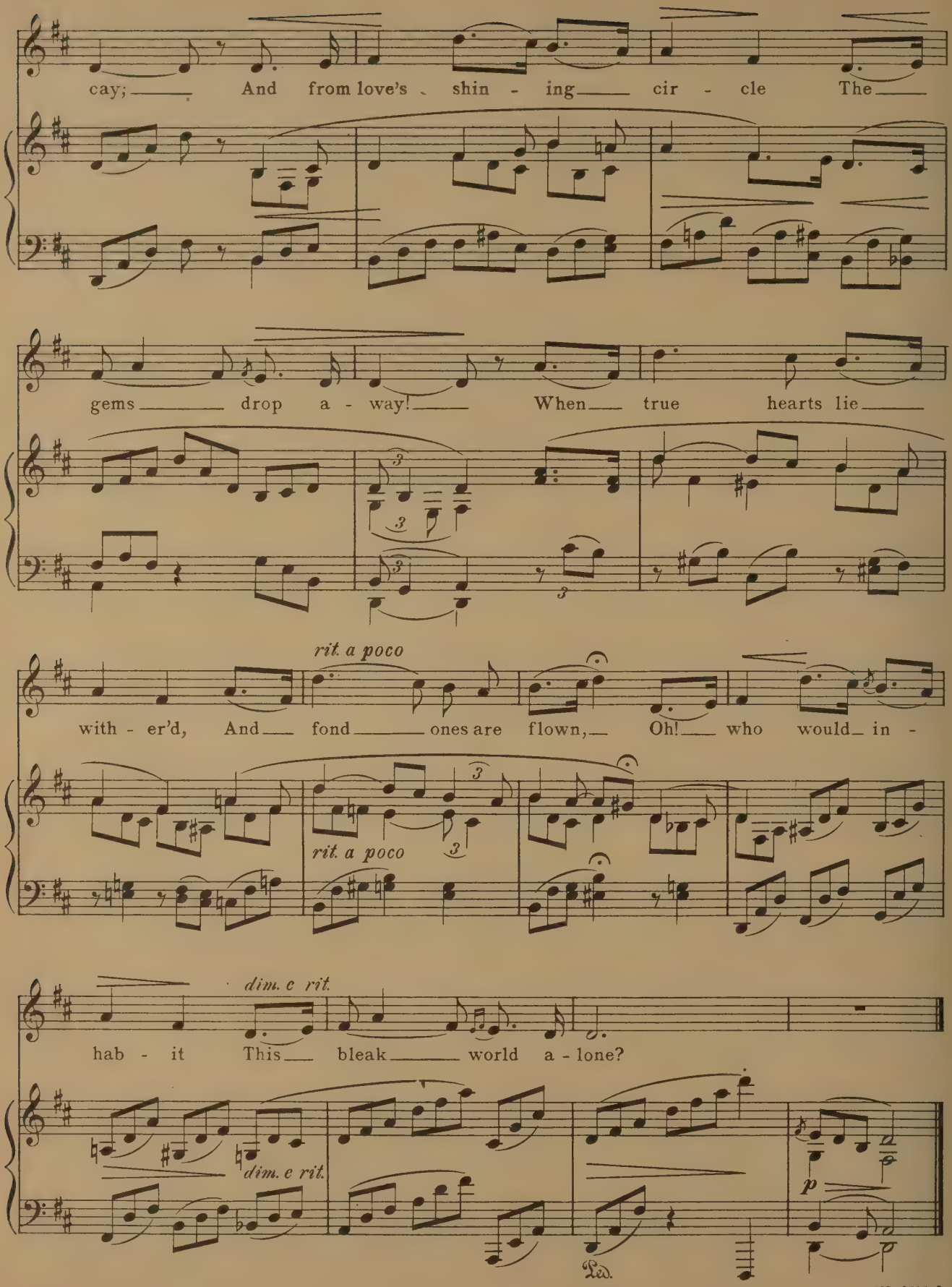
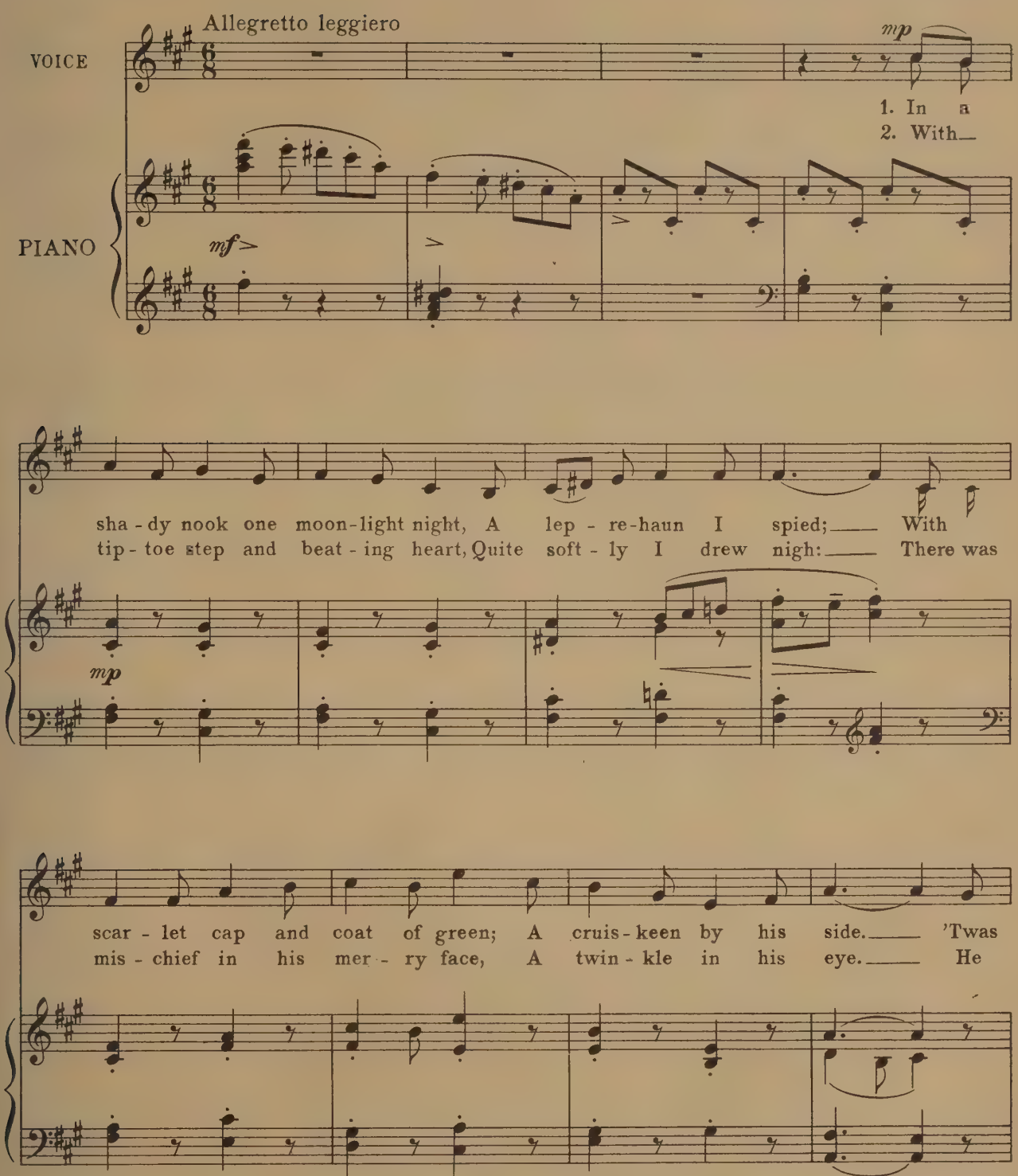

cresc. e rit.
flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - - - bud is
kind - - ly I'll scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
cresc. e rit.
a tempo
nigh To re - flect back her blush-es, Or
bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie
a tempo
rit.
give sigh for sigh.
scent - - less and dead.
dclicato
mp a tempo
rit.
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - - ships de-
con Pedale


cay; And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The
gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie
rit. a poco
with - er'd, And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in -
rit. a poco
dim. e rit.
hab - it This bleak world a - lone?
dim. e rit.
p
Ped.

THE LEPREHAUN

P. W. JOYCE, LL.D.

Irish Air, recorded by Dr. P. W. Joyce
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Allegretto leggiero
VOICE
PIANO
mp
1. In a
2. With
mf
sha - dy nook one moon-light night, A lep - re-haun I spied; With
tip - toe step and beat - ing heart, Quite soft - ly I drew nigh: There was
mp
scar - let cap and coat of green; A cruis-keen by his side. 'Twas
mis - chief in his mer - ry face, A twin - kle in his eye. He

Leprehaun: A weeny and roguish fairy, full of merry tricks, hard to catch and harder to hold. If caught he will show you where treasure is hid or give you a purse of gold, but if you take your eyes off him he's gone in an instant.

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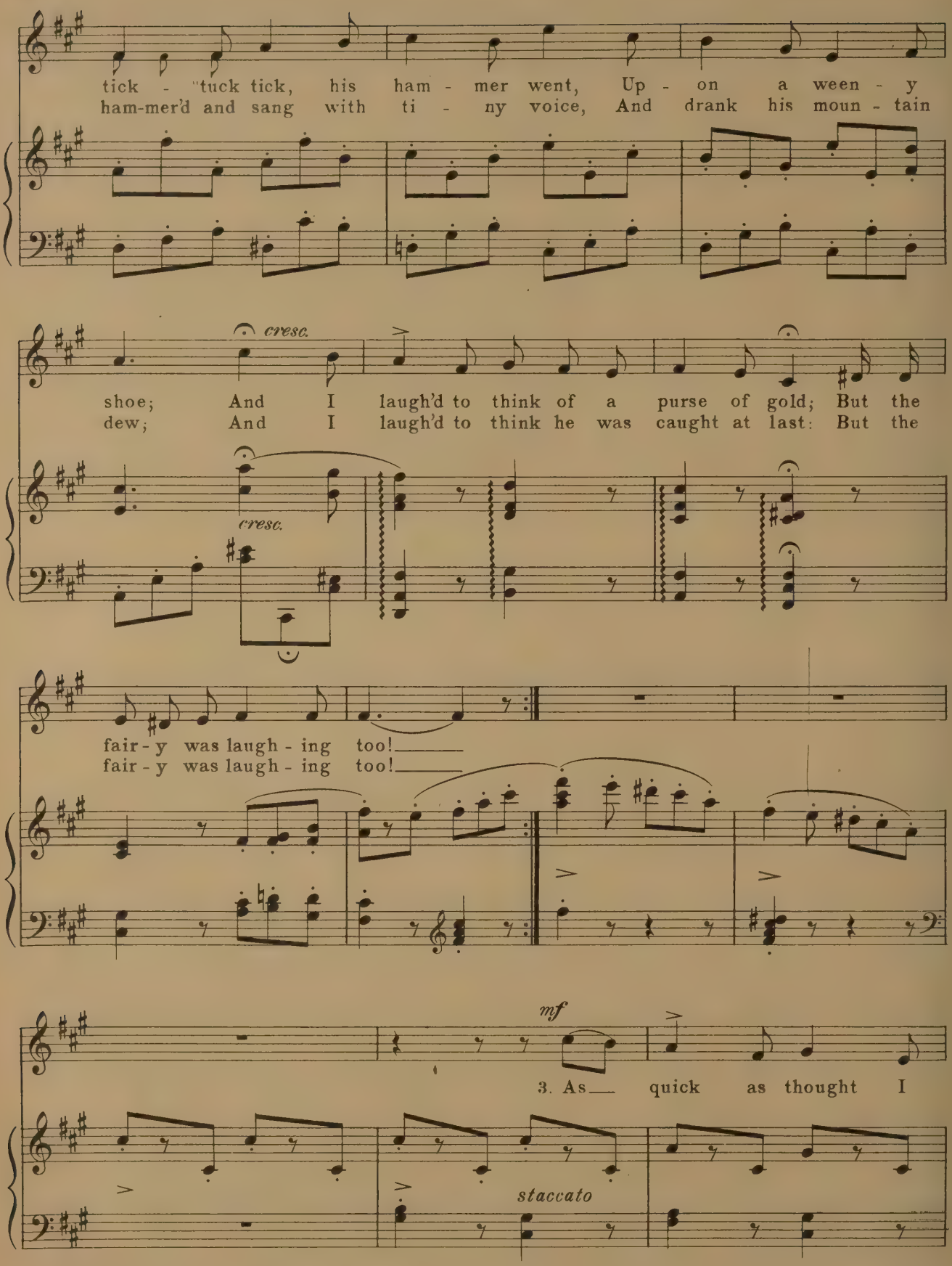
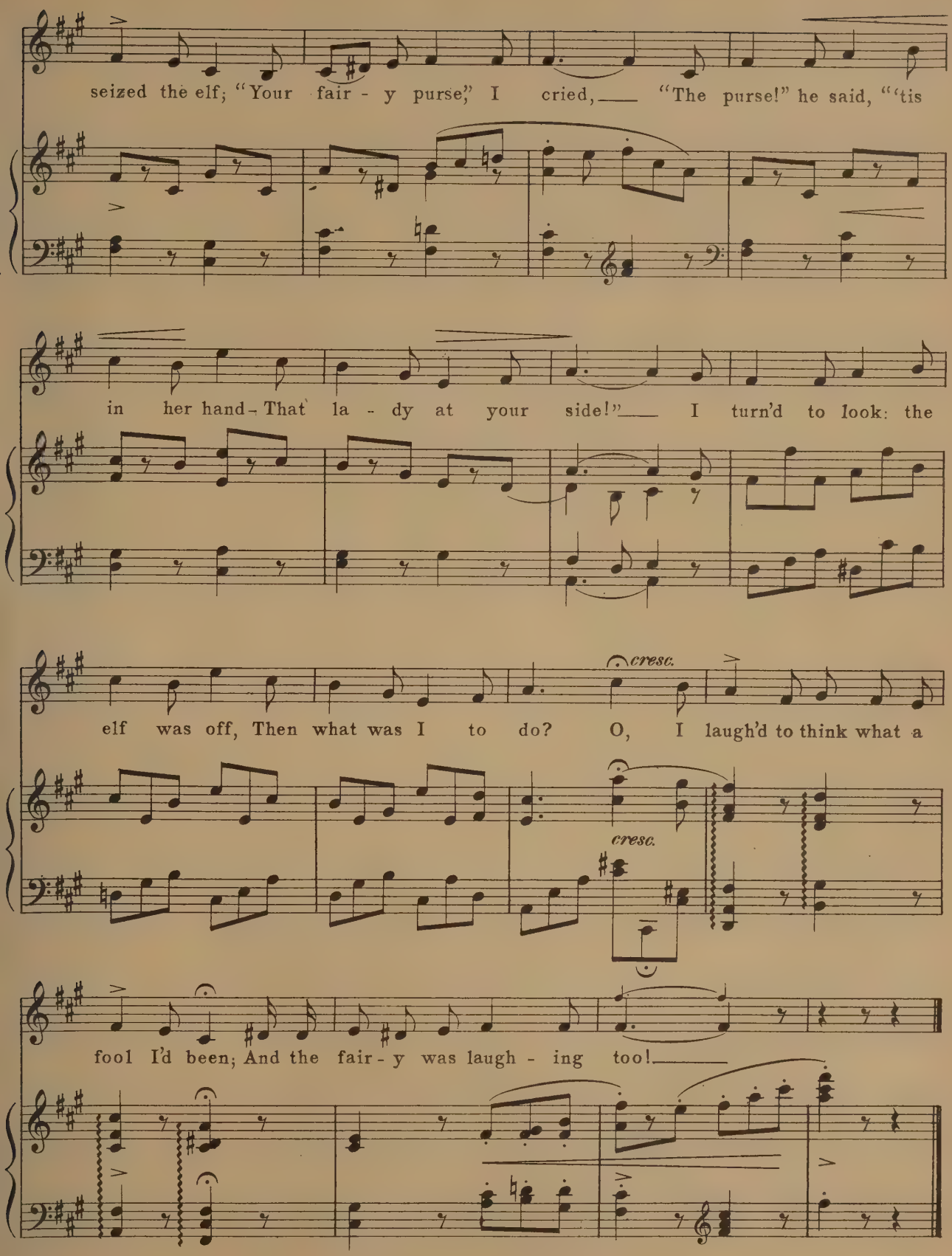
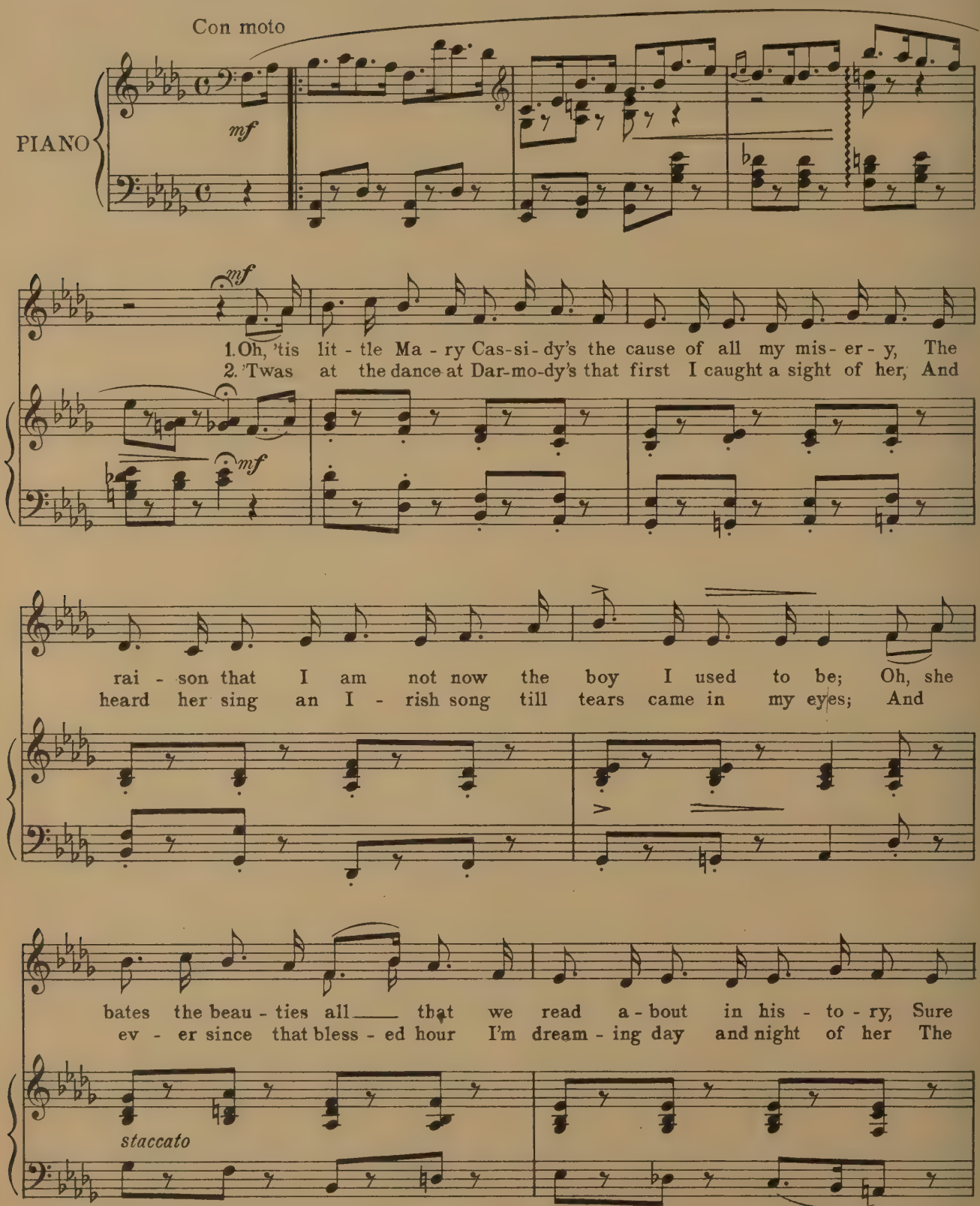

tick - tuck tick, his ham - mer went, Up - on a ween - y
ham-mer'd and sang with ti - ny voice, And drank his moun - tain
cresc.
shoe; And I laugh'd to think of a purse of gold; But the
dew; And I laugh'd to think he was caught at last: But the
cresc.
fair - y was laugh - ing too!
fair - y was laugh - ing too!
mf
3. As quick as thought I
staccato


seized the elf; "Your fair - y purse," I cried, "The purse!" he said, "'tis
in her hand - That la - dy at your side!" I turn'd to look: the
cresc.
elf was off, Then what was I to do? O, I laugh'd to think what a
cresc.
fool I'd been; And the fair - y was laugh - ing too!

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY

FRANCIS A. FAHY

Irish Air: "The Little Stalk of Barley"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Con moto
PIANO
mf
1. Oh, 'tis lit - tle Ma - ry Cas-si - dy's the cause of all my mis - er - y, The
2. 'Twas at the dance at Dar-mo-dy's that first I caught a sight of her, And
rai - son that I am not now the boy I used to be; Oh, she
heard her sing an I - rish song till tears came in my eyes; And
bates the beau - ties all that we read a - bout in his - to - ry, Sure
ev - er since that bless - ed hour I'm dream - ing day and night of her The
staccato

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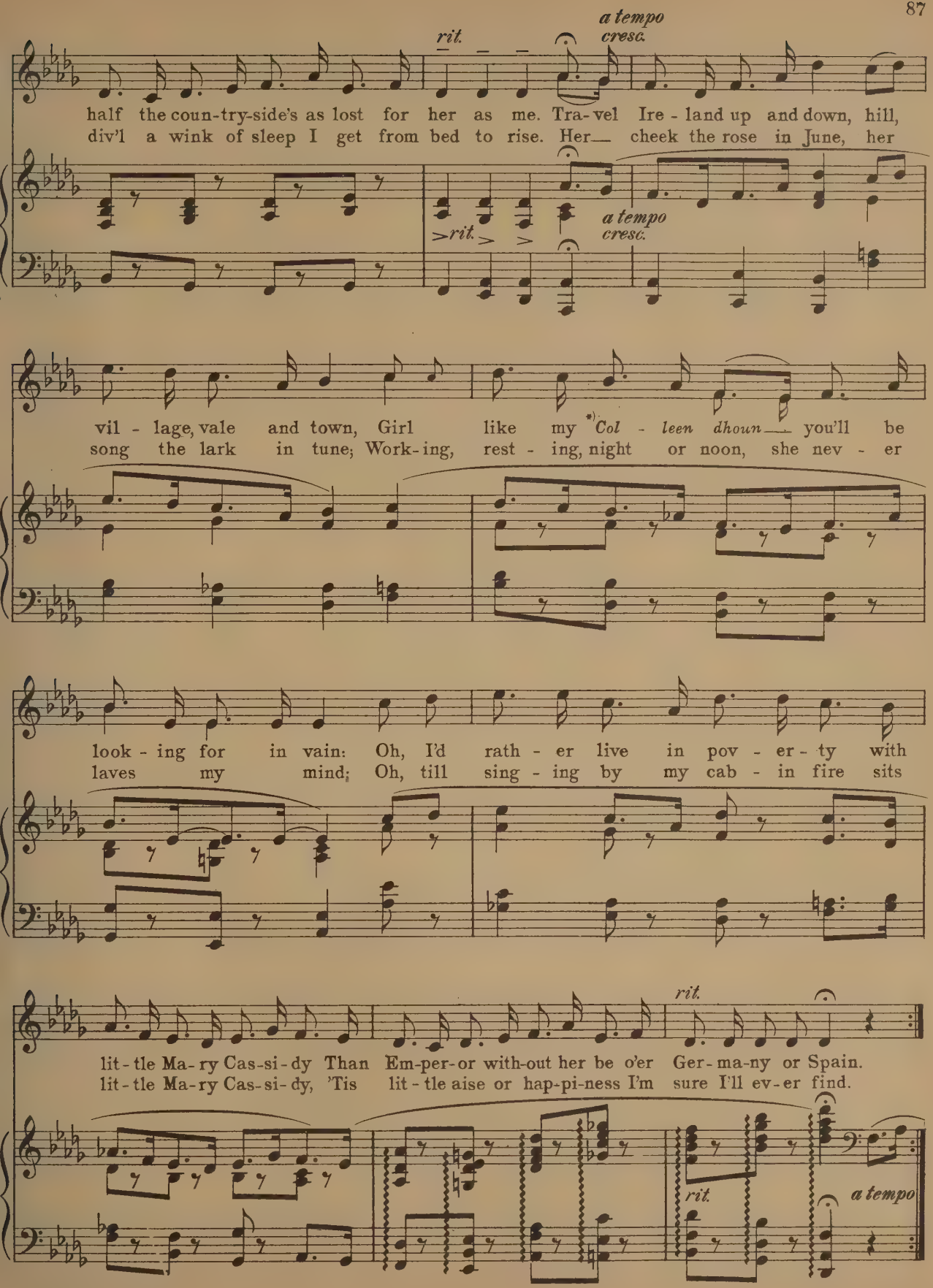
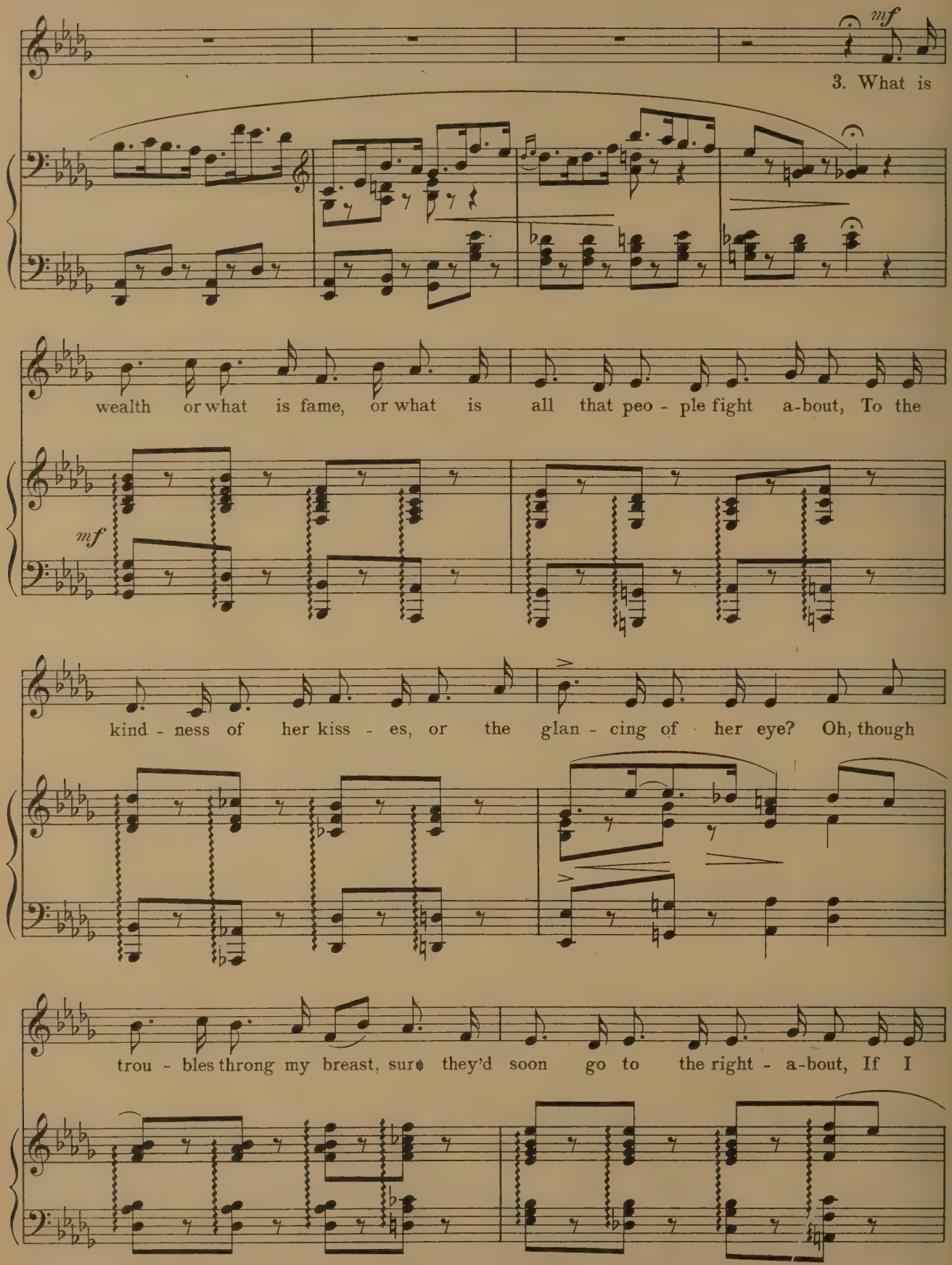
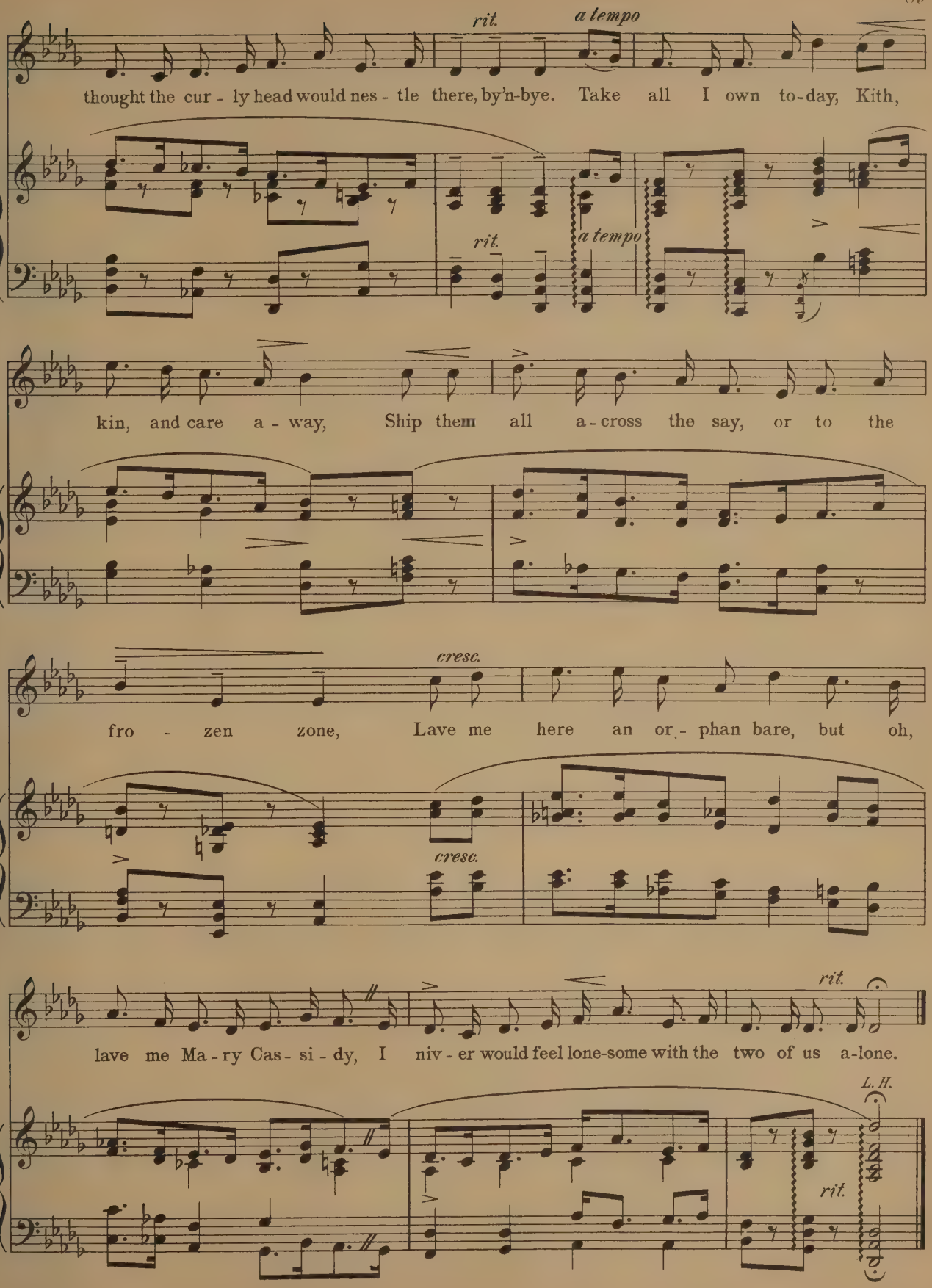

rit.
a tempo
cresc.
half the coun-try-side's as lost for her as me. Tra-vel Ire-land up and down, hill,
div'l a wink of sleep I get from bed to rise. Her— cheek the rose in June, her
>rit.
a tempo
cresc.
vil-lage, vale and town, Girl like my *) Col-leen dhoun— you'll be
song the lark in tune; Work-ing, rest-ing, night or noon, she nev-er
look-ing for in vain: Oh, I'd rath-er live in pov-er-ty with
laves my mind; Oh, till sing-ing by my cab-in fire sits
rit.
lit-tle Ma-ry Cas-si-dy Than Em-per-or with-out her be o'er Ger-ma-ny or Spain.
lit-tle Ma-ry Cas-si-dy, 'Tis lit-tle aise or hap-pi-ness I'm sure I'll ev-er find.
rit.
a tempo

*) Brown-haired girl

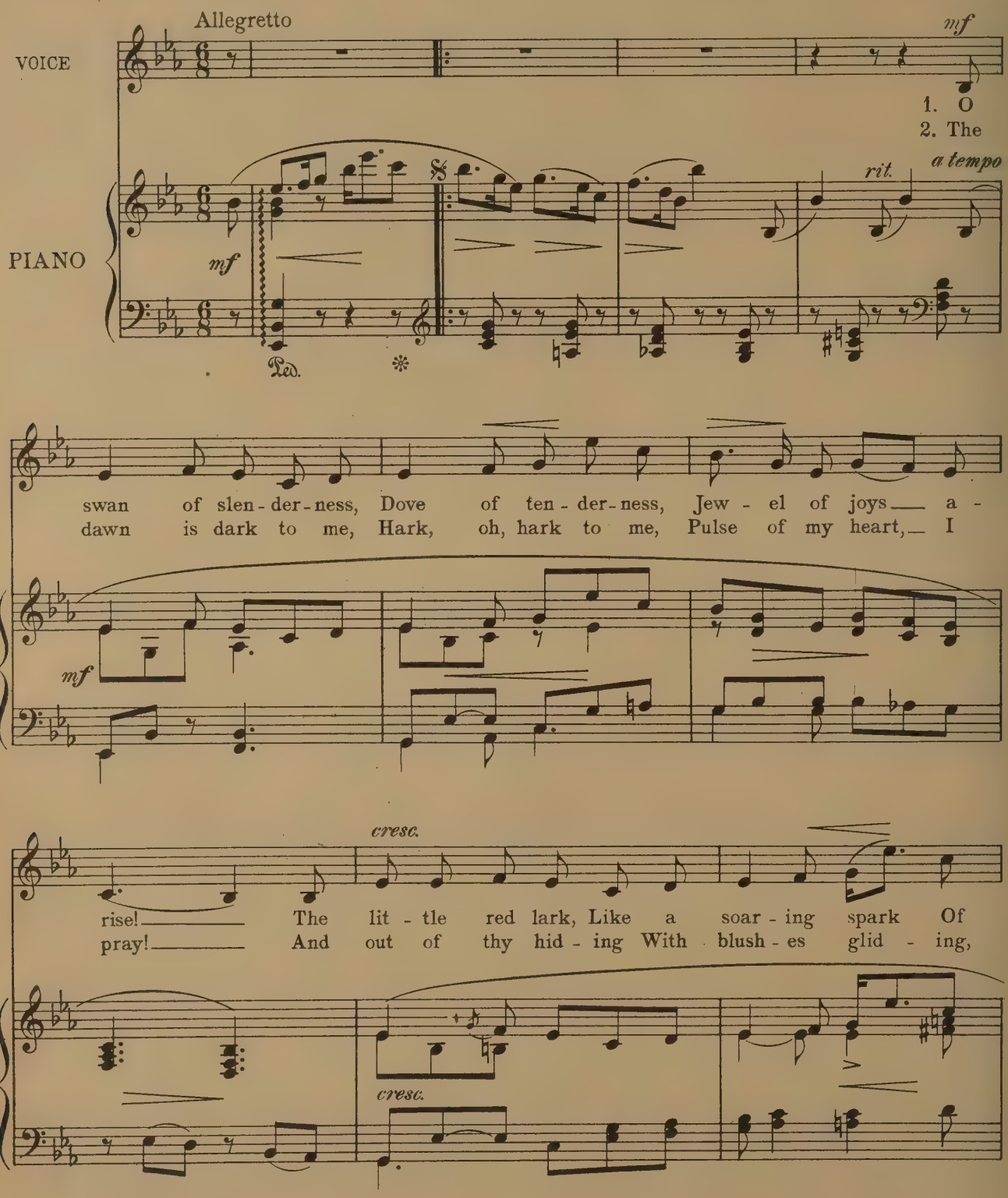

mf
3. What is
wealth or what is fame, or what is all that peo - ple fight a-bout, To the
mf
kind - ness of her kiss - es, or the glan - cing of her eye? Oh, though
trou - bles throng my breast, sure they'd soon go to the right - a-bout, If I


rit.
a tempo
thought the cur - ly head would nes - tle there, by'n-bye. Take all I own to-day, Kith,
rit.
a tempo
kin, and care a - way, Ship them all a - cross the say, or to the
cresc.
fro - zen zone, Lave me here an or - phan bare, but oh,
cresc.
rit.
lave me Ma - ry Cas - si - dy, I niv - er would feel lone-some with the two of us a-lone.
L.H.
rit.

THE LITTLE RED LARK

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air: "The little red lark of the mountain"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Allegretto
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. O
2. The
rit.
a tempo
swan of slen - der - ness, Dove of ten - der - ness, Jew - el of joys a -
dawn is dark to me, Hark, oh, hark to me, Pulse of my heart, I
cresc.
rise! The lit - tle red lark, Like a soar - ing spark Of
pray! And out of thy hid - ing With blush - es glid - ing,

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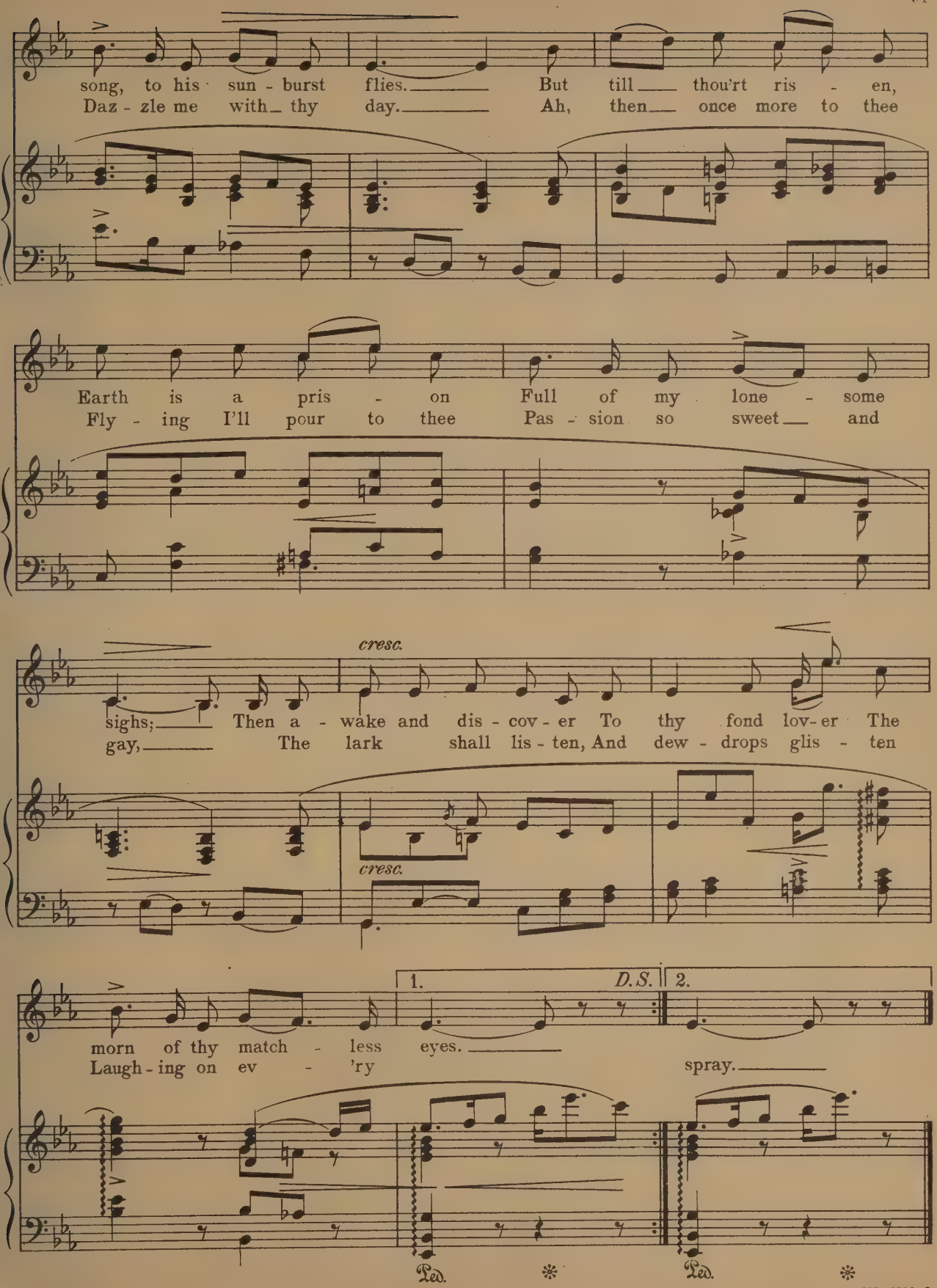
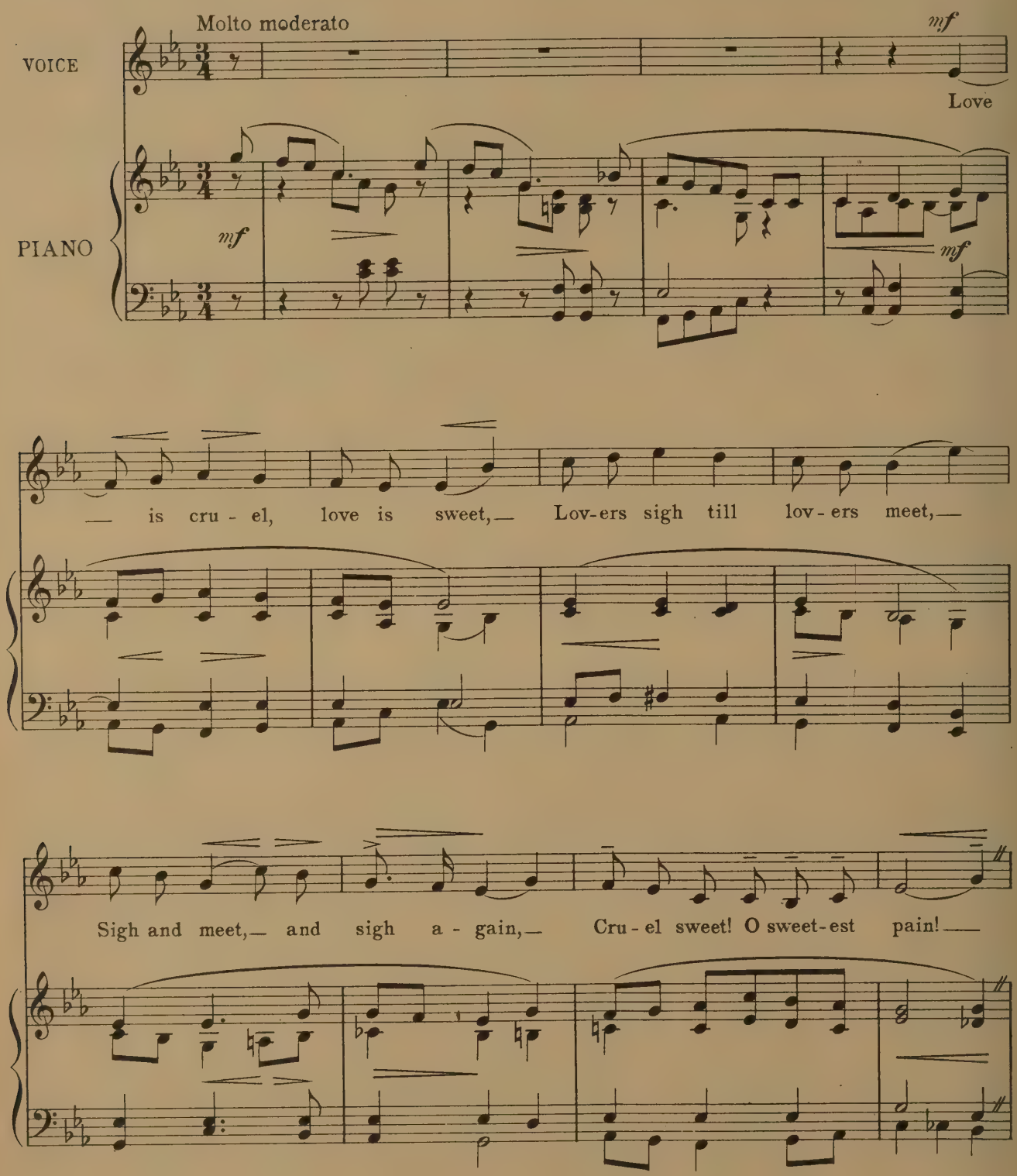

song, to his sun - burst flies. But till thou'rt ris - en,
Daz - zle me with thy day. Ah, then once more to thee
Earth is a pris - on Full of my lone - some
Fly - ing I'll pour to thee Pas - sion so sweet and
cresc.
sighs; Then a - wake and dis - cov - er To thy fond lov - er The
gay, The lark shall lis - ten, And dew - drops glis - ten
cresc.
1.
D.S.
2.
morn of thy match - less eyes.
Laugh - ing on ev - 'ry spray.
Ped.
Ped.

LOVE IS CRUEL, LOVE IS SWEET

THOMAS Mac DONAGH

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Molto moderato
VOICE
PIANO
mf
Love
— is cru - el, love is sweet,— Lov-ers sigh till lov - ers meet,—
Sigh and meet,— and sigh a - gain,— Cru - el sweet! O sweet-est pain!—

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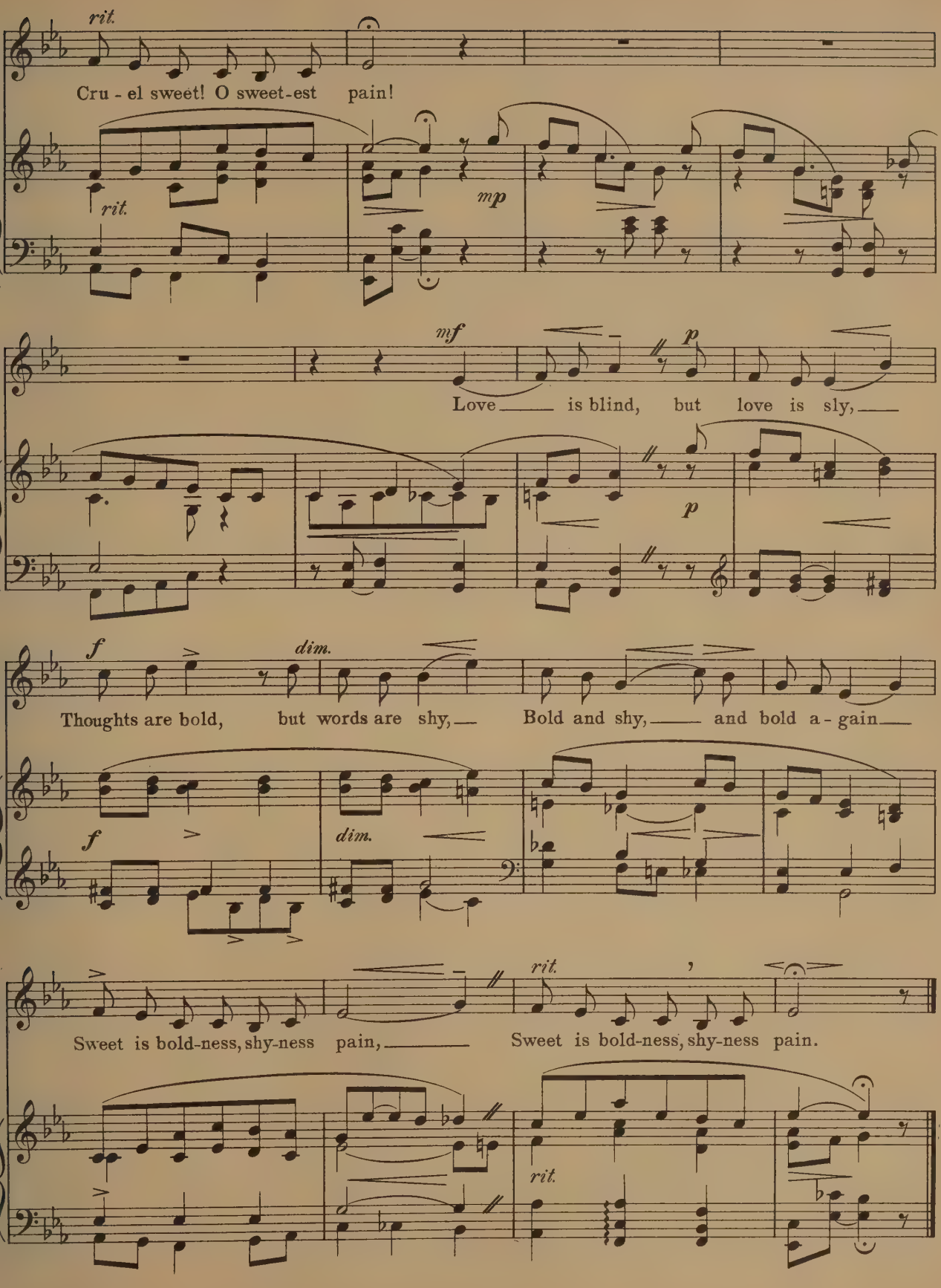
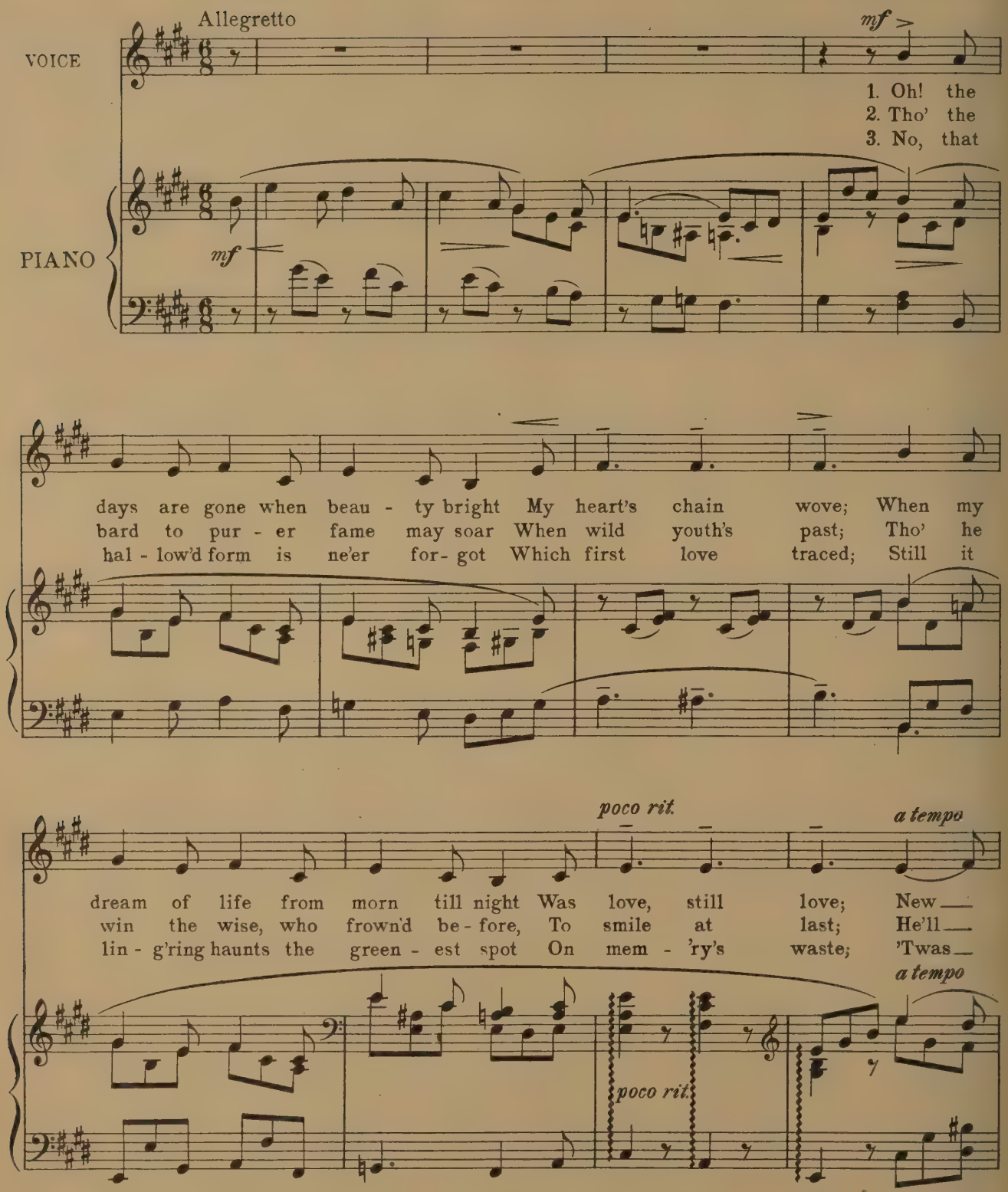

rit.
Cru - el sweet! O sweet-est pain!
rit.
mp
mf
p
Love is blind, but love is sly,
p
f
dim.
Thoughts are bold, but words are shy, Bold and shy, and bold a - gain
f
dim.
rit.
Sweet is bold-ness, shy-ness pain, Sweet is bold-ness, shy-ness pain.
rit.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air:"The Old Woman"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Allegretto
mf
VOICE
1. Oh! the
2. Tho' the
3. No, that
PIANO
mf
days are gone when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my
bard to pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's past; Tho' he
hal - low'd form is ne'er for- got Which first love traced; Still it
poco rit.
a tempo
dream of life from morn till night Was love, still love; New
win the wise, who frown'd be - fore, To smile at last; He'll
lin - g'ring haunts the green - est spot On mem - 'ry's waste; 'Twas
a tempo
poco rit.

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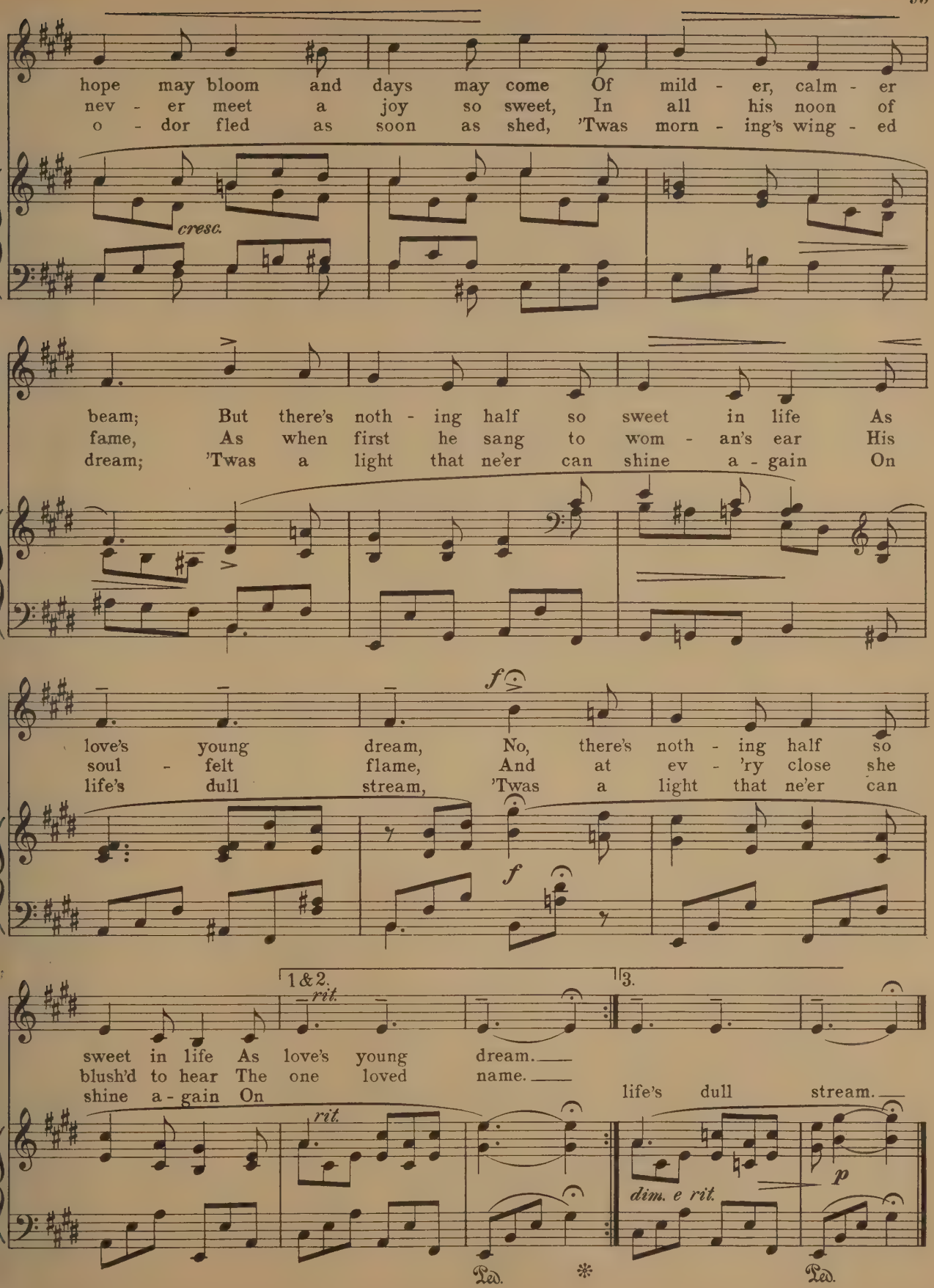
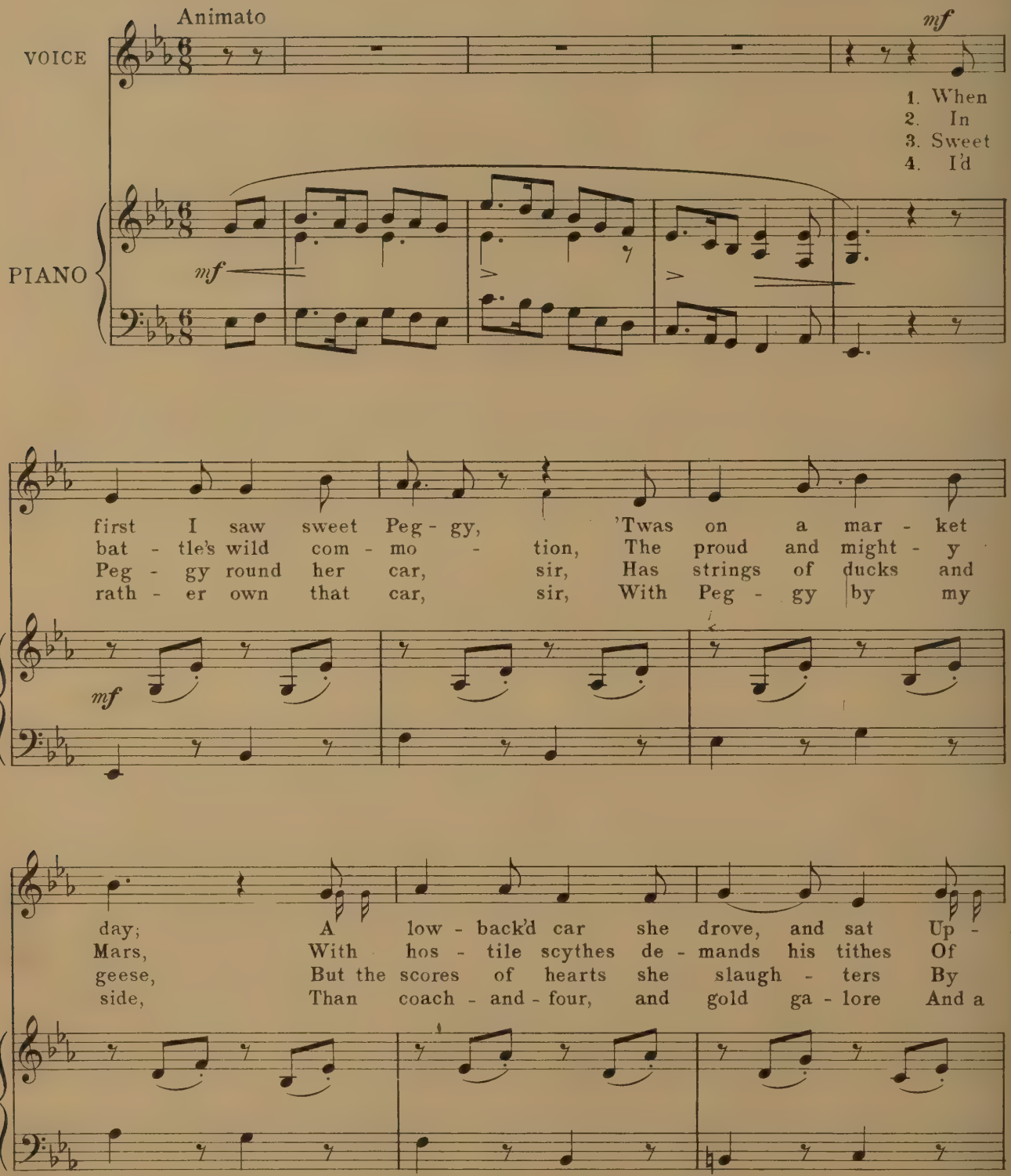

hope may bloom and days may come Of mild - er, calm - er
nev - er meet a joy so sweet, In all his noon of
o - dor fled as soon as shed, 'Twas morn - ing's wing - ed
cresc.
beam; But there's noth - ing half so sweet in life As
fame, As when first he sang to wom - an's ear His
dream; 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On
f
love's young dream, No, there's noth - ing half so
soul - felt flame, And at ev - 'ry close she
life's dull stream, 'Twas a light that ne'er can
f
1 & 2.
3.
rit.
sweet in life As love's young dream.
blush'd to hear The one loved name.
shine a - gain On life's dull stream.
rit.
dim. e rit.
p
Ped.
Ped.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

Words and Music by
SAMUEL LOVER
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Animato
mf
VOICE
1. When
2. In
3. Sweet
4. I'd
PIANO
mf
first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'Twas on a mar - ket
bat - tle's wild com - mo - tion, The proud and might - y
Peg - gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and
rath - er own that car, sir, With Peg - gy by my
mf
day; A low - back'd car she drove, and sat Up -
Mars, With hos - tile scythes de - mands his tithes Of
geese, But the scores of hearts she slaugh - ters By
side, Than coach - and - four, and gold ga - lore And a

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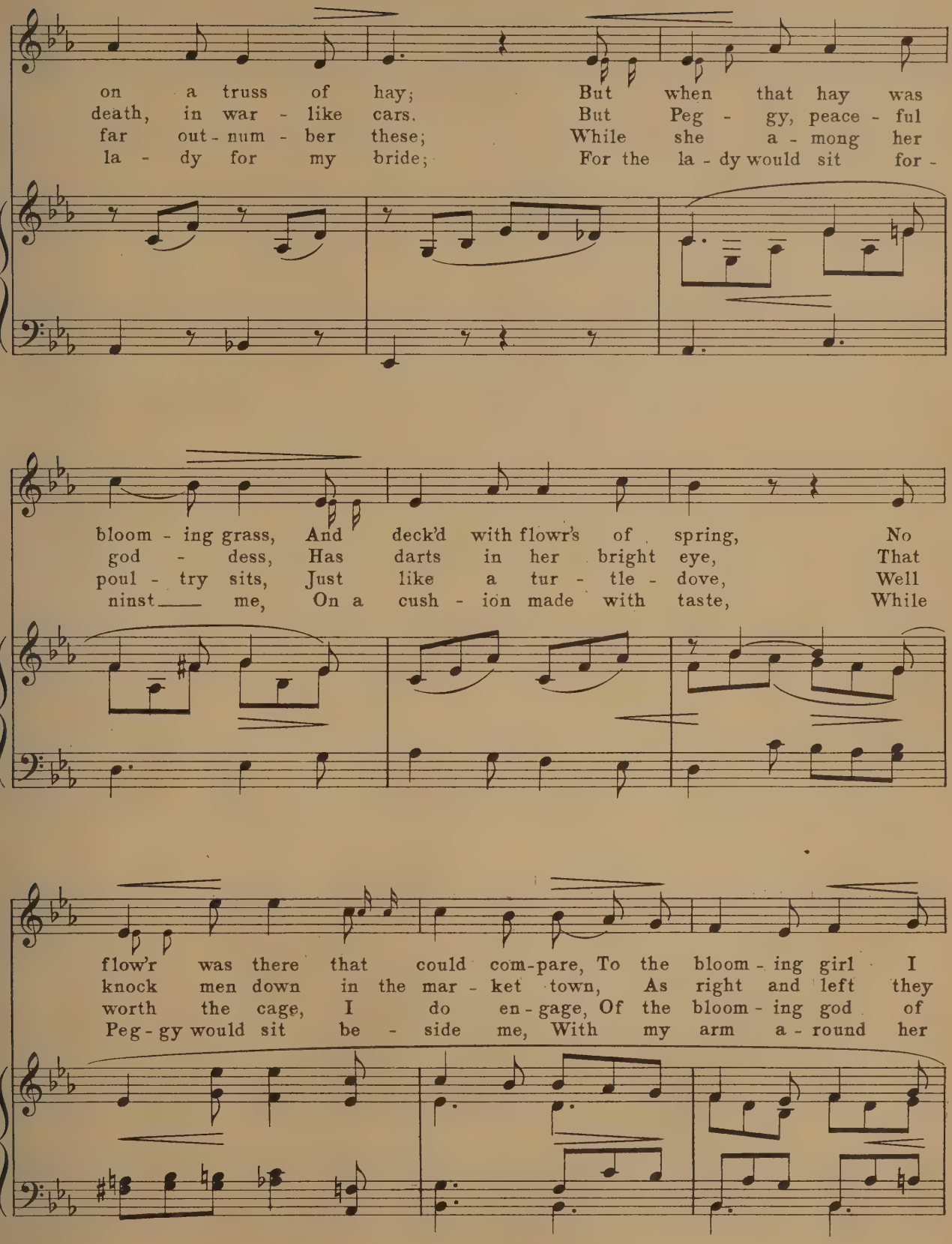
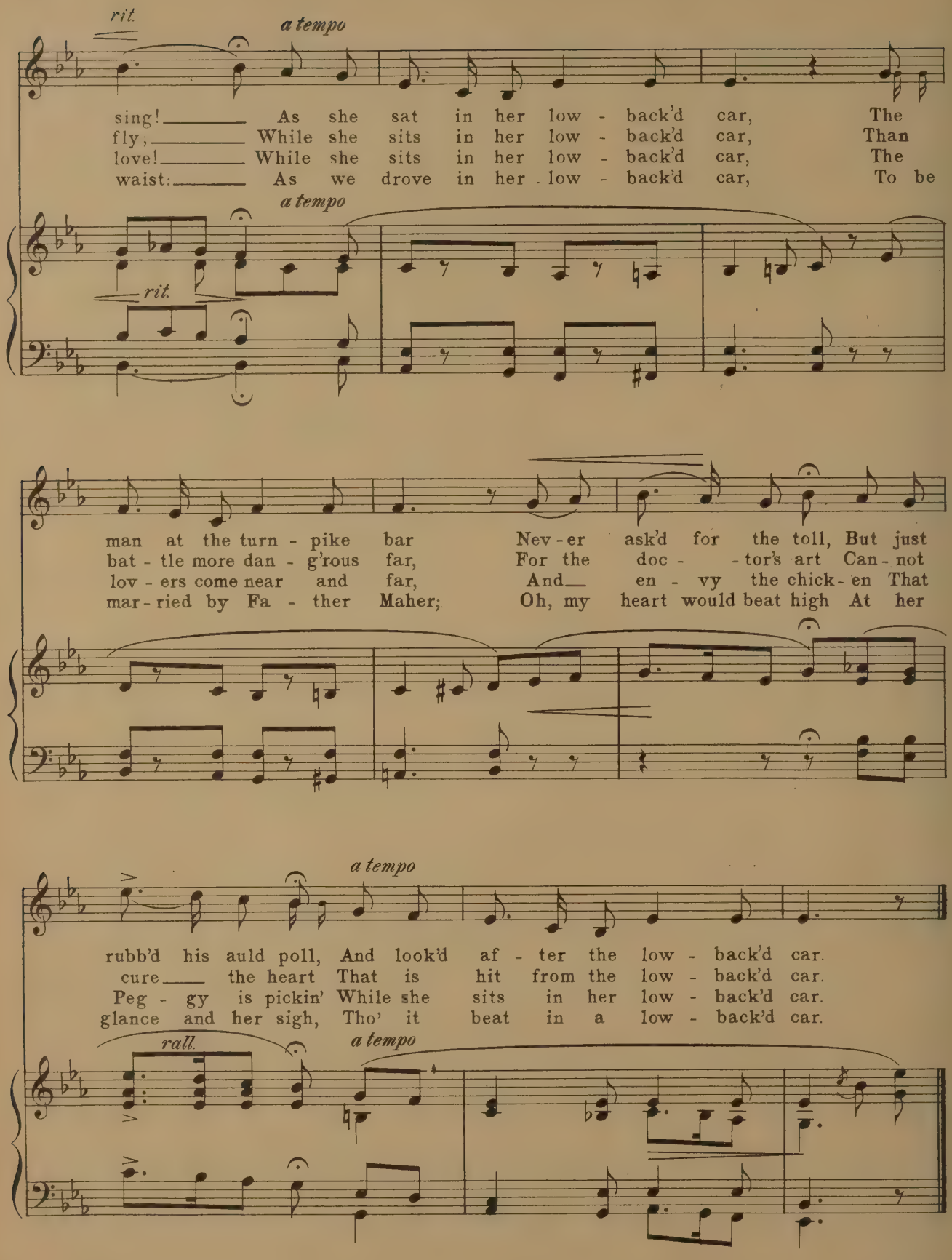
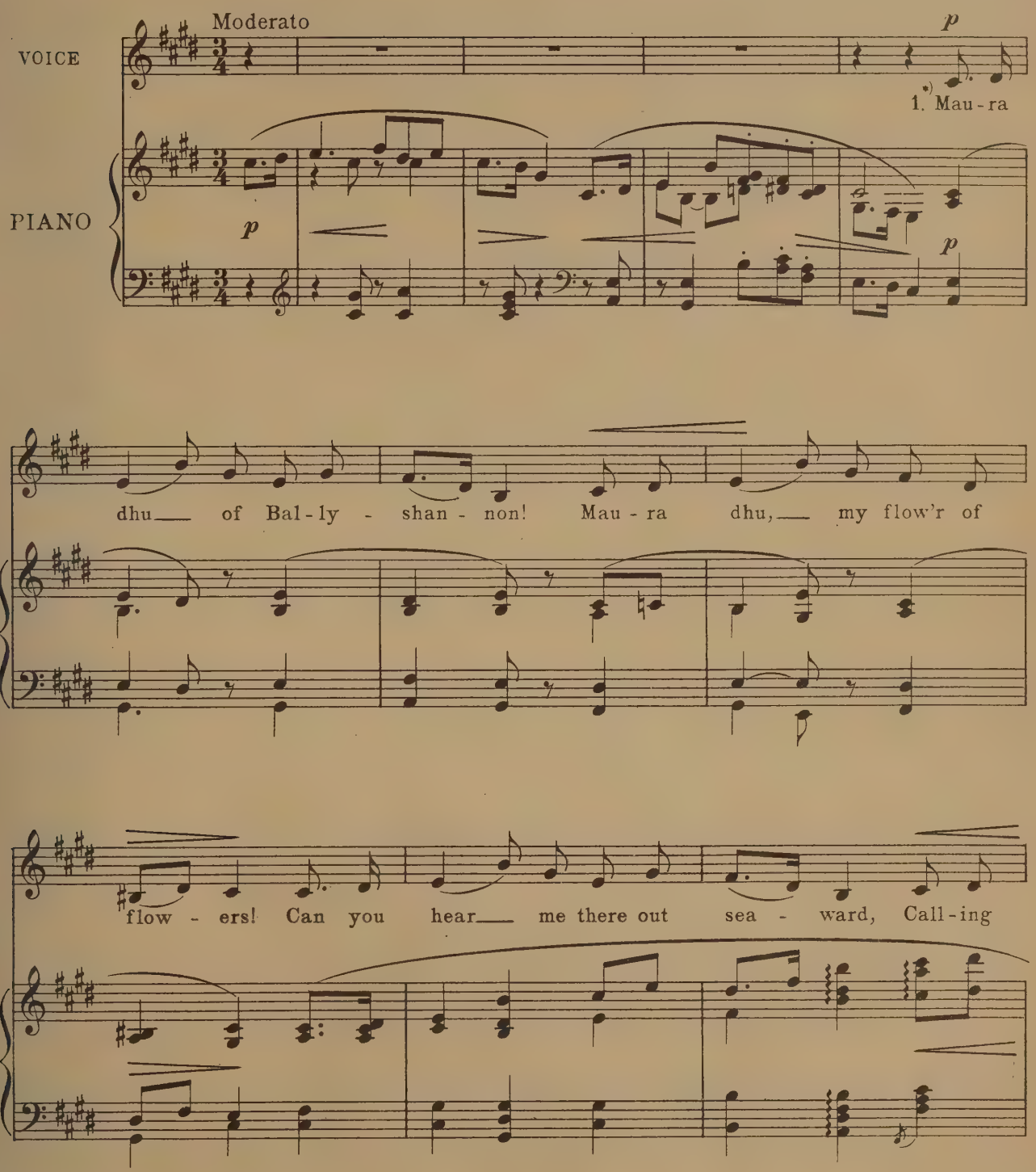

on a truss of hay; But when that hay was
death, in war - like cars. But Peg - gy, peace - ful
far out - num - ber these; While she a - mong her
la - dy for my bride; For the la - dy would sit for -
bloom - ing grass, And deck'd with flowr's of spring, No
god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That
poul - try sits, Just like a tur - tle - dove, Well
ninst___ me, On a cush - ion made with taste, While
flow'r was there that could com-pare, To the bloom - ing girl I
knock men down in the mar - ket town, As right and left they
worth the cage, I do en - gage, Of the bloom - ing god of
Peg - gy would sit be - side me, With my arm a - round her


rit.
a tempo
sing! As she sat in her low - back'd car, The
fly; While she sits in her low - back'd car, Than
love! While she sits in her low - back'd car, The
waist: As we drove in her low - back'd car, To be
a tempo
rit.
man at the turn - pike bar Nev - er ask'd for the toll, But just
bat - tle more dan - g'rous far, For the doc - - tor's art Can - not
lov - ers come near and far, And en - vy the chick - en That
mar - ried by Fa - ther Maher; Oh, my heart would beat high At her
a tempo
rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af - ter the low - back'd car.
cure the heart That is hit from the low - back'd car.
Peg - gy is pickin' While she sits in her low - back'd car.
glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low - back'd car.
rall.
a tempo

MAURA DHU OF BALLYSHANNON

CHARLES P. O'CONOR

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Mau - ra
dhu of Bal - ly - shan - non! Mau - ra dhu, my flow'r of
flow - ers! Can you hear me there out sea - ward, Call - ing

*) Maura dhu = Mary dear.

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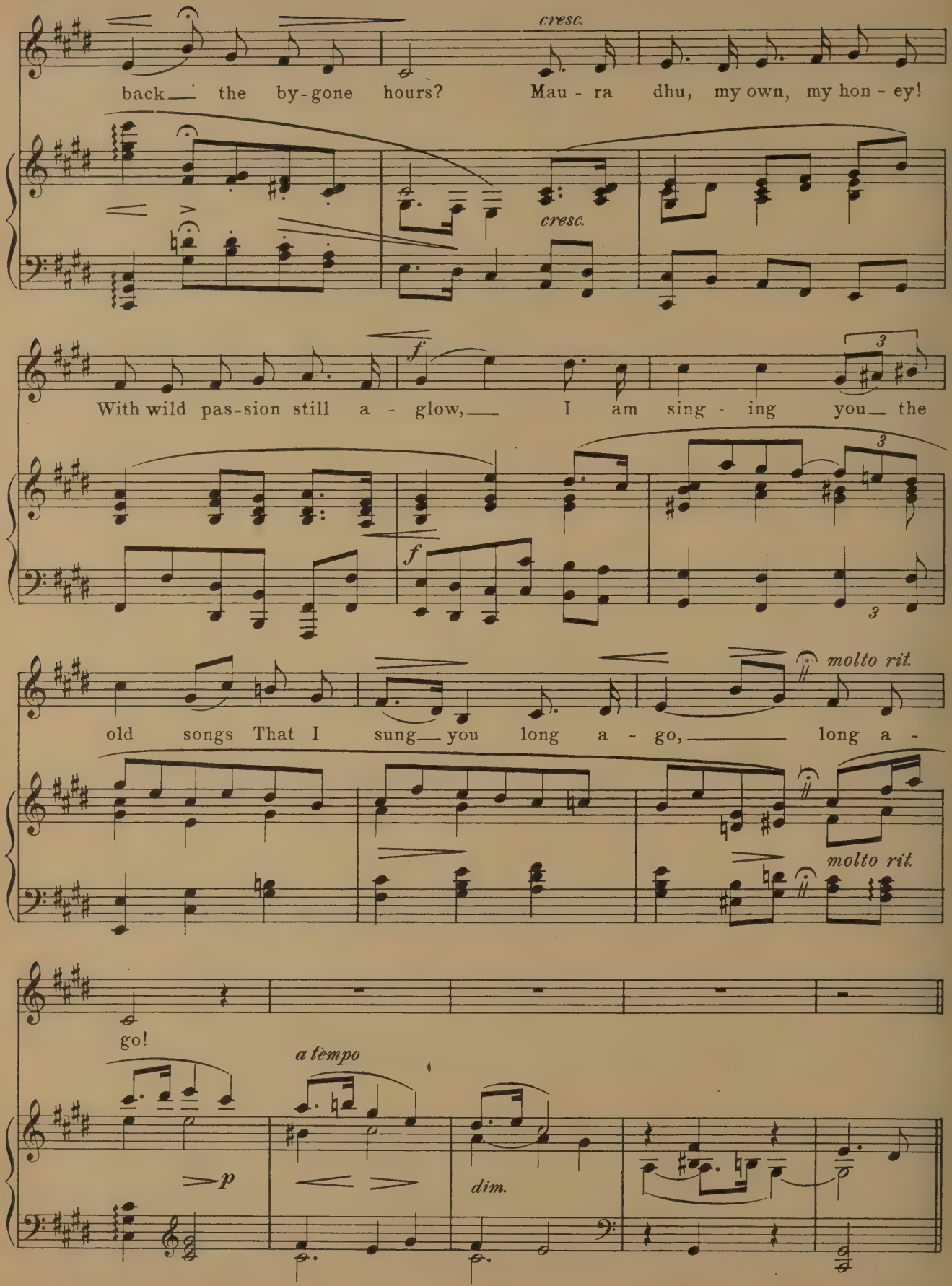
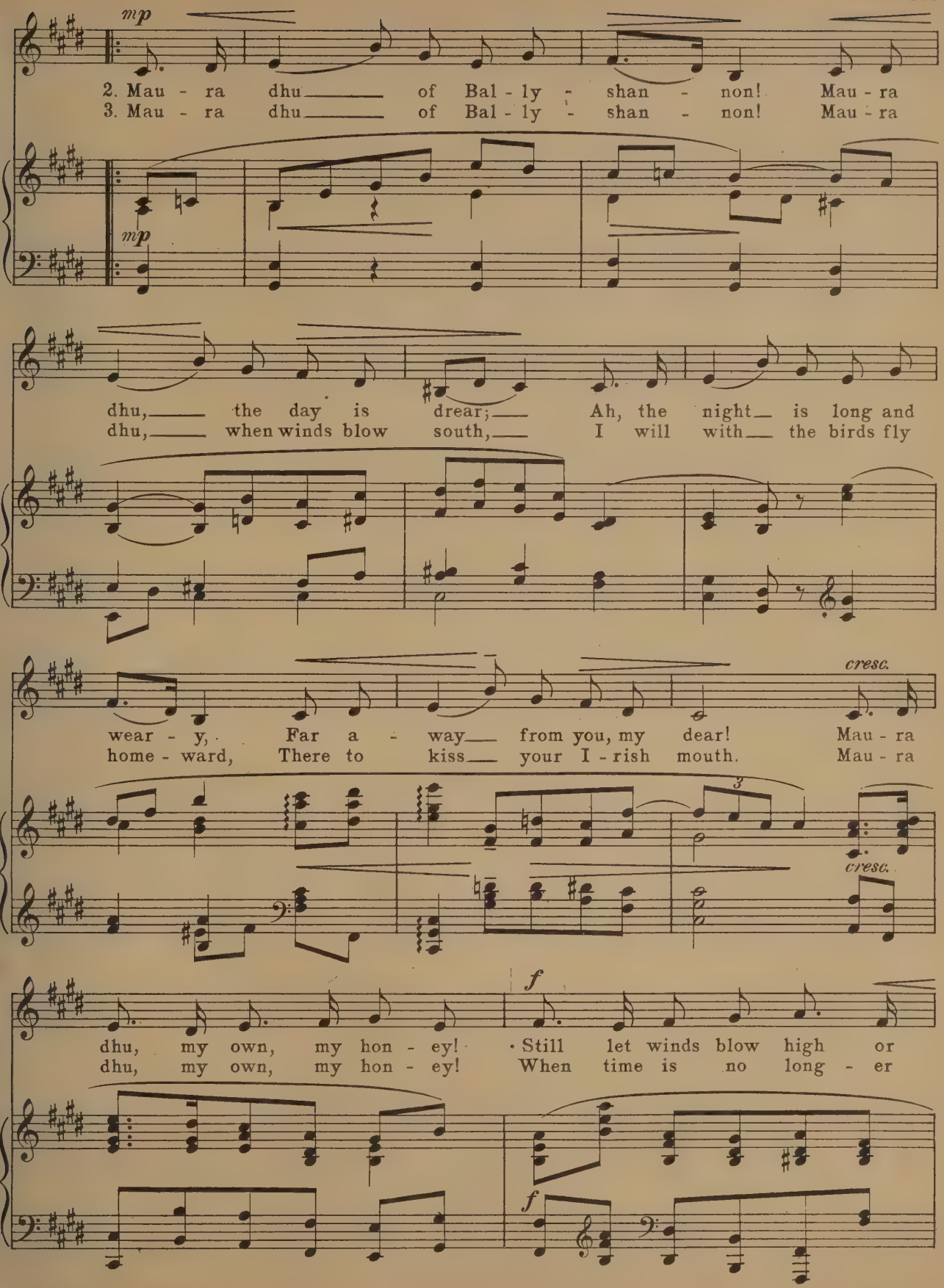
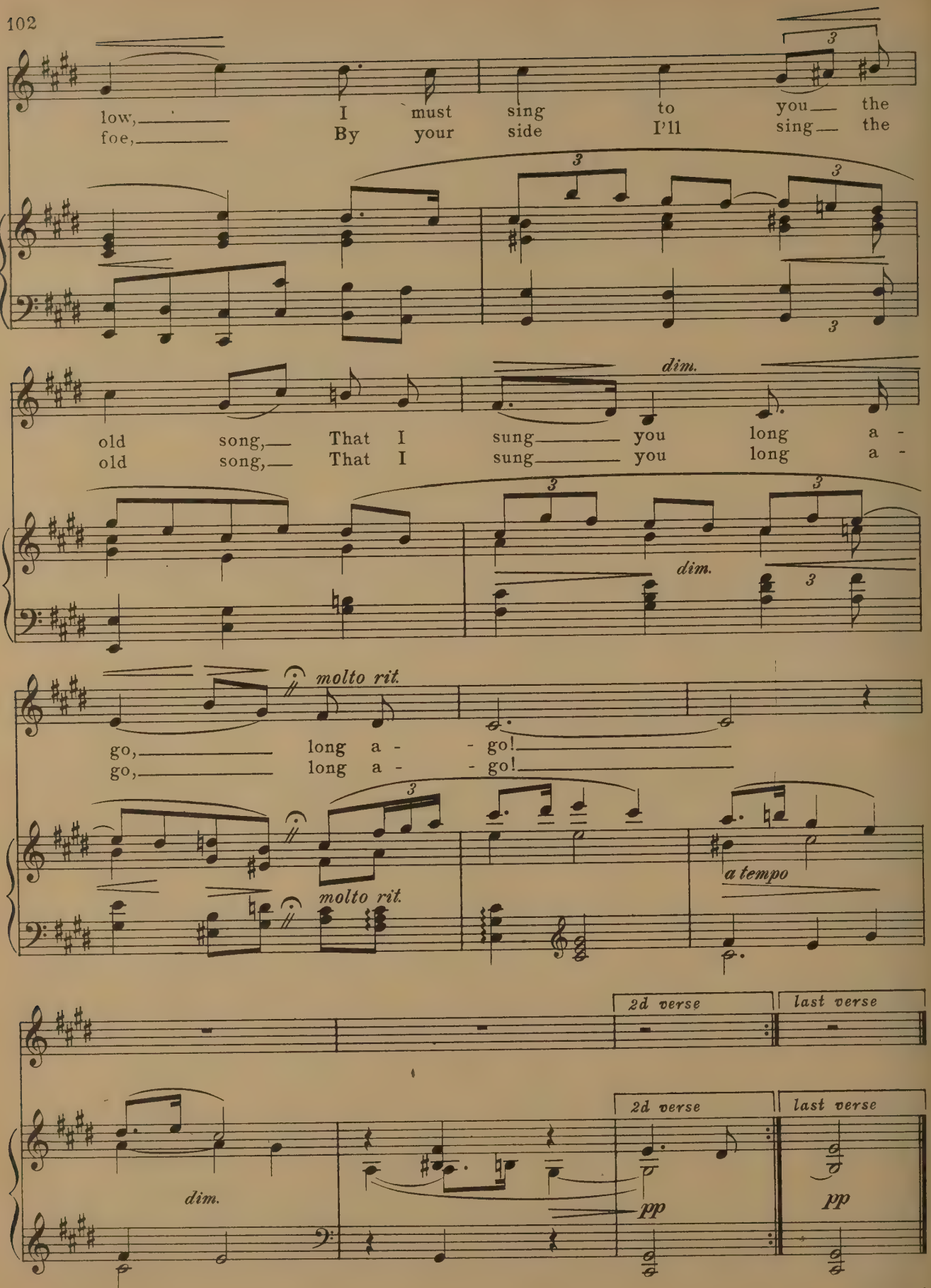

cresc.
back the by-gone hours? Mau - ra dhu, my own, my hon - ey!
cresc.
f
With wild pas-sion still a - glow, I am sing - ing you the
f
old songs That I sung you long a - go, long a -
molto rit.
molto rit.
go!
a tempo
p
dim.


mp
2. Mau - ra dhu of Bal - ly - shan - non! Mau - ra
3. Mau - ra dhu of Bal - ly - shan - non! Mau - ra
mp
dhu, the day is drear; Ah, the night is long and
dhu, when winds blow south, I will with the birds fly
cresc.
wear - y, Far a - way from you, my dear! Mau - ra
home - ward, There to kiss your I - rish mouth. Mau - ra
3
cresc.
f
dhu, my own, my hon - ey! Still let winds blow high or
dhu, my own, my hon - ey! When time is no long - er
f


low, I must sing to you the
foe, By your side I'll sing the
old song, That I sung you long a -
old song, That I sung you long a -
dim.
dim.
go, long a - go!
go, long a - go!
molto rit.
molto rit.
a tempo
2d verse
last verse
2d verse
last verse
dim.
pp
pp

MAY EVE

NORA CHESSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato ma non troppo

PIANO

p

mp

1.There's a cry - ing at my win - dow,— and a hand up - on my door, And a stir a - mong the yar - row that's— fad - ing on the floor:— The—
2. You— would not heed my call - ing once,— and— now why— would I hear? You— would not hold my wist - ful hand, but— let it— fall, my dear:— You—

p

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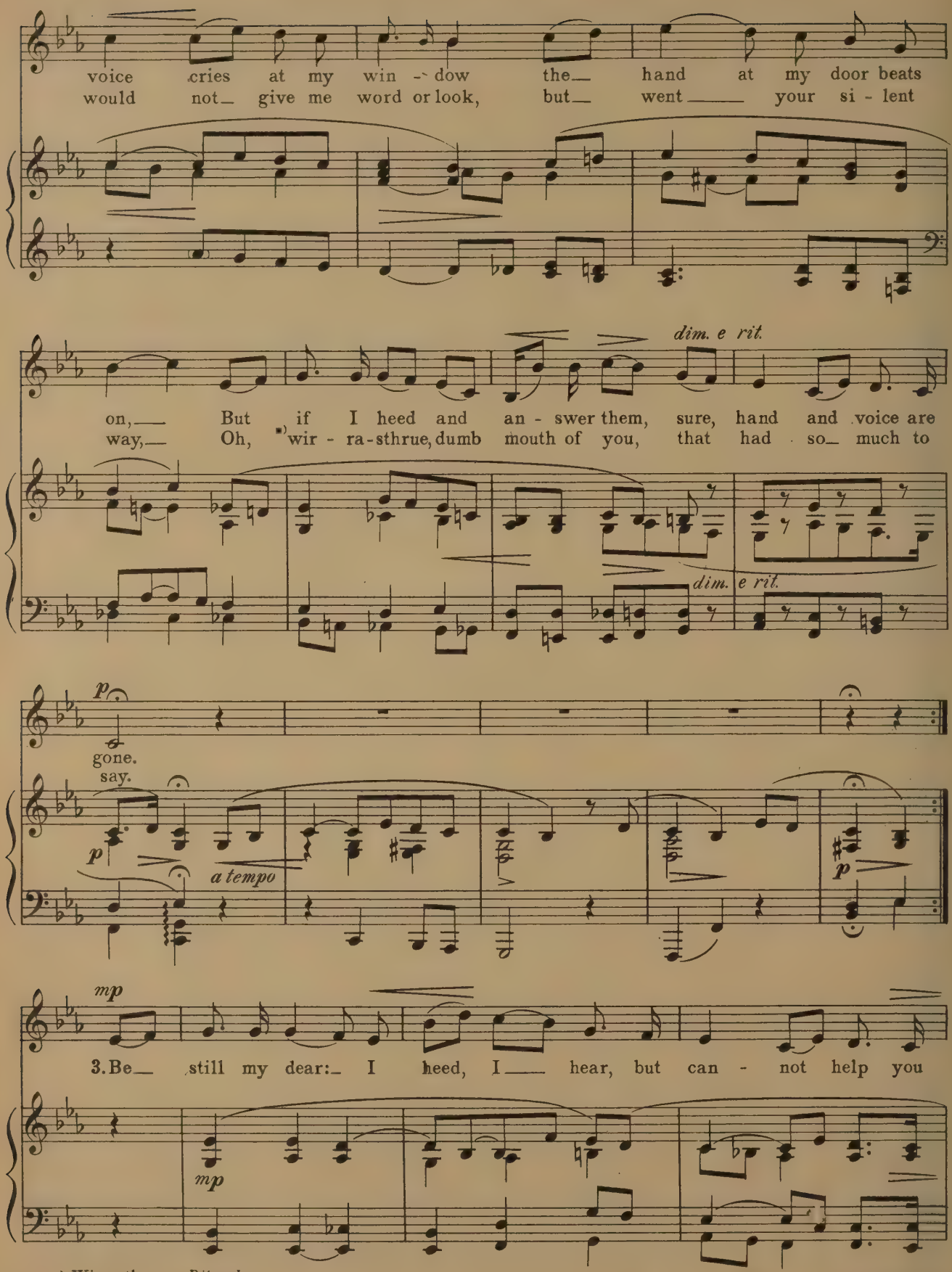
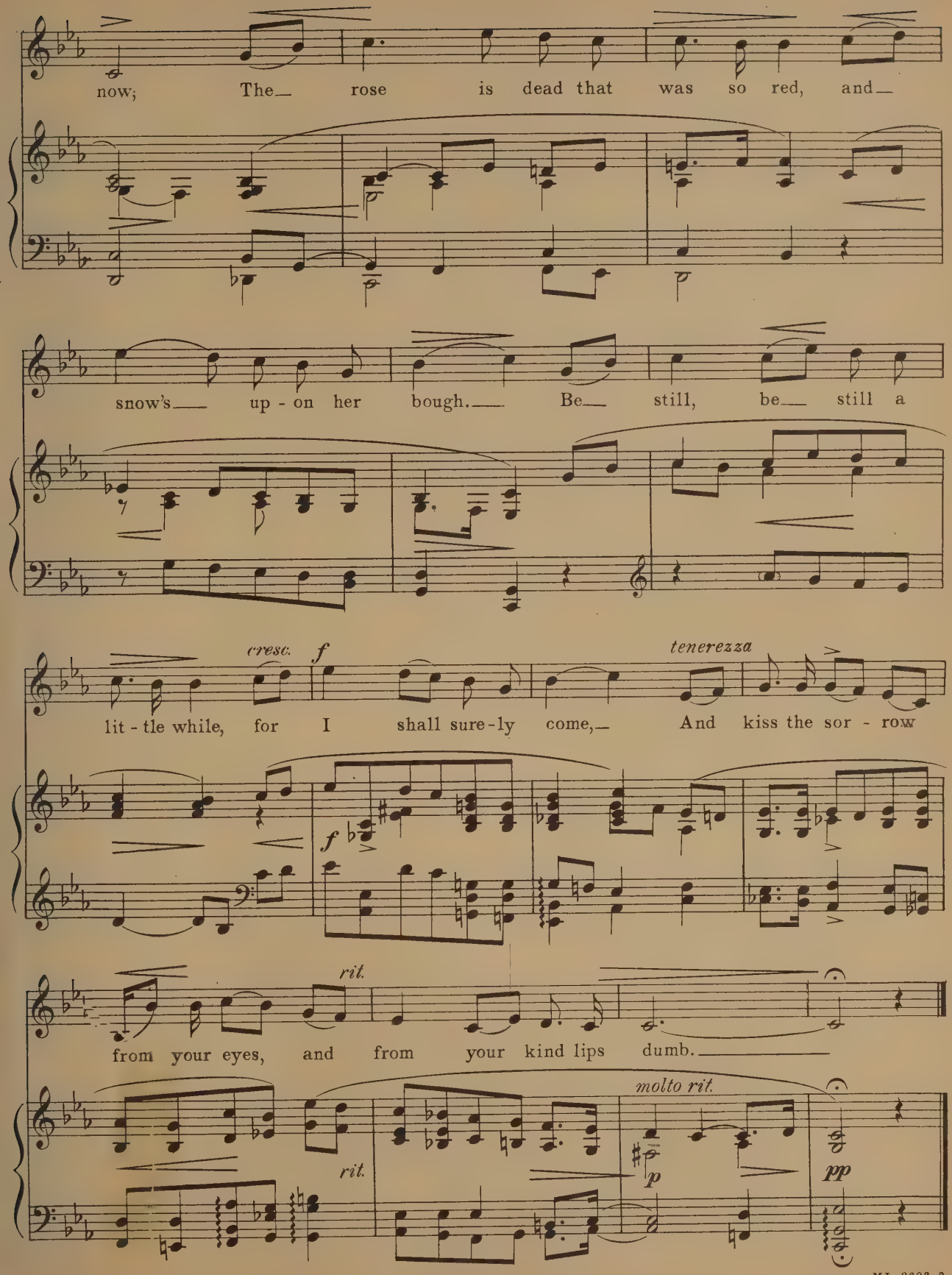

voice cries at my win - dow the hand at my door beats
would not give me word or look, but went your si - lent
dim. e rit.
on, But if I heed and an - swer them, sure, hand and voice are
way, Oh, *) wir - ra-sthrue, dumb mouth of you, that had so much to
dim. e rit.
p
gone.
say.
p
a tempo
p
mp
3. Be still my dear: I heed, I hear, but can - not help you
mp

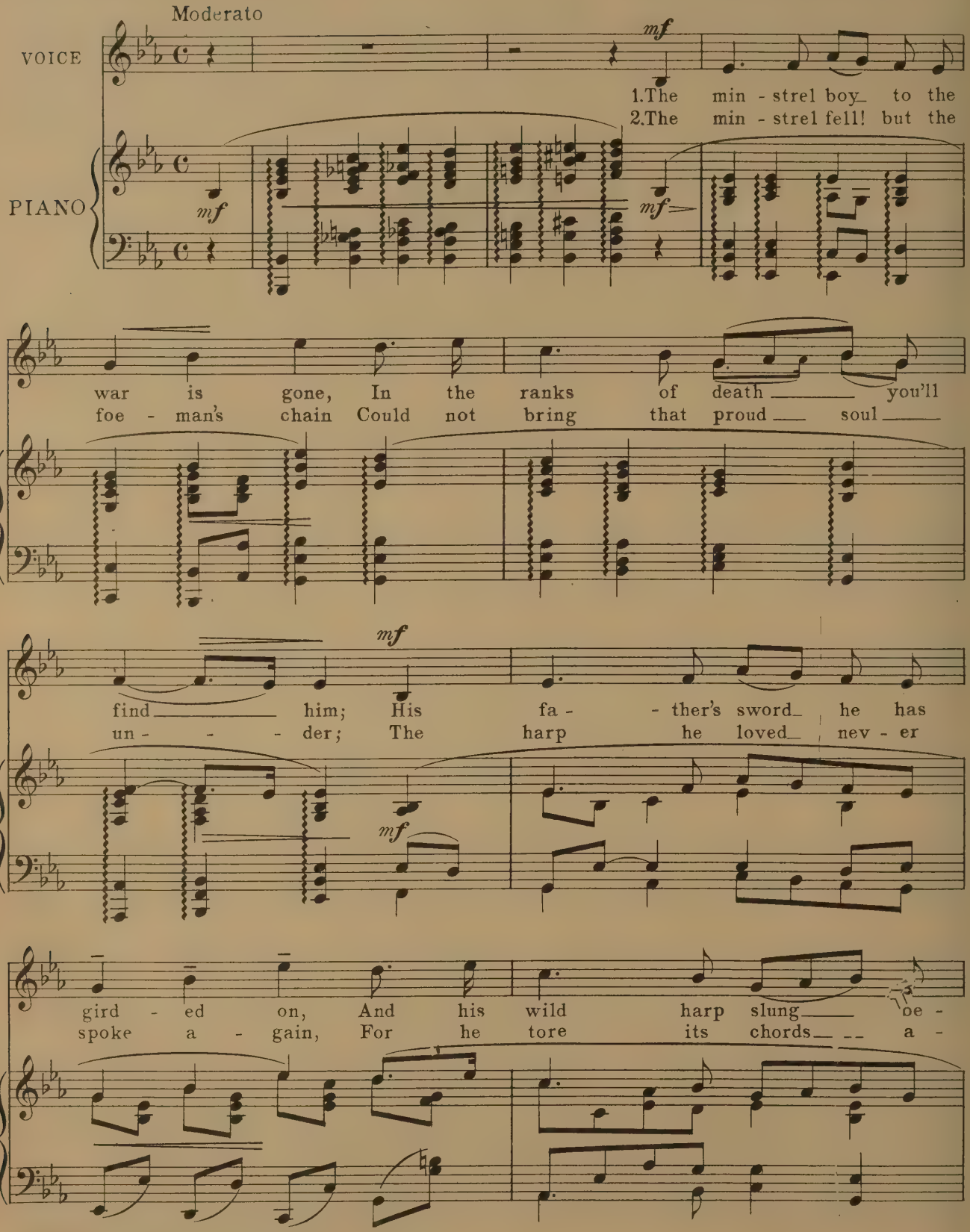
*) Wirrasthrue = *Pity, alas.*


now; The rose is dead that was so red, and
snow's up - on her bough. Be still, be still a
cresc.
f
tenerezza
lit - tle while, for I shall sure-ly come, And kiss the sor - row
f
rit.
from your eyes, and from your kind lips dumb.
rit.
molto rit.
p
pp

THE MINSTREL BOY

THOMAS MOORE

a)
Irish Air: "The Moreen"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1.The min - strel boy to the
2.The min - strel fell! but the
war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
foe - man's chain Could not bring that proud soul
find him; His fa - ther's sword he has
un - der; The harp he loved never
gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung oe -
spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a -

a) *Moirin*, diminutive of *Mor* or *Moria*, a girl's name.

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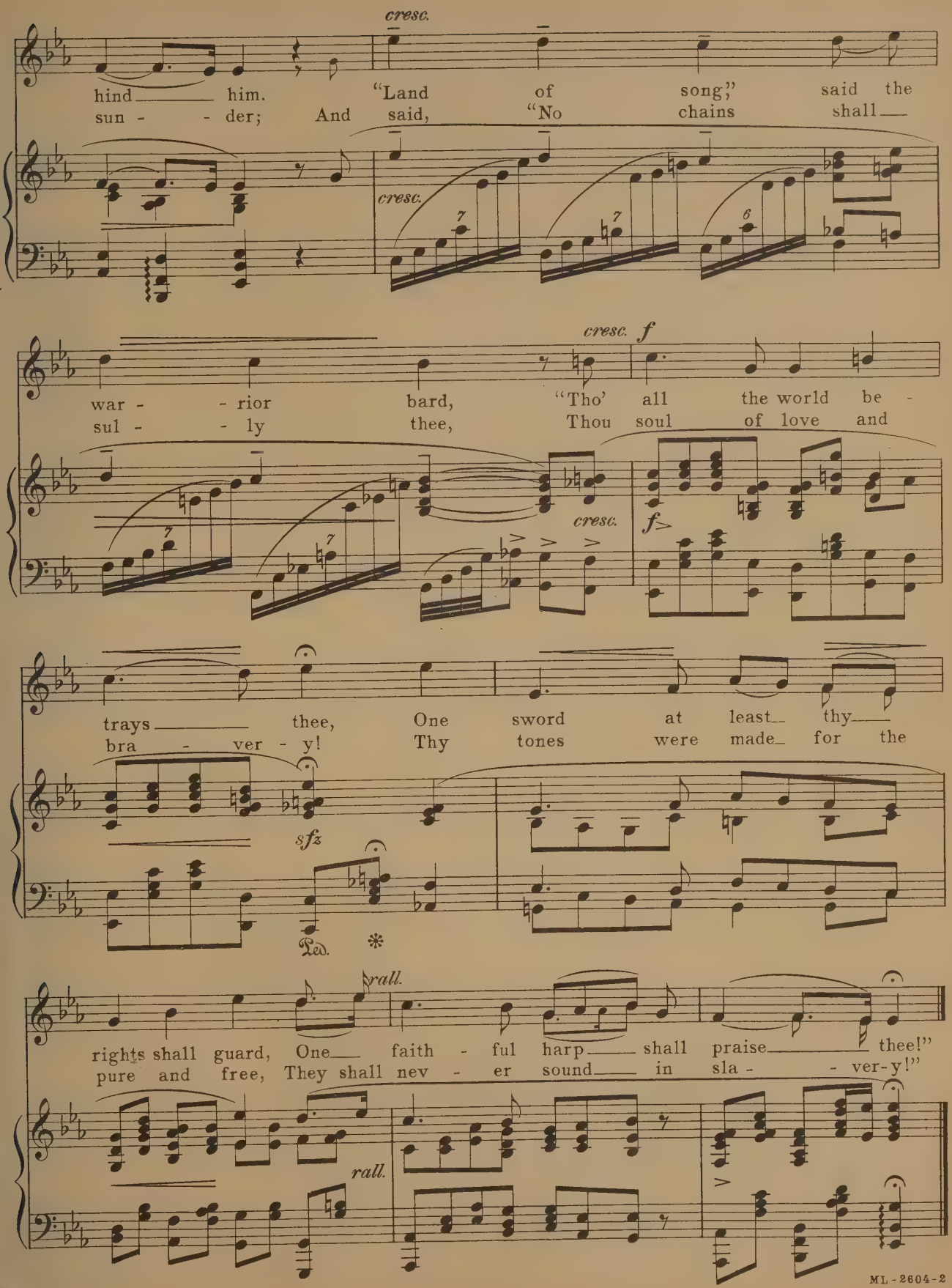
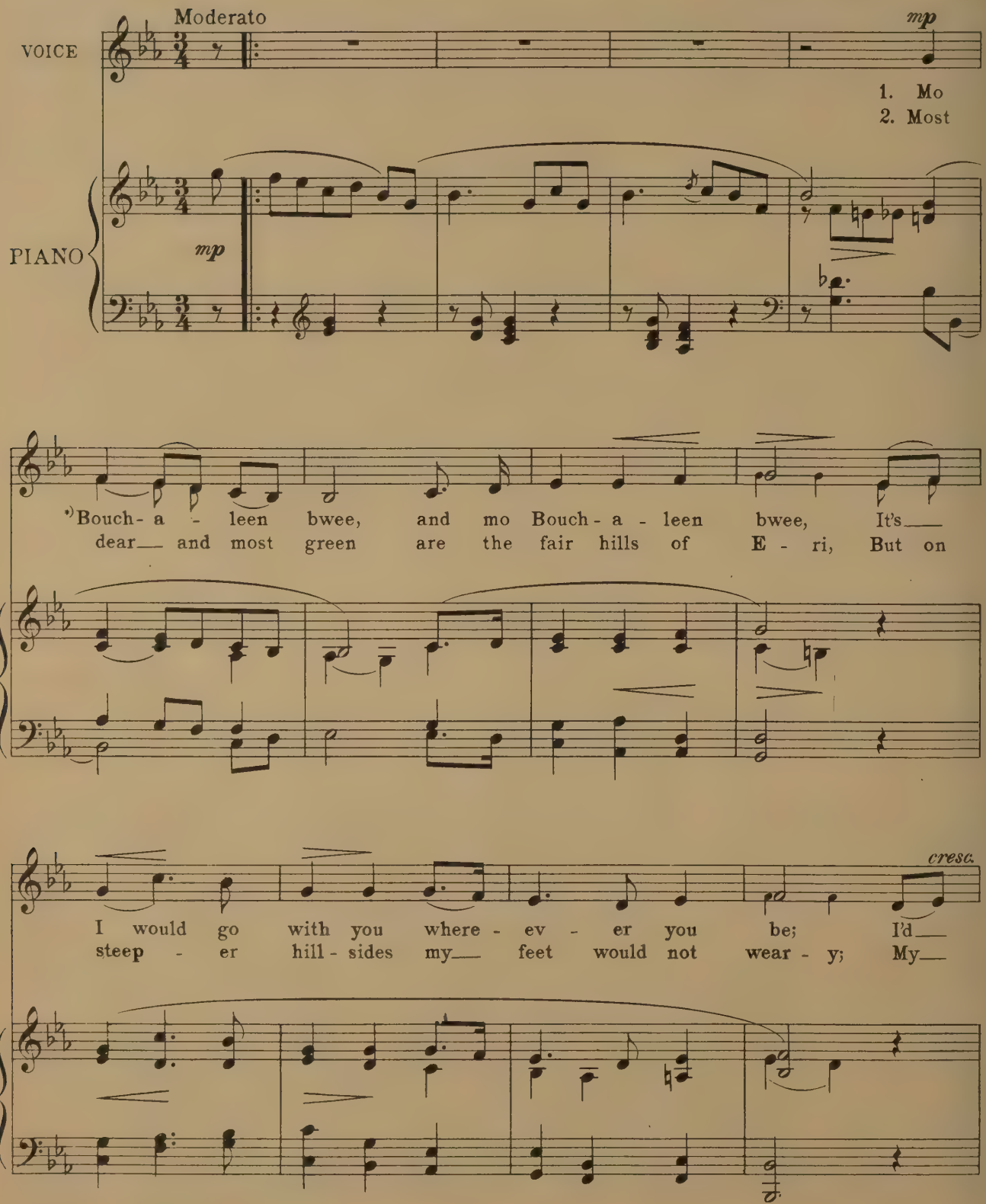

cresc.
hind — him. "Land of song," said the
sun - - der; And said, "No chains shall —
cresc.
cresc. f
war - - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be -
sul - - ly thee, Thou soul of love and
cresc.
f>
trays — thee, One sword at least thy —
bra - ver - y! Thy tones were made for the
sfz
Ped. *
rall.
rights shall guard, One — faith - ful harp — shall praise — thee!"
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound — in sla - - ver-y!"
rall.

MO BOUCHALEEN BWEE

(MY YELLOW-HAIRED LAD)

NORA HOPPER

Irish Air "Coulin Dhas"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
mp
mp
1. Mo
2. Most
*)Bouch- a - leen bwee, and mo Bouch - a - leen bwee, It's
dear and most green are the fair hills of E - ri, But on
cresc.
I would go with you where - ev - er you be; I'd
steep - er hill - sides my feet would not wear - y; My

*) Bouchaleen: pronounced, *vouchaleen.*

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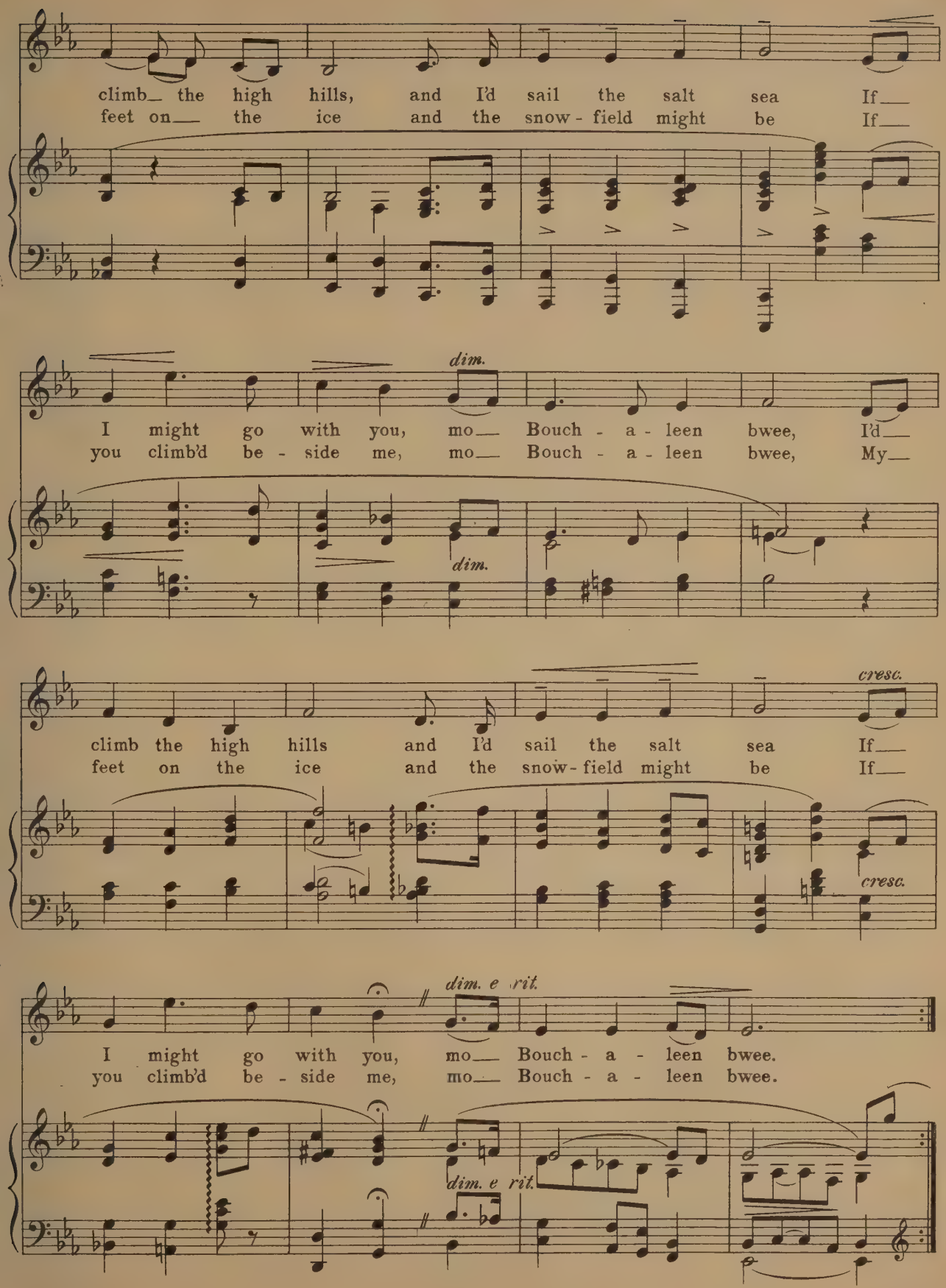
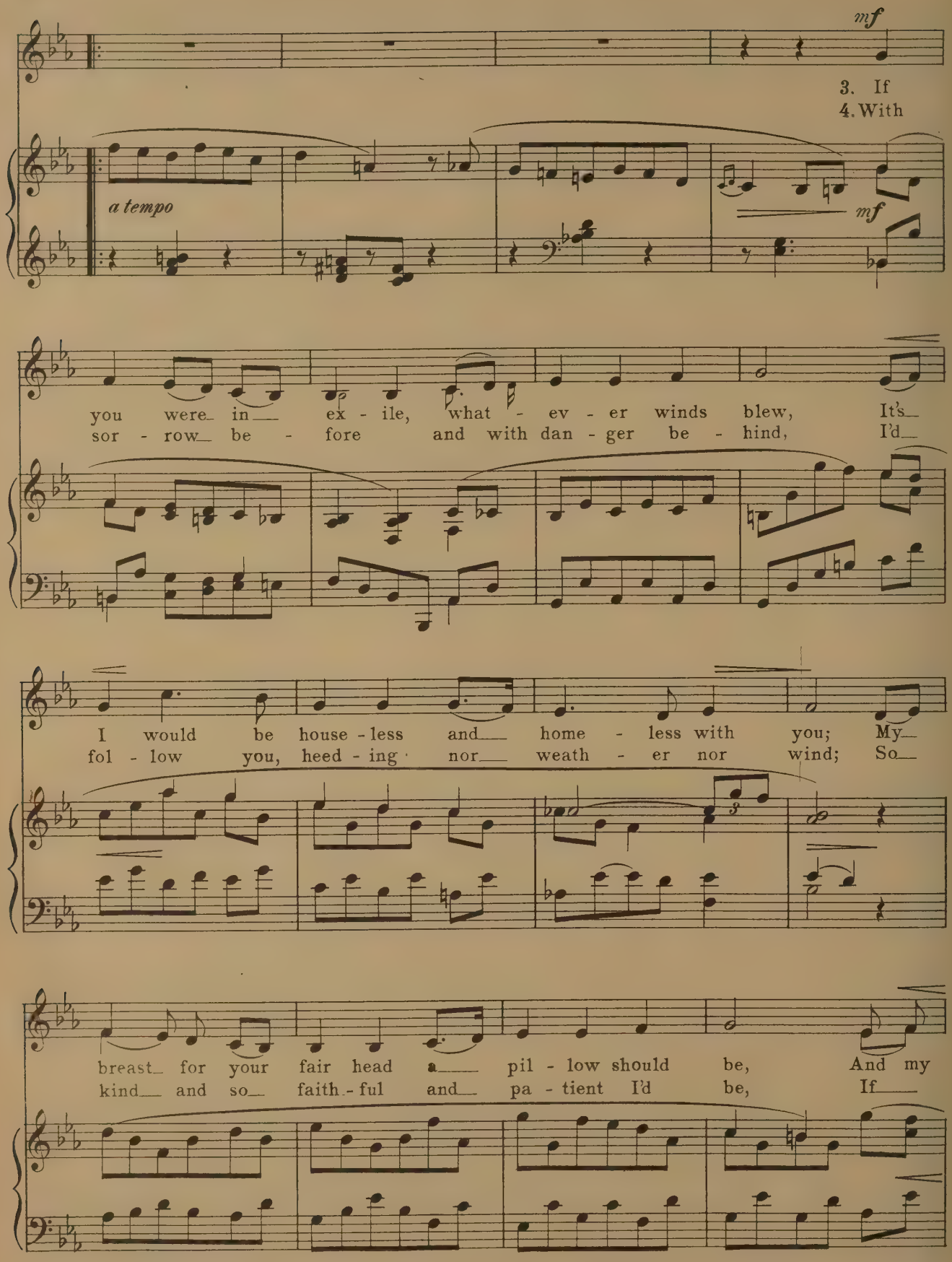
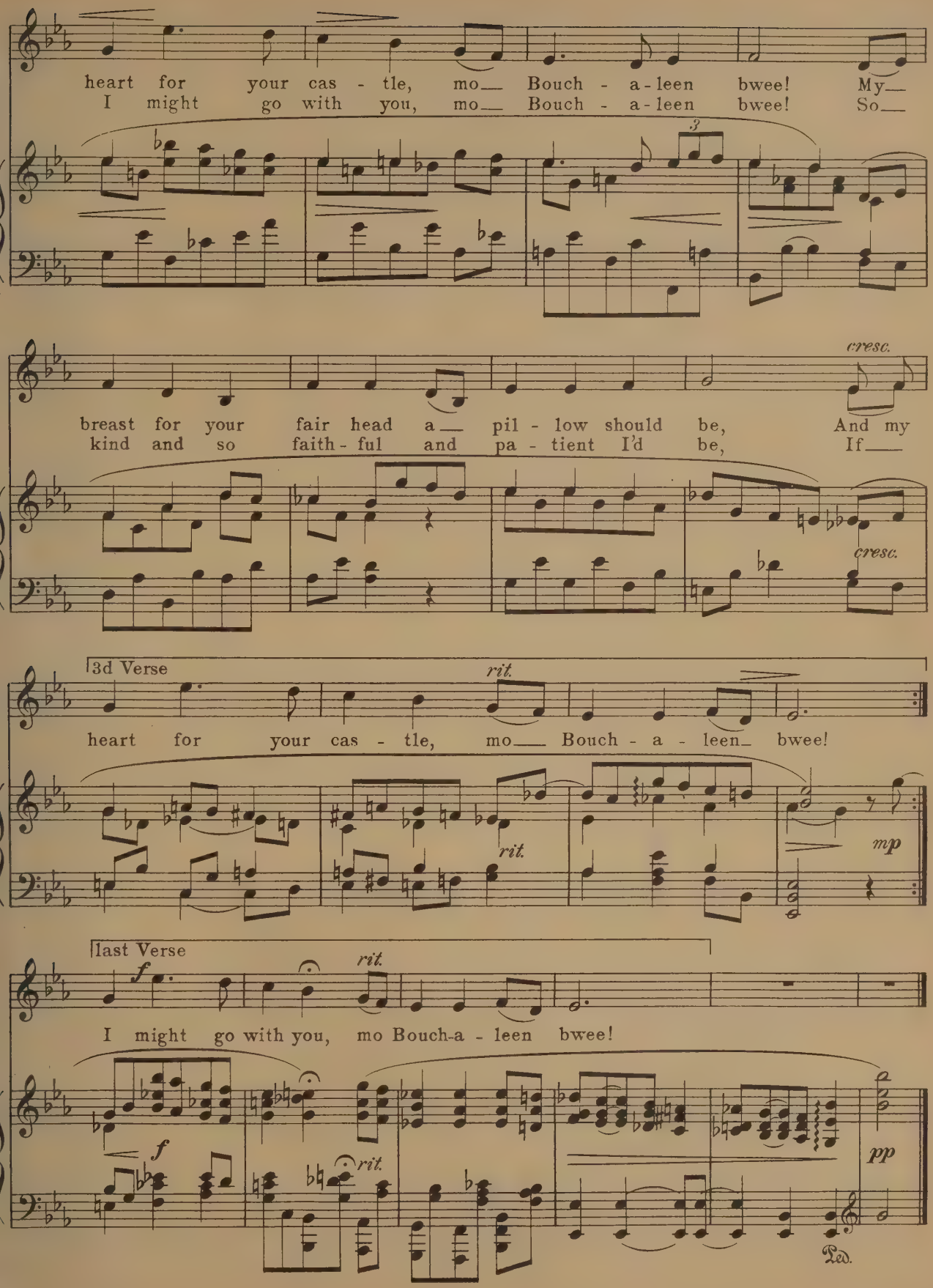

climb_ the high hills, and I'd sail the salt sea If___
feet on___ the ice and the snow - field might be If___
dim.
I might go with you, mo___ Bouch - a - leen bwee, I'd___
you climb'd be - side me, mo___ Bouch - a - leen bwee, My___
dim.
cresc.
climb the high hills and I'd sail the salt sea If___
feet on the ice and the snow - field might be If___
cresc.
dim. e rit.
I might go with you, mo___ Bouch - a - leen bwee.
you climb'd be - side me, mo___ Bouch - a - leen bwee.
dim. e rit.

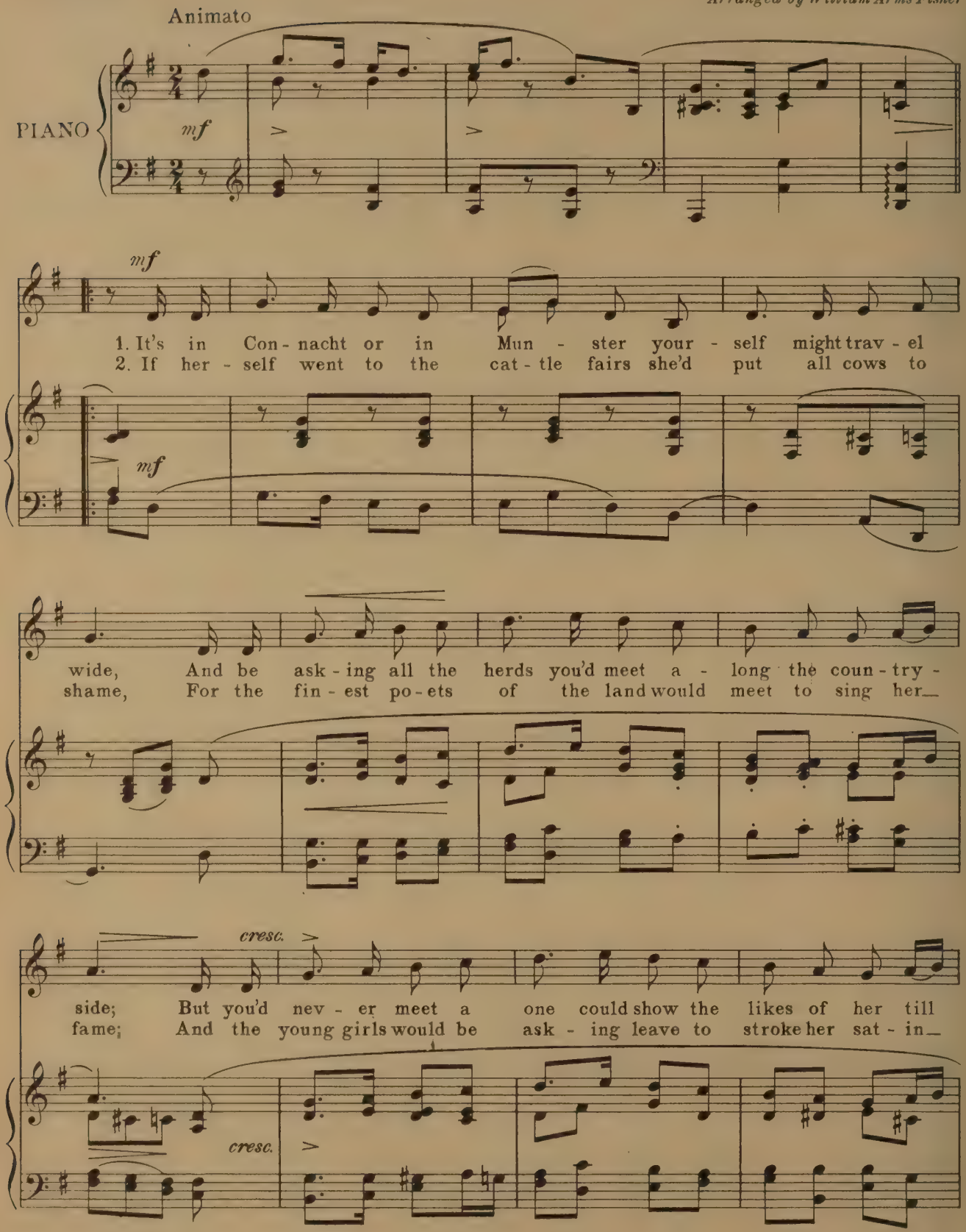

mf
3. If
4. With
a tempo
mf
you were in ex - ile, what - ev - er winds blew, It's
sor - row be - fore and with dan - ger be - hind, I'd
I would be house - less and home - less with you; My
fol - low you, heed - ing nor weath - er nor wind; So
breast for your fair head a pil - low should be, And my
kind and so faith - ful and pa - tient I'd be, If


heart for your cas - tle, mo Bouch - a - leen bwee! My
I might go with you, mo Bouch - a - leen bwee! So
cresc.
breast for your fair head a pil - low should be, And my
kind and so faith - ful and pa - tient I'd be, If
cresc.
3d Verse
rit.
heart for your cas - tle, mo Bouch - a - leen bwee!
rit.
mp
last Verse
f
rit.
I might go with you, mo Bouch-a - leen bwee!
f
rit.
pp
Ped.

MY LITTLE KERRY COW

W. M. LETTS

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Animato
PIANO
mf
mf
1. It's in Con - nacht or in Mun - ster your - self might trav - el
2. If her - self went to the cat - tle fairs she'd put all cows to
mf
wide, And be ask - ing all the herds you'd meet a - long the coun - try -
shame, For the fin - est po - ets of the land would meet to sing her
cresc.
side; But you'd nev - er meet a one could show the likes of her till
fame; And the young girls would be ask - ing leave to stroke her sat - in
cresc.

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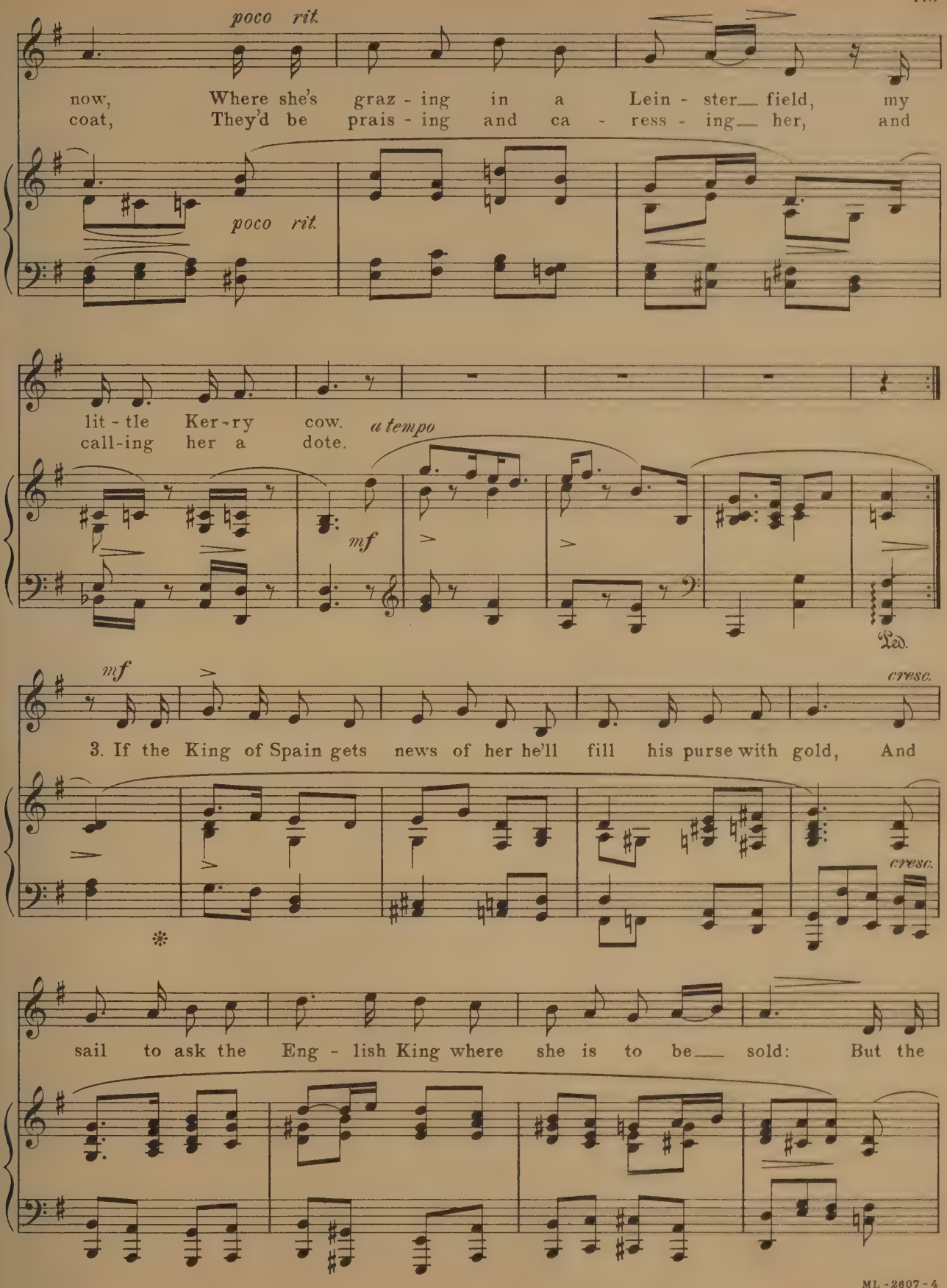
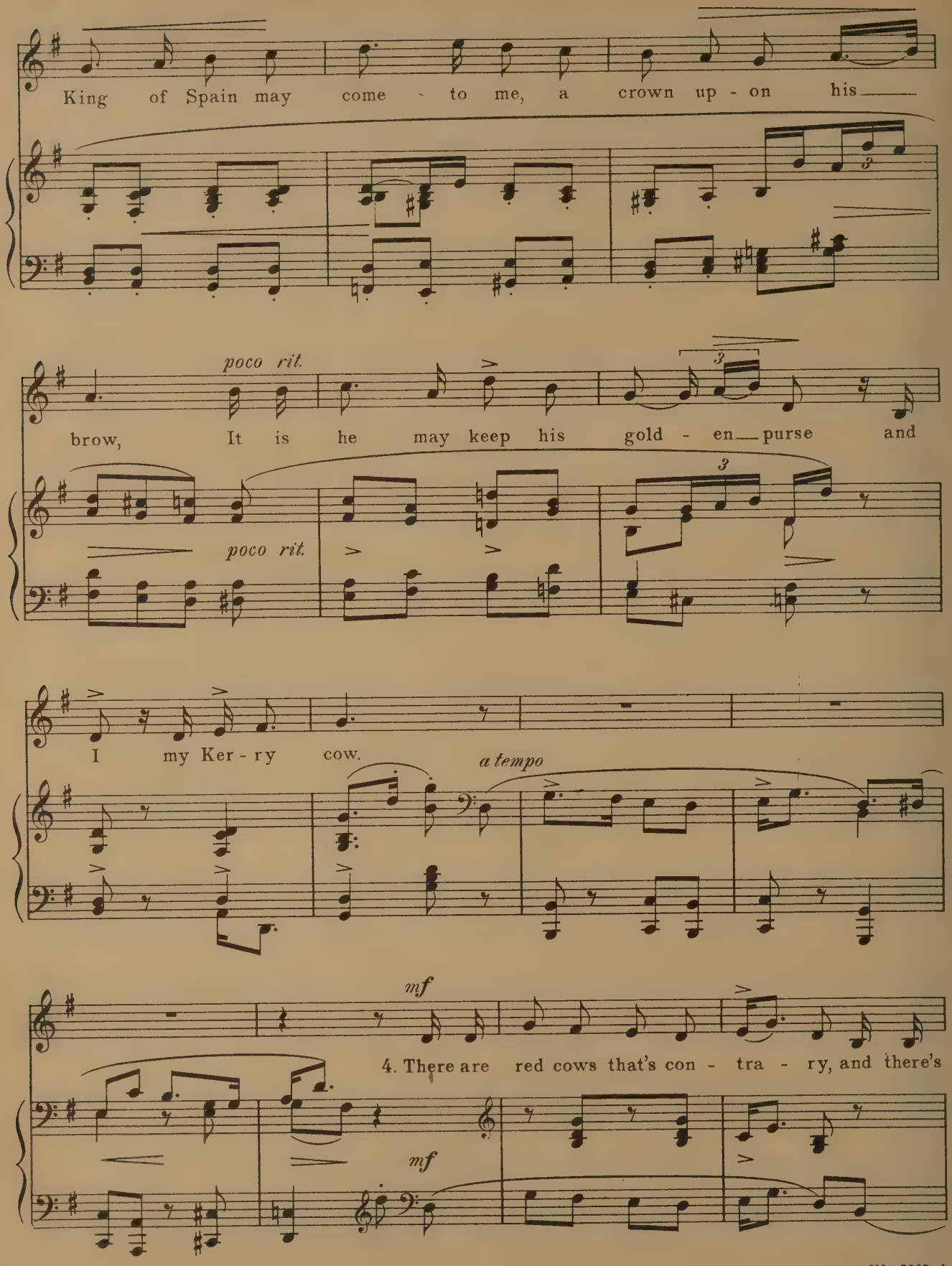
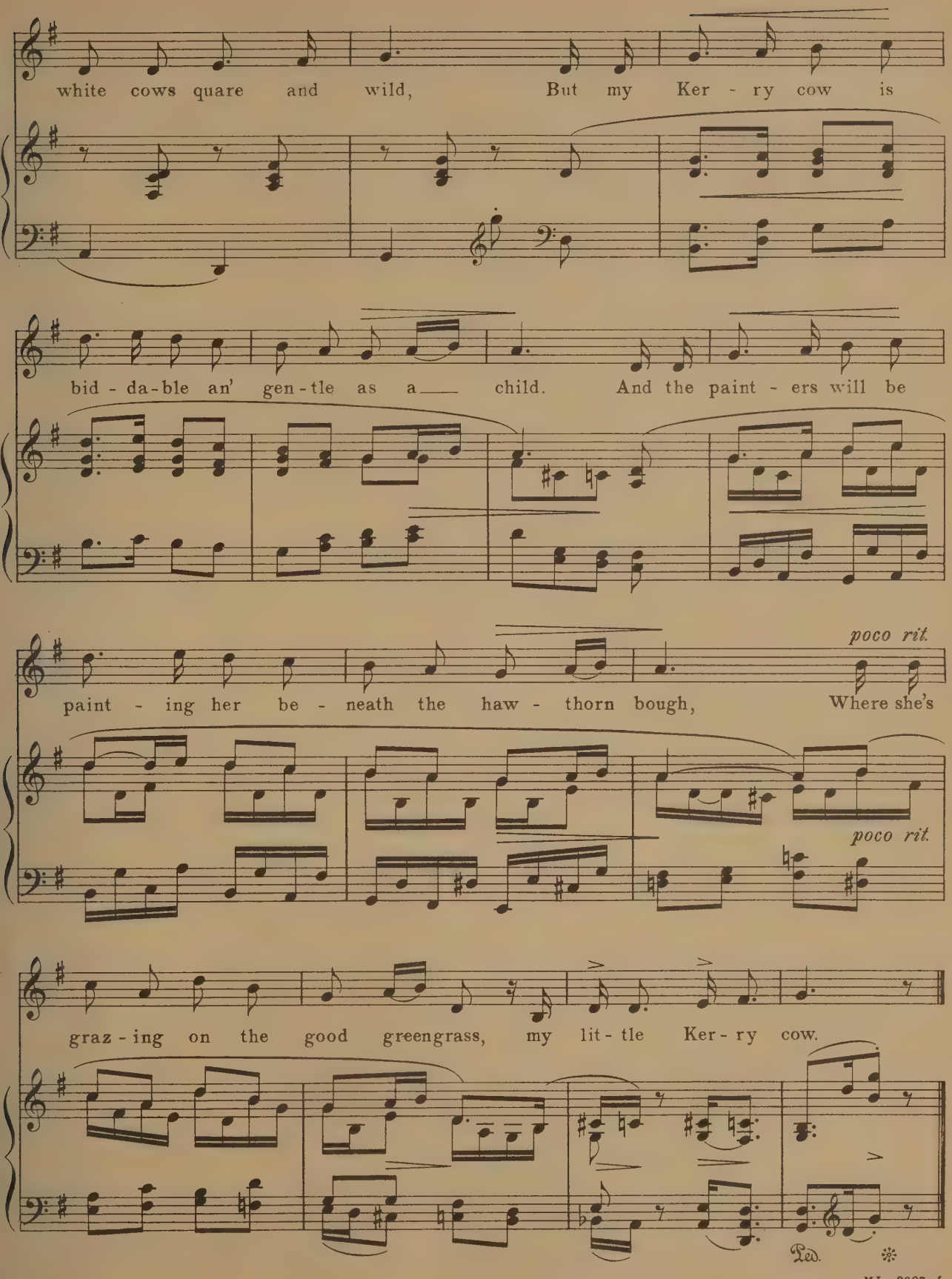

poco rit.
now, Where she's graz - ing in a Lein - ster field, my
coat, They'd be prais - ing and ca - ress - ing her, and
poco rit.
lit - tle Ker - ry cow.
call-ing her a dote.
a tempo
mf
Ped.
mf
cresc.
3. If the King of Spain gets news of her he'll fill his purse with gold, And
cresc.
sail to ask the Eng - lish King where she is to be sold: But the

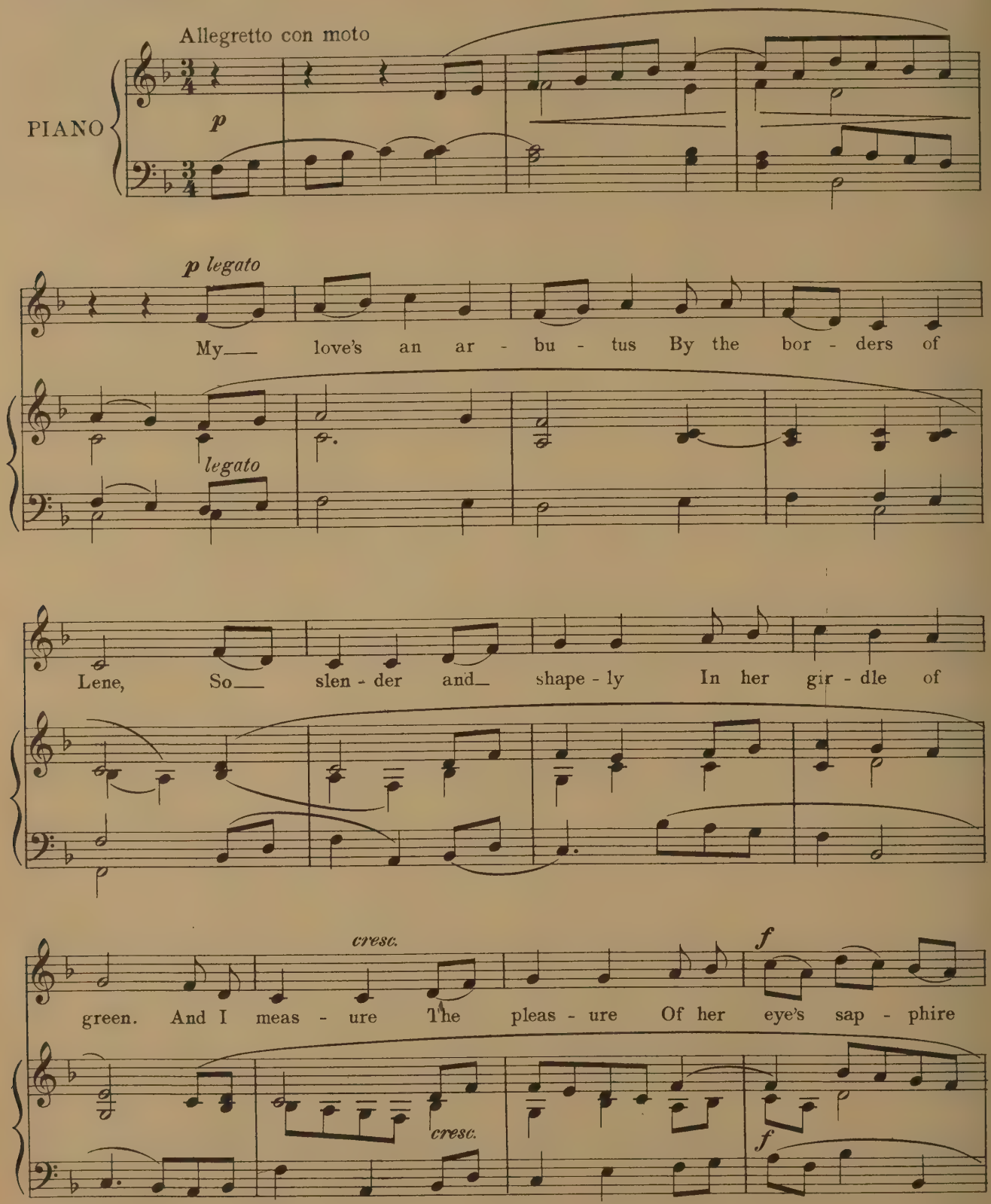

King of Spain may come to me, a crown up - on his
poco rit.
brow, It is he may keep his gold - en purse and
poco rit.
I my Ker - ry cow.
a tempo
mf
4. There are red cows that's con - tra - ry, and there's
mf


white cows quare and wild, But my Ker - ry cow is
bid - da-ble an' gen-tle as a child. And the paint - ers will be
poco rit.
paint - ing her be - neath the haw - thorn bough, Where she's
poco rit.
graz - ing on the good greengrass, my lit - tle Ker - ry cow.
Ped.

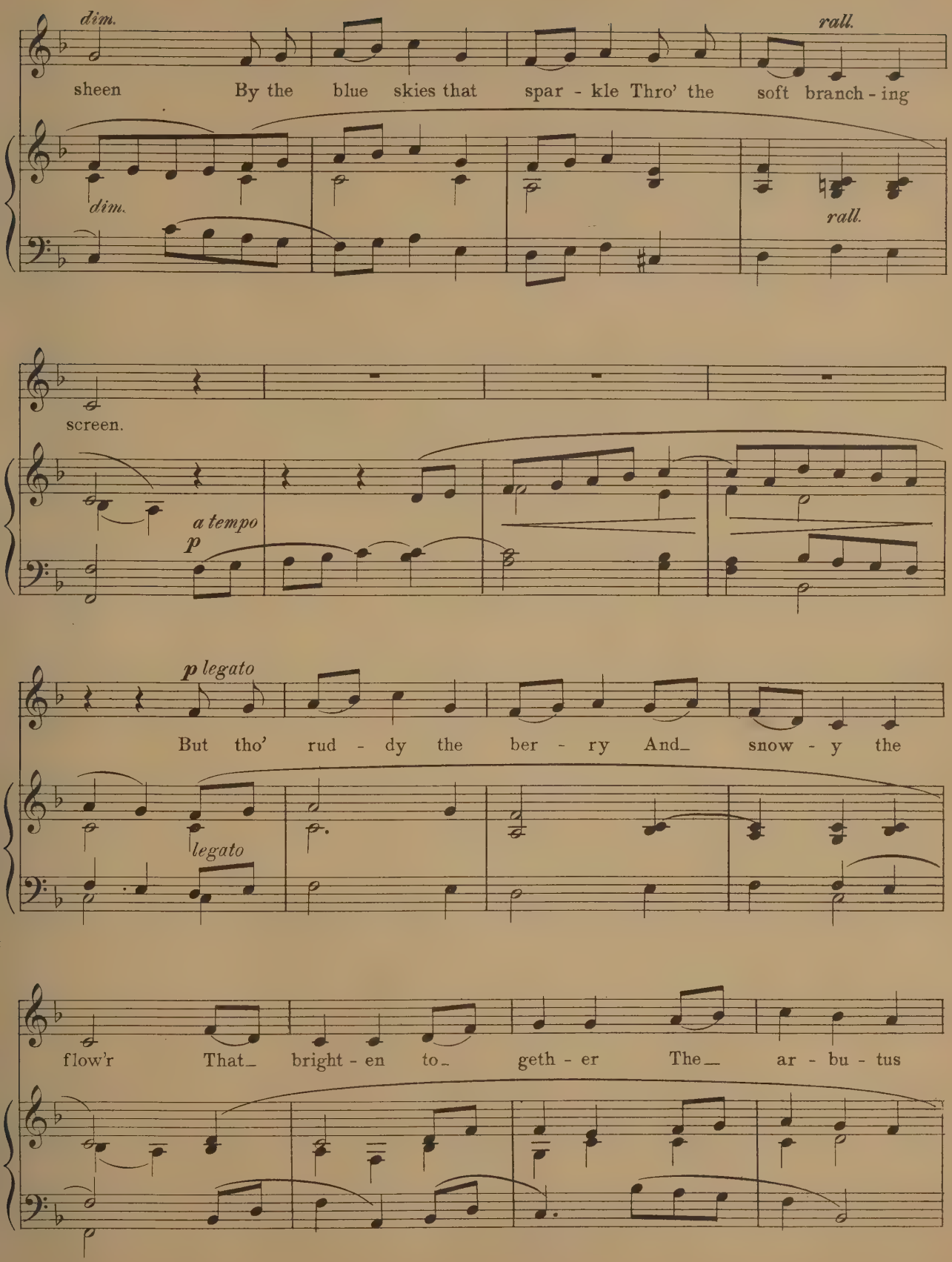
MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS

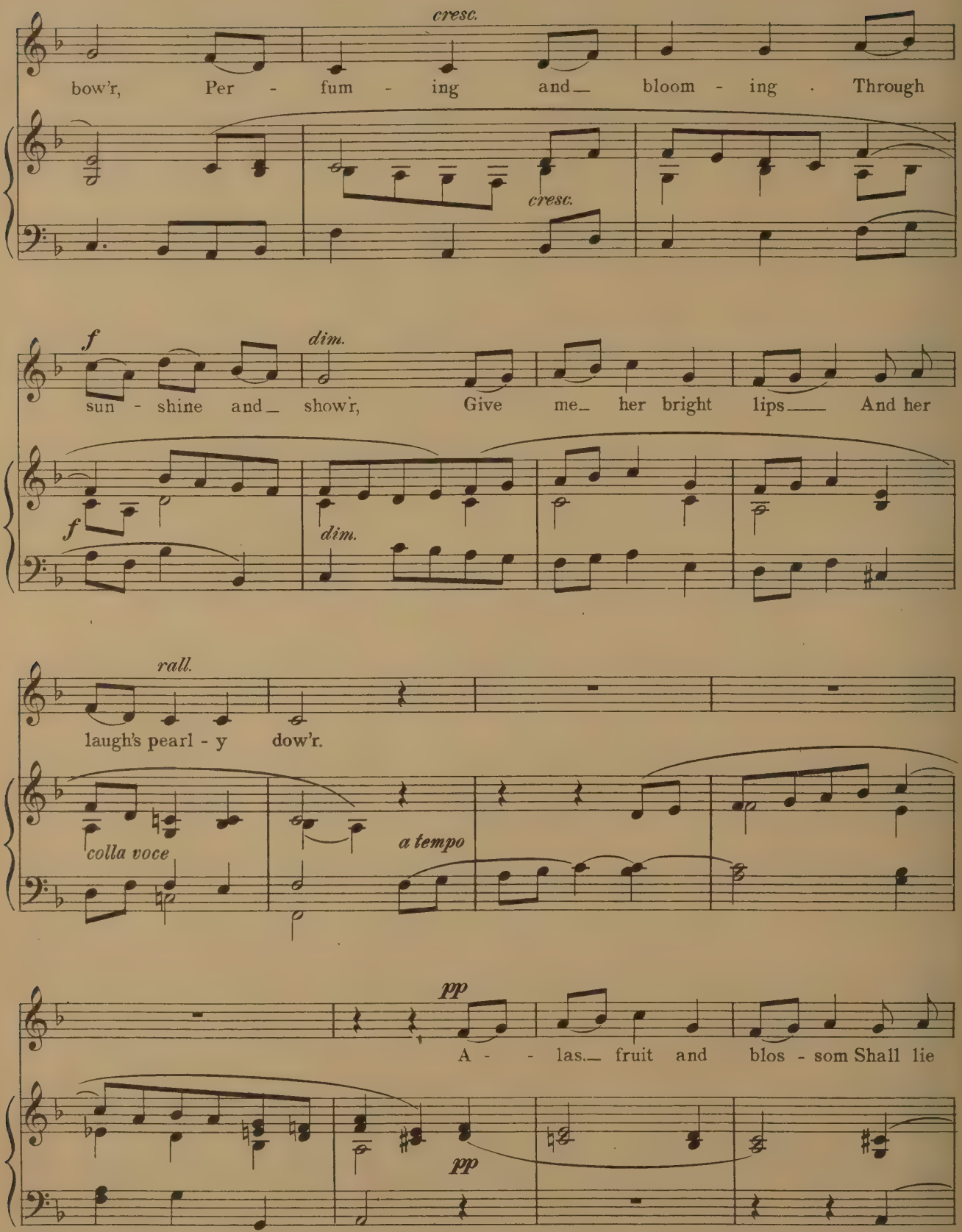
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

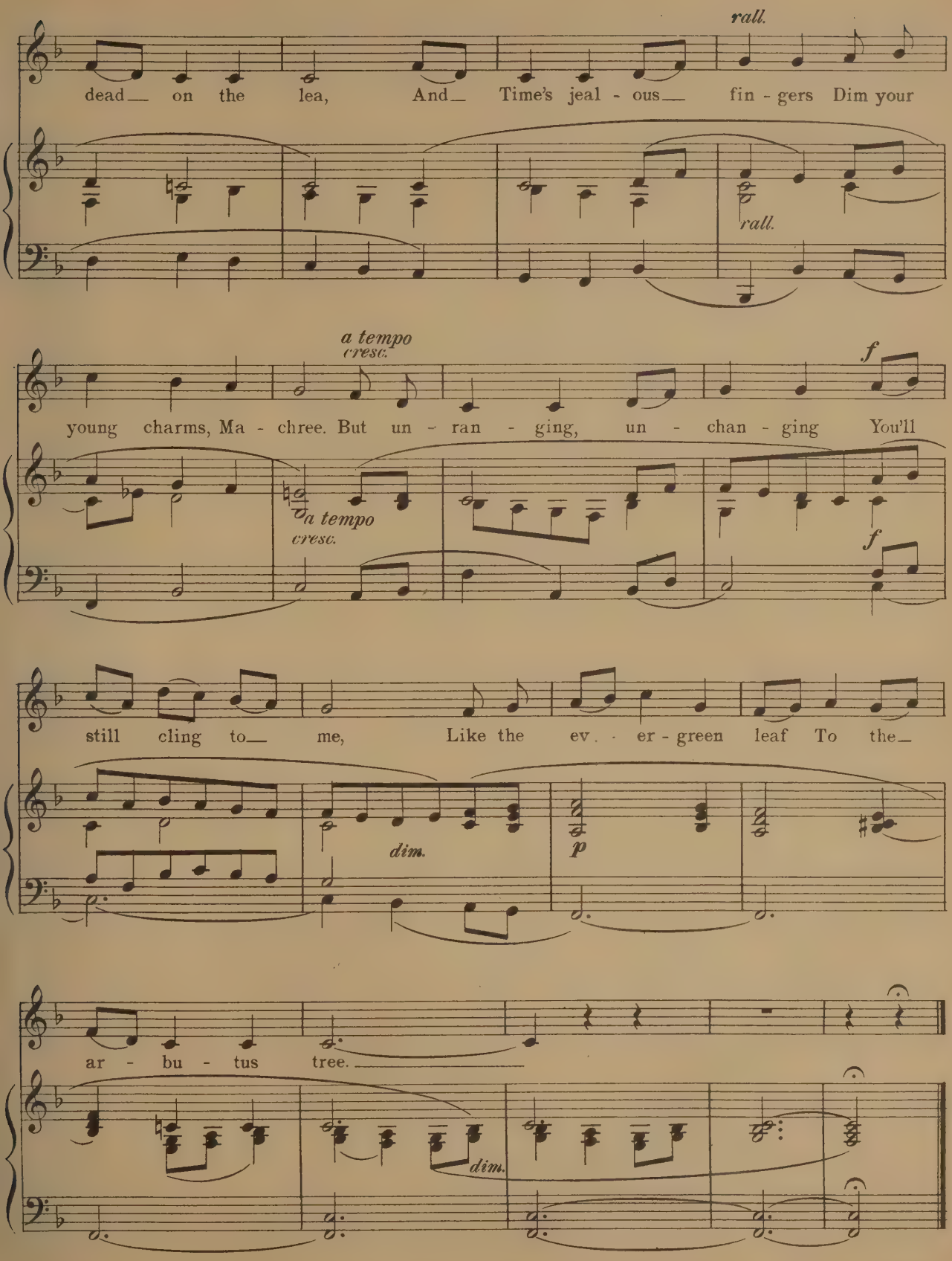
Irish Air: "Coola Shore"
*Arranged by Charles Villiers Stanford


Allegretto con moto
PIANO
p
p legato
My— love's an ar - bu - tus By the bor - ders of
legato
Lene, So— slen - der and— shape - ly In her gir - dle of
cresc.
f
green. And I meas - ure The pleas - ure Of her eye's sap - phire
cresc.
f

*The editor has made a few slight changes.


dim.
rall.
sheen By the blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch - ing
dim.
rall.
screen.
a tempo
p
p legato
But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry And snow - y the
legato
flow'r That bright - en to geth - er The ar - bu - tus

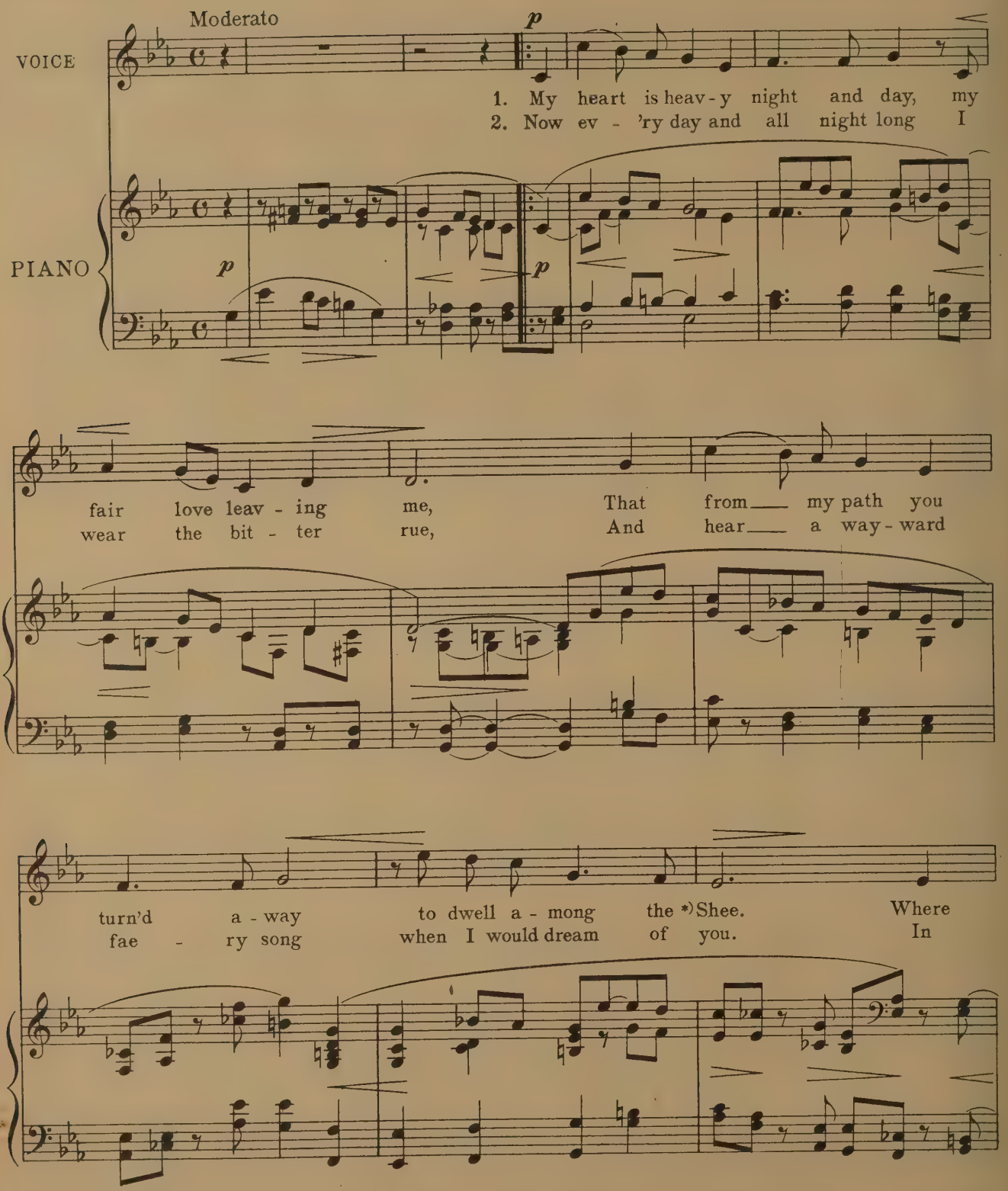

cresc.
bow'r, Per - fum - ing and bloom - ing . Through
cresc.
f
dim.
sun - shine and show'r, Give me her bright lips And her
f
dim.
rall.
laugh's pearl - y dow'r.
colla voce
a tempo
pp
A - las fruit and blos - som Shall lie
pp


rall.
dead on the lea, And Time's jeal - ous fin - gers Dim your
rall.
a tempo
cresc.
f
young charms, Ma - chree. But un - ran - ging, un - chan - ging You'll
a tempo
cresc.
f
still cling to me, Like the ev - er - green leaf To the
dim.
p
ar - bu - tus tree.
dim.

MY FAIR LOVE LEAVING ME

NORA CHESSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. My heart is heav-y night and day, my
2. Now ev - 'ry day and all night long I
fair love leav - ing me, That from my path you
wear the bit - ter rue, And hear a way-ward
turn'd a - way to dwell a - mong the *)Shee. Where
fae - ry song when I would dream of you. In

*) Shee = th faries.

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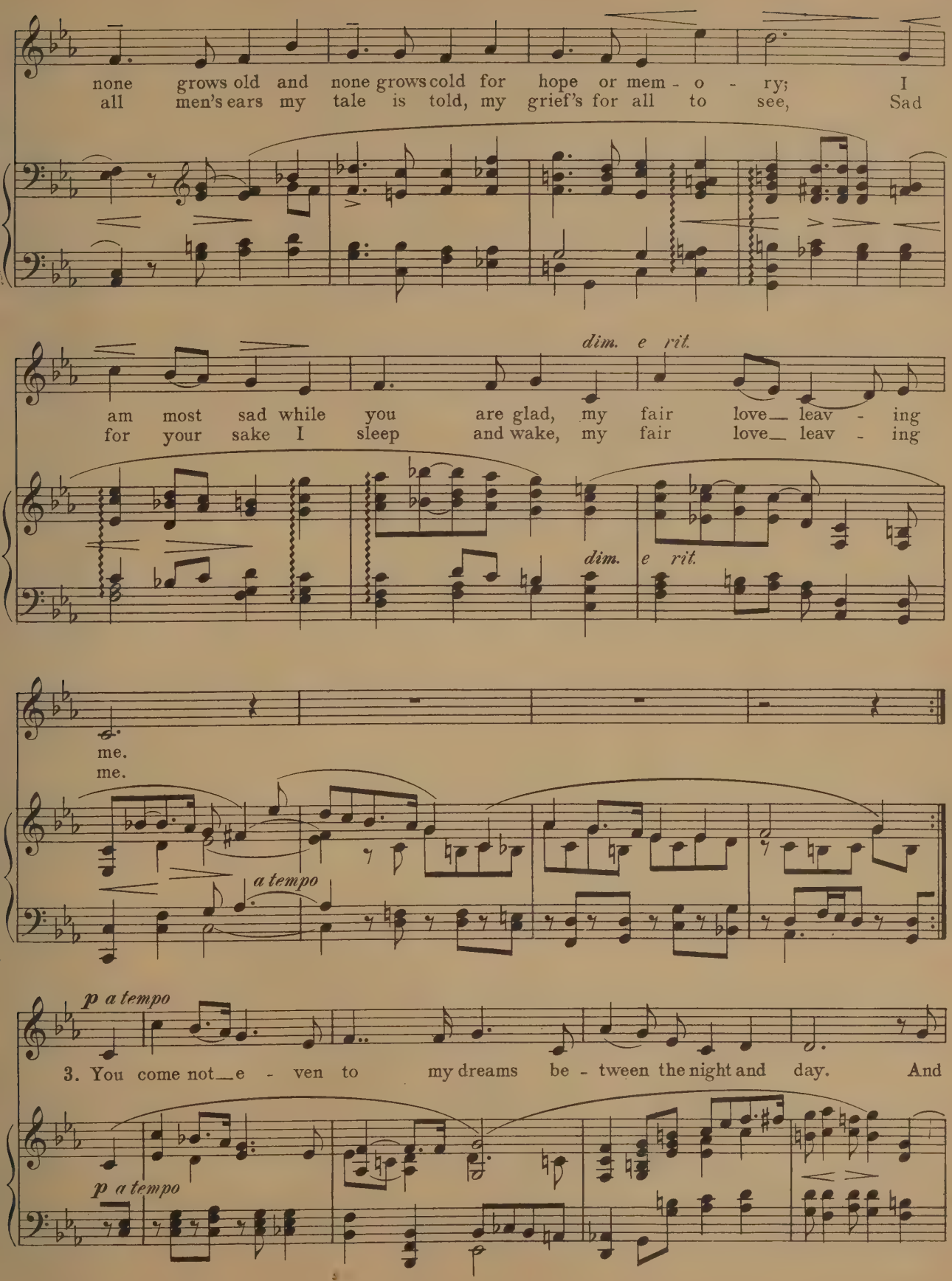
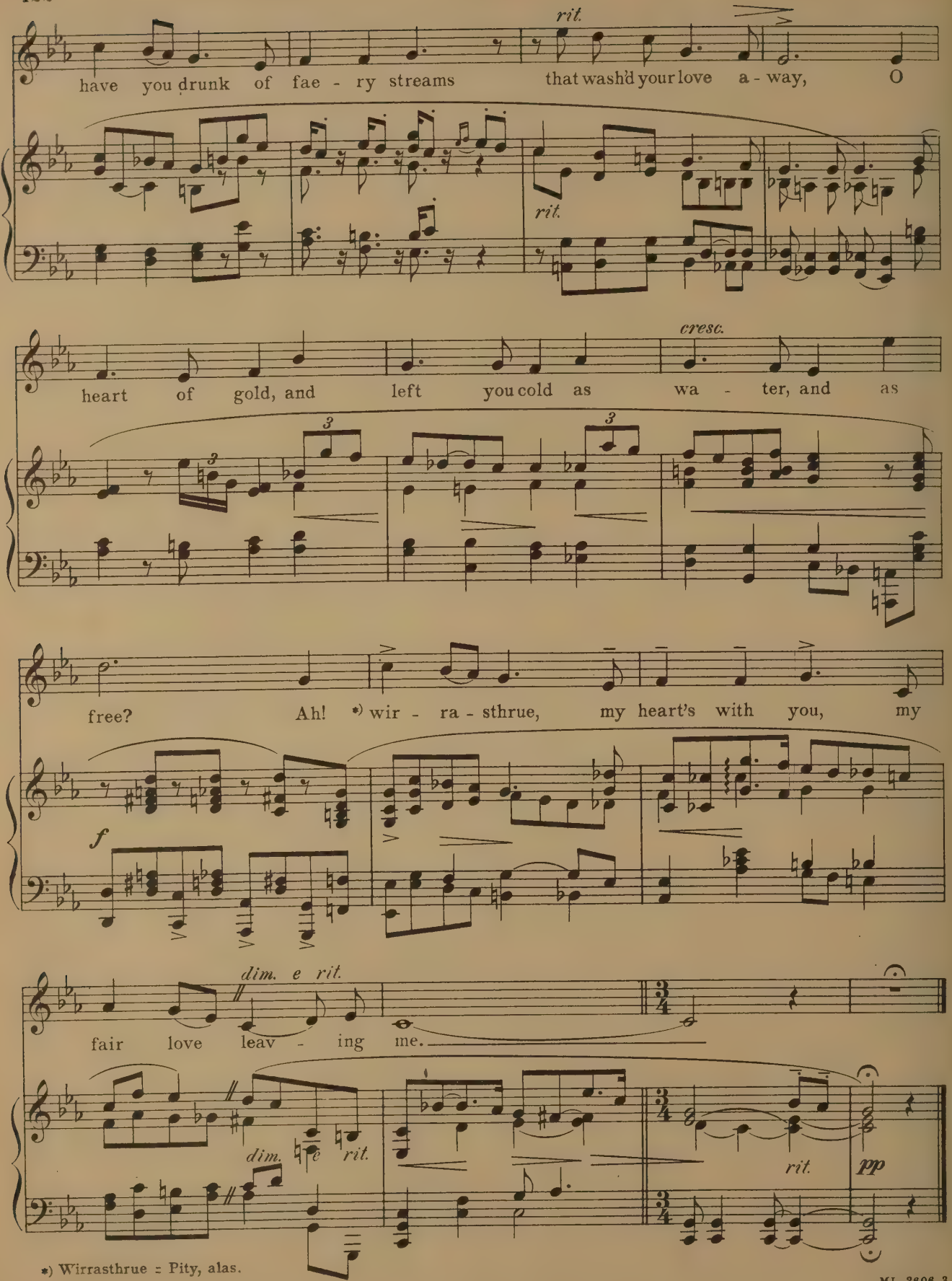

none grows old and none grows cold for hope or mem - o - ry; I
all men's ears my tale is told, my grief's for all to see, Sad
dim. e rit.
am most sad while you are glad, my fair love leav - ing
for your sake I sleep and wake, my fair love leav - ing
dim. e rit.
me.
me.
a tempo
p a tempo
3. You come not e - ven to my dreams be - tween the night and day. And
p a tempo

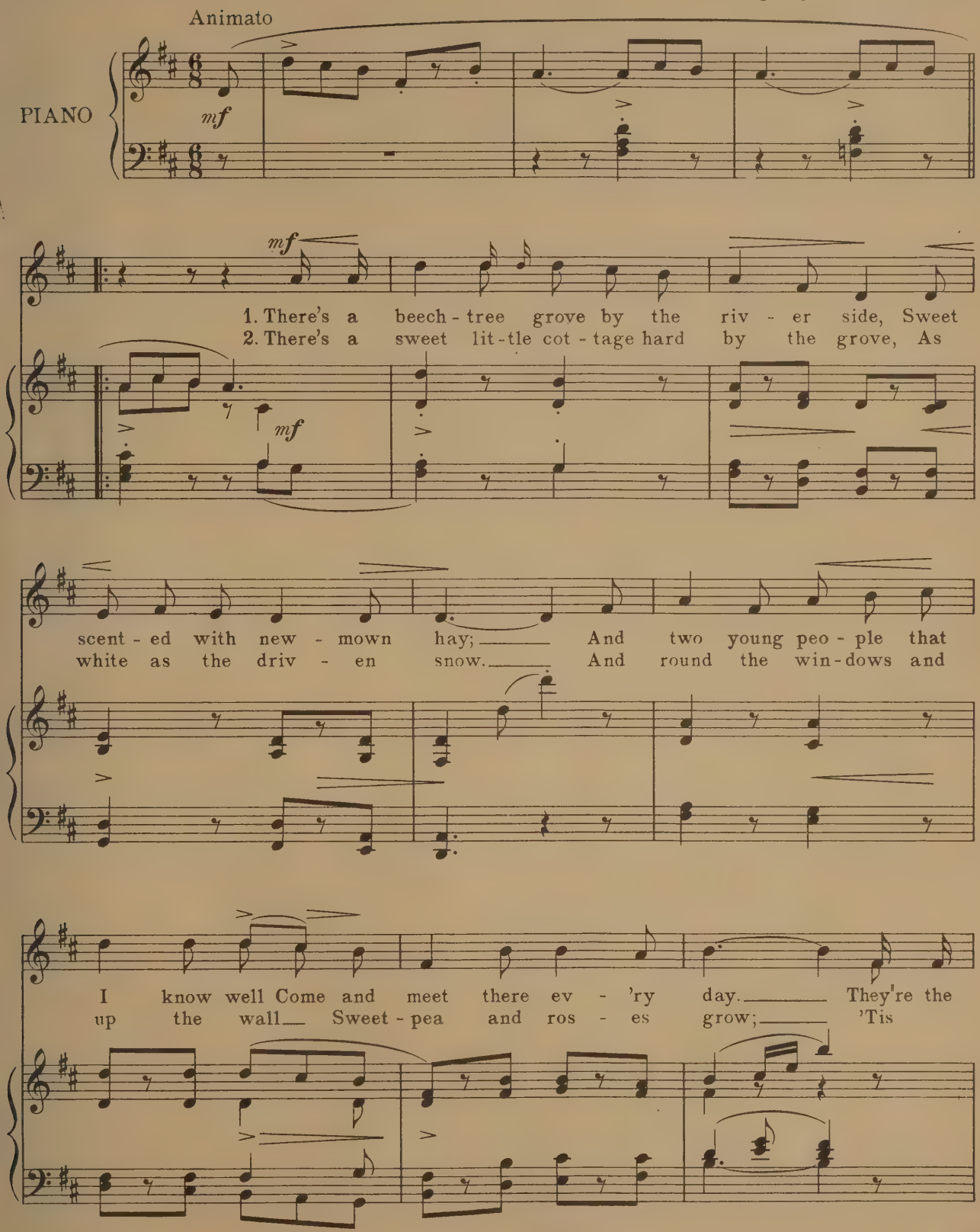

rit.
have you drunk of fae - ry streams that wash'd your love a - way, O
rit.
cresc.
heart of gold, and left you cold as wa - ter, and as
free? Ah! *) wir - ra - sthrue, my heart's with you, my
f
dim. e rit.
fair love leav - ing me.
dim. e rit.
rit.
pp

*) Wirrasthrue = Pity, alas.

NELLY, MY LOVE, AND ME

P. W. JOYCE L. L. D.

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Animato
PIANO
mf
1. There's a beech - tree grove by the riv - er side, Sweet
2. There's a sweet lit - tle cot - tage hard by the grove, As
scent - ed with new - mown hay; And two young peo - ple that
white as the driv - en snow. And round the win - dows and
I know well Come and meet there ev - 'ry day. They're the
up the wall Sweet - pea and ros - es grow; 'Tis

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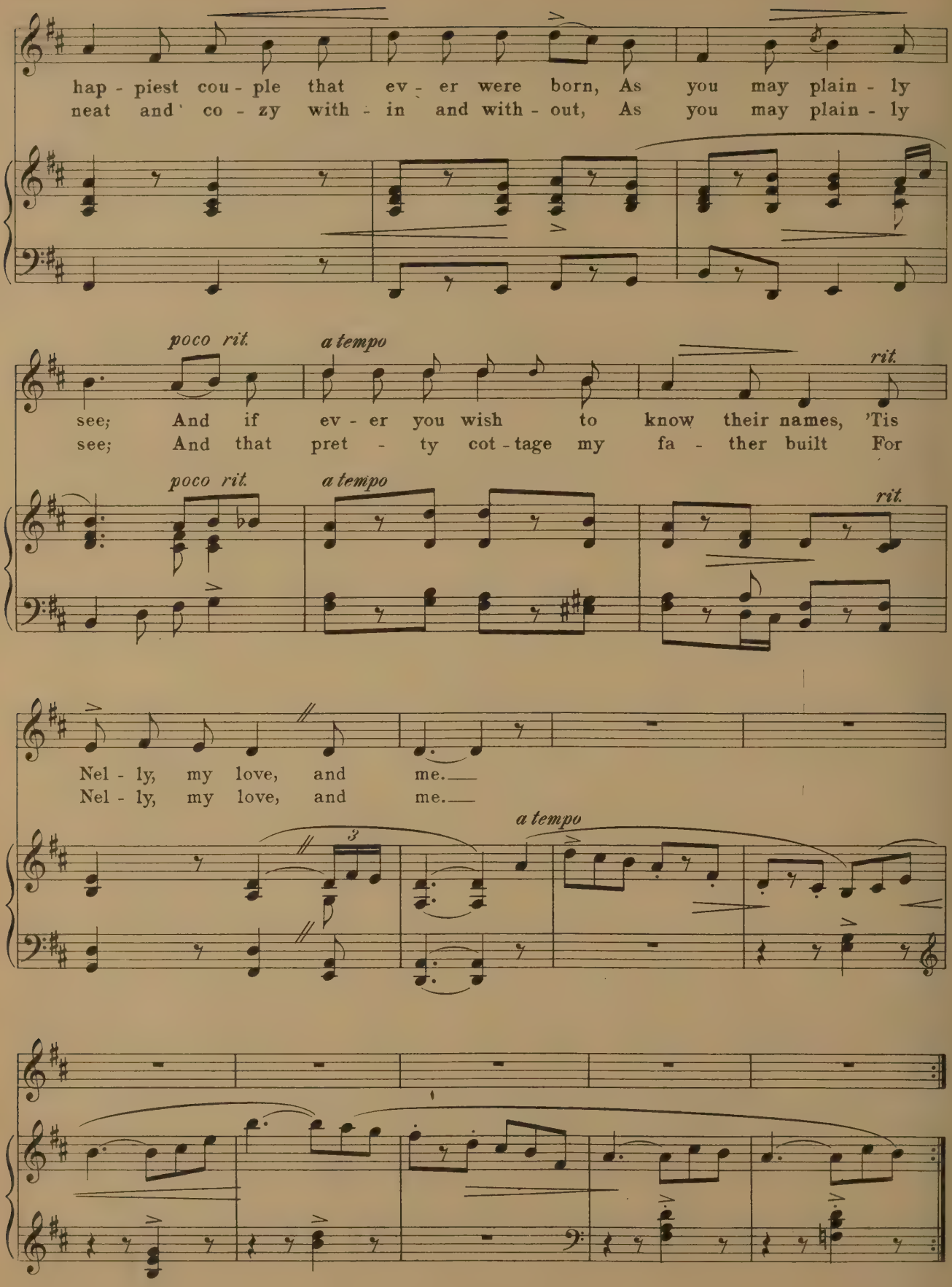
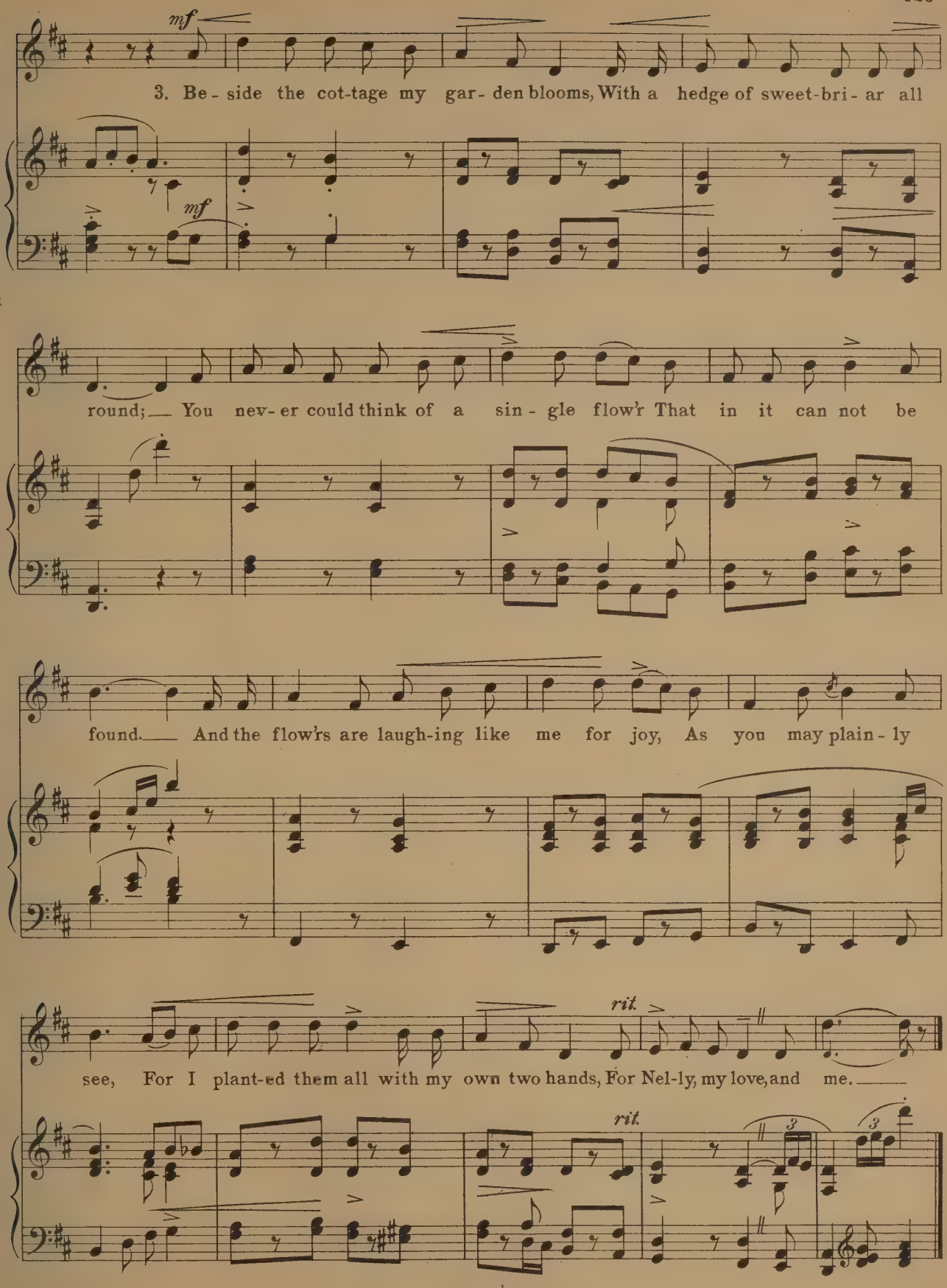
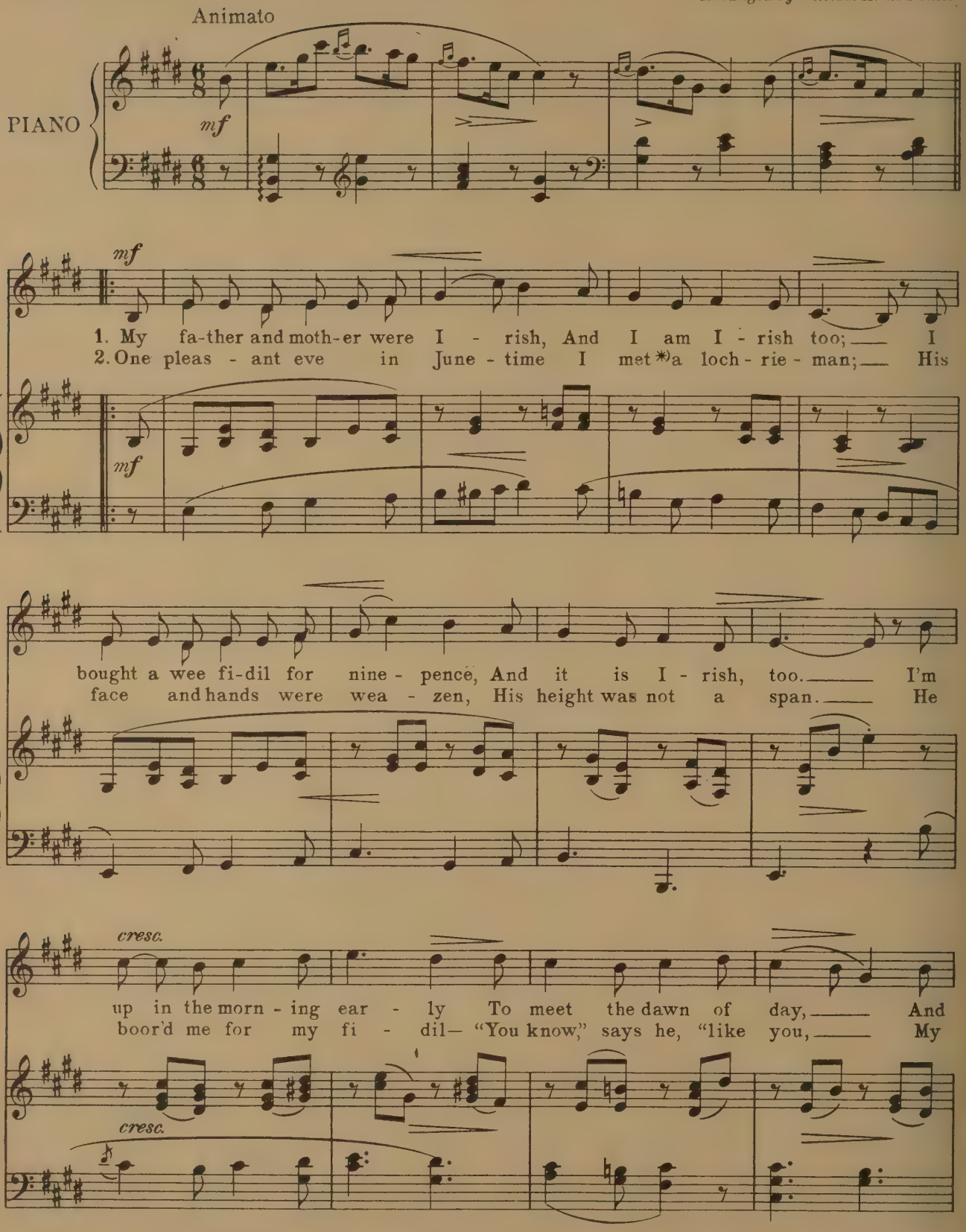

hap - piest cou - ple that ev - er were born, As you may plain - ly
neat and co - zy with - in and with - out, As you may plain - ly
poco rit.
a tempo
rit.
see; And if ev - er you wish to know their names, 'Tis
see; And that pret - ty cot - tage my fa - ther built For
poco rit.
a tempo
rit.
Nel - ly, my love, and me.
Nel - ly, my love, and me.
3
a tempo


mf
3. Be - side the cot-tage my gar- den blooms, With a hedge of sweet-bri - ar all
mf
round; You nev- er could think of a sin - gle flow'r That in it can not be
found. And the flow'rs are laugh-ing like me for joy, As you may plain - ly
rit.
see, For I plant-ed them all with my own two hands, For Nel-ly, my love, and me.
rit.
3
3

THE NINEPENNY FIDIL

JOSEPH CAMPBELL

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Animato
PIANO
mf
1. My fa-ther and moth-er were I - rish, And I am I - rish too; I
2. One pleas - ant eve in June - time I met *)a loch - rie - man; His
bought a wee fi-dil for nine - pence, And it is I - rish, too. I'm
face and hands were wea - zen, His height was not a span. He
cresc.
up in the morn - ing ear - ly To meet the dawn of day, And
boor'd me for my fi - dil— "You know," says he, "like you, My

*) *A merry little elf.*

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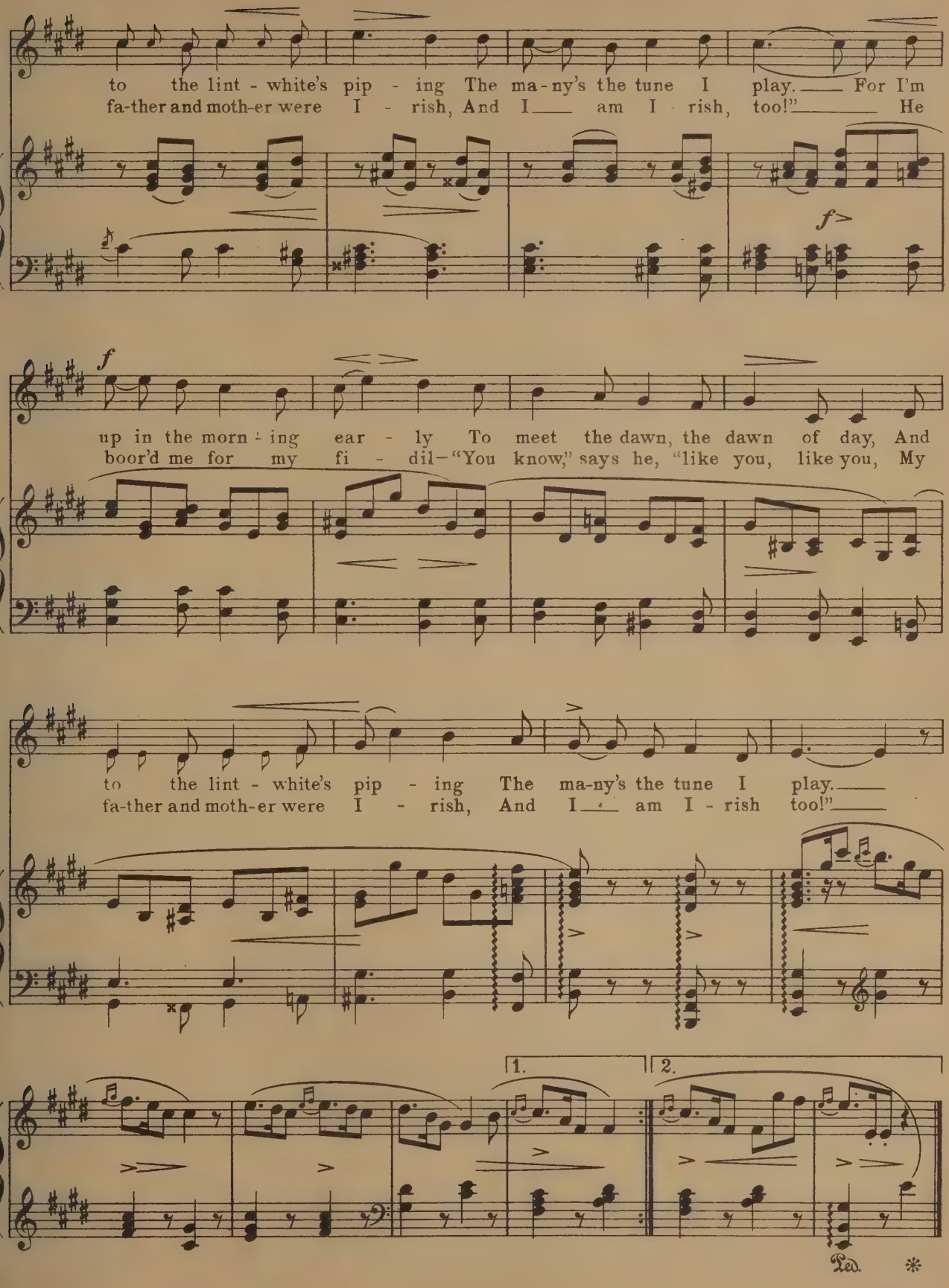
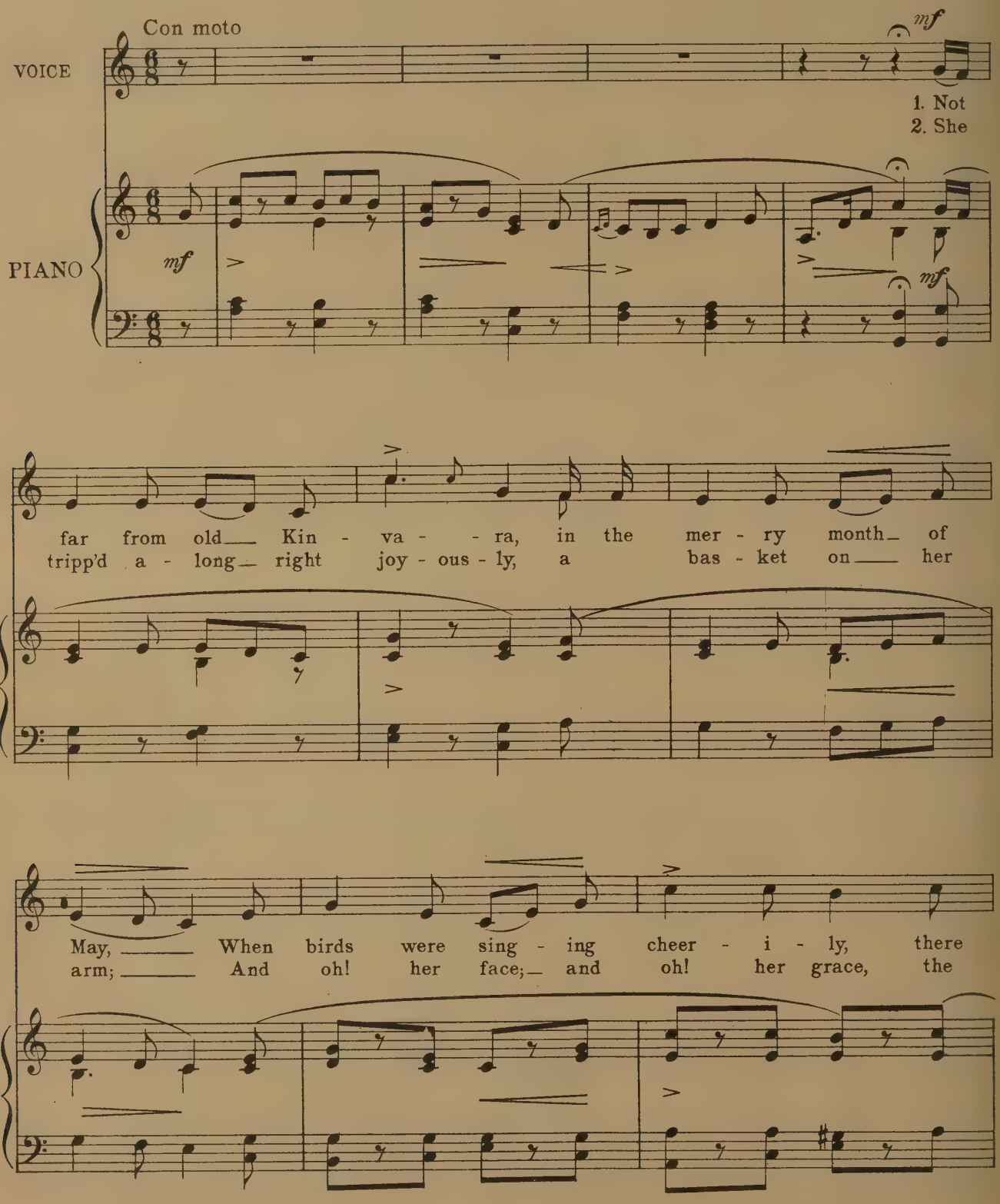

to the lint - white's pip - ing The ma-ny's the tune I play. For I'm
fa-ther and moth-er were I - rish, And I am I - rish, too!" He
f
f
up in the morn - ing ear - ly To meet the dawn, the dawn of day, And
boor'd me for my fi - dil—"You know," says he, "like you, like you, My
to the lint - white's pip - ing The ma-ny's the tune I play.
fa-ther and moth-er were I - rish, And I am I - rish too!"
1.
2.
Ped.
*

THE OULD PLAID SHAWL

FRANCIS A. FAHY

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Con moto
VOICE
PIANO
mf
1. Not
2. She
far from old Kin - va - ra, in the mer - ry month of
tripp'd a - long right joy - ous - ly, a bas - ket on her
May, When birds were sing - ing cheer - i - ly, there
arm; And oh! her face; and oh! her grace, the

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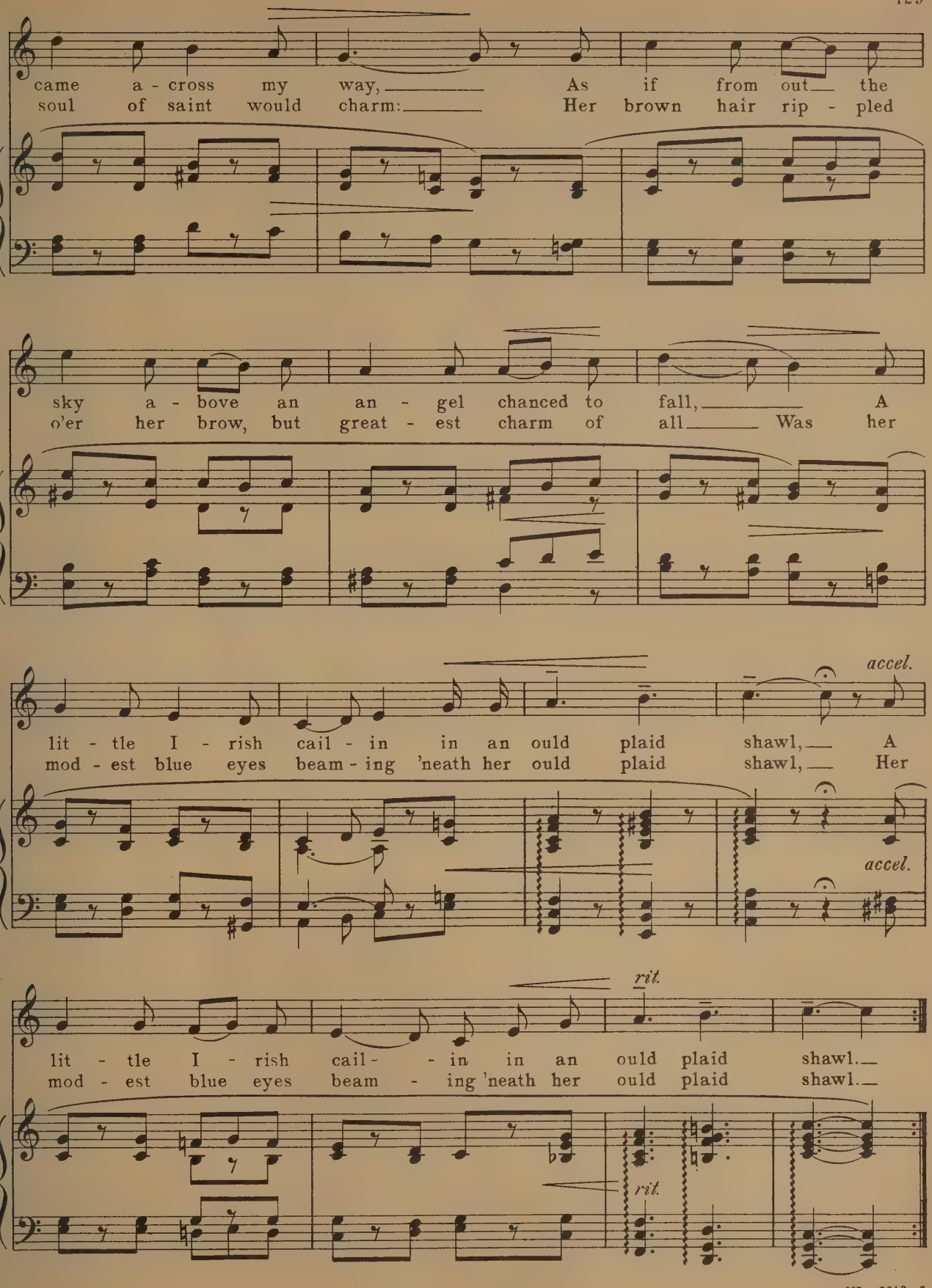
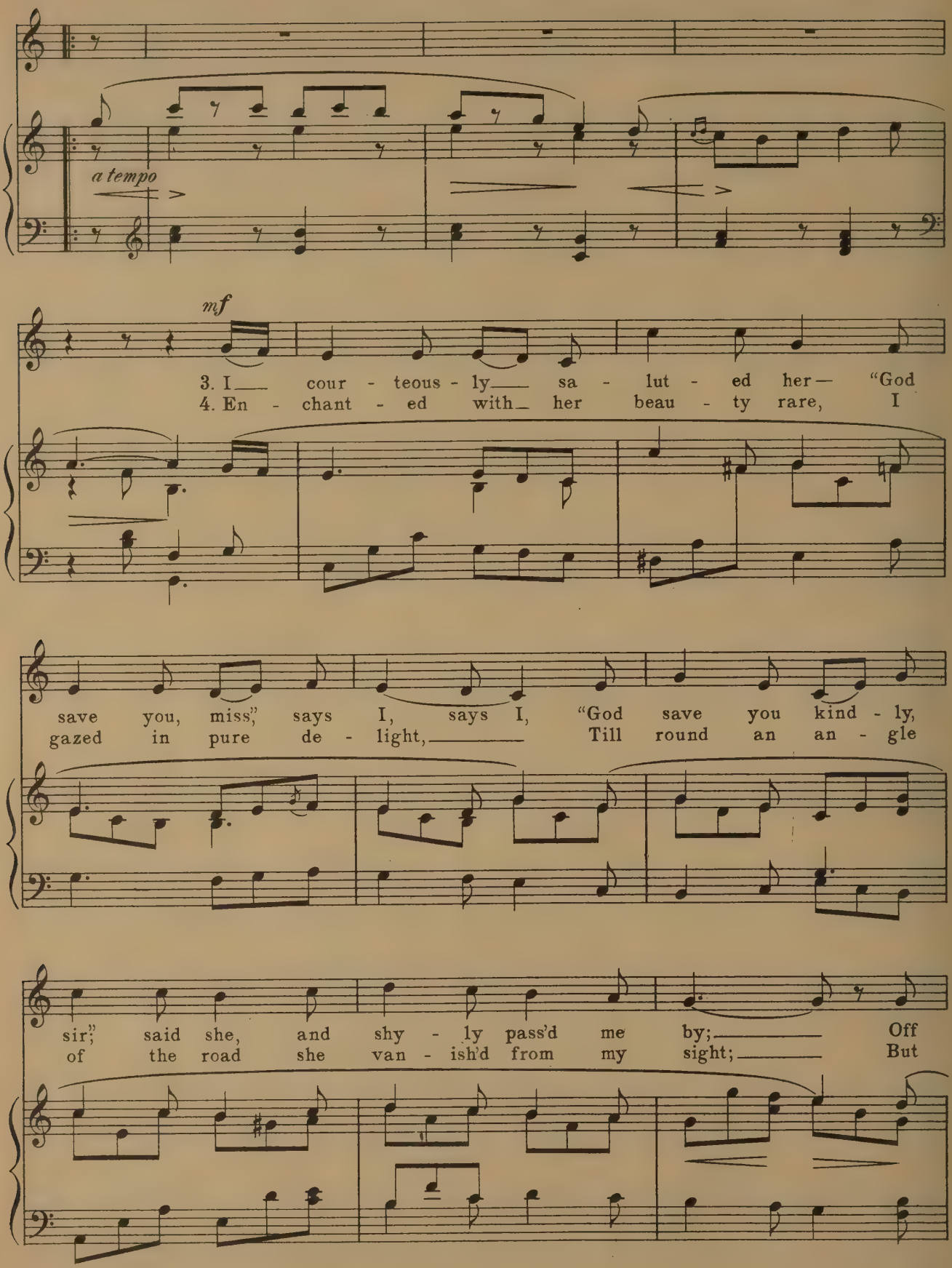
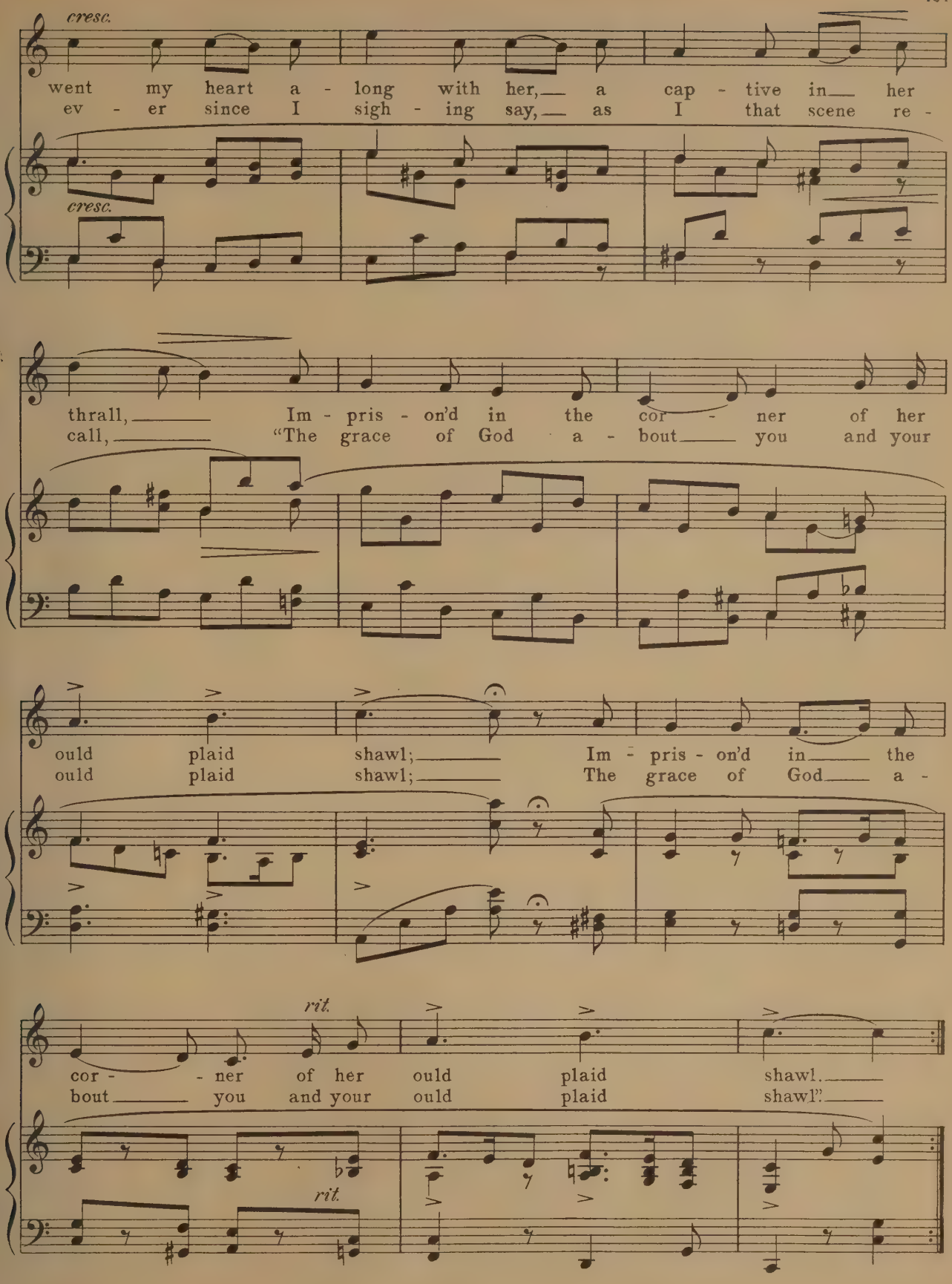
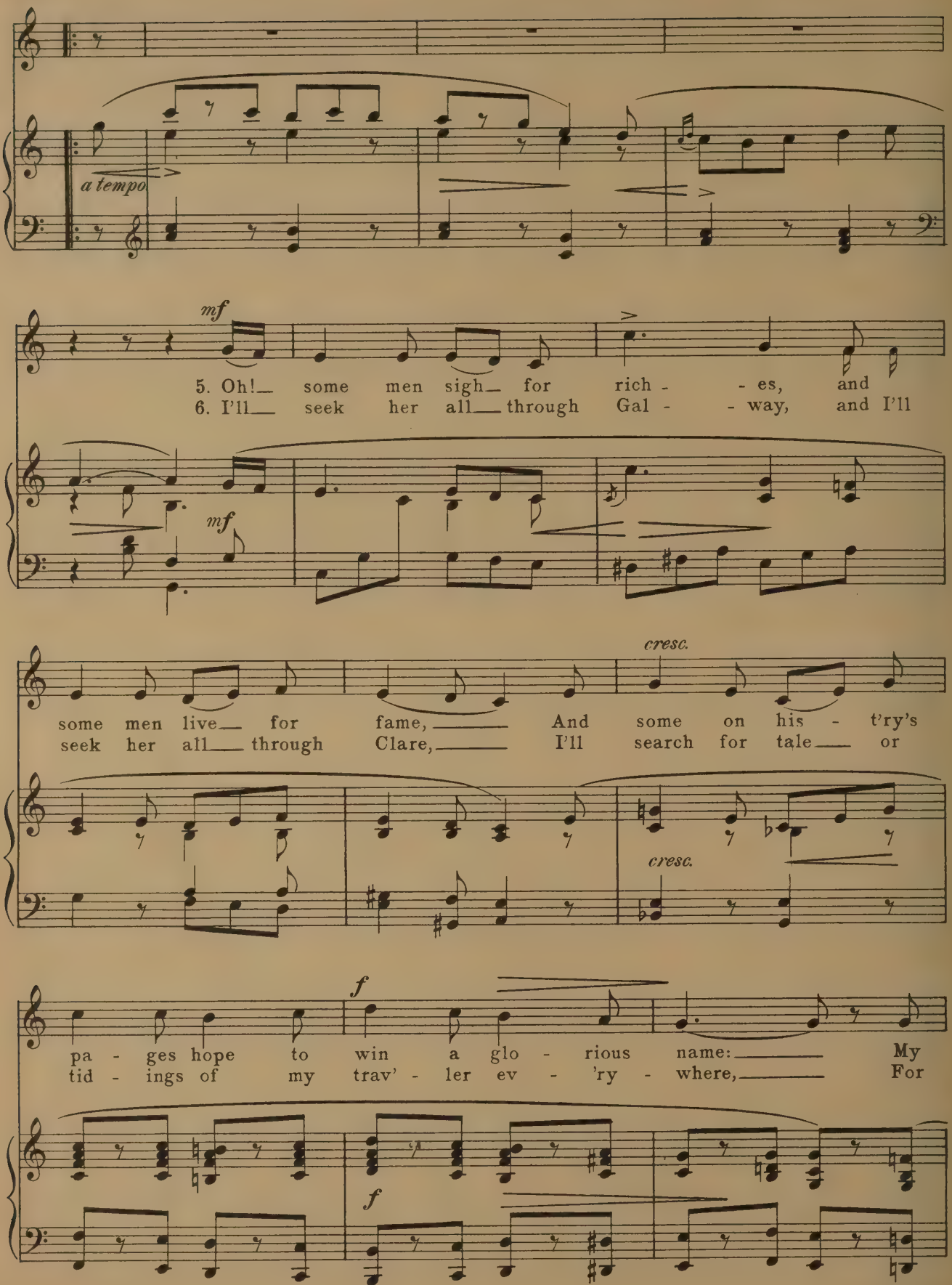
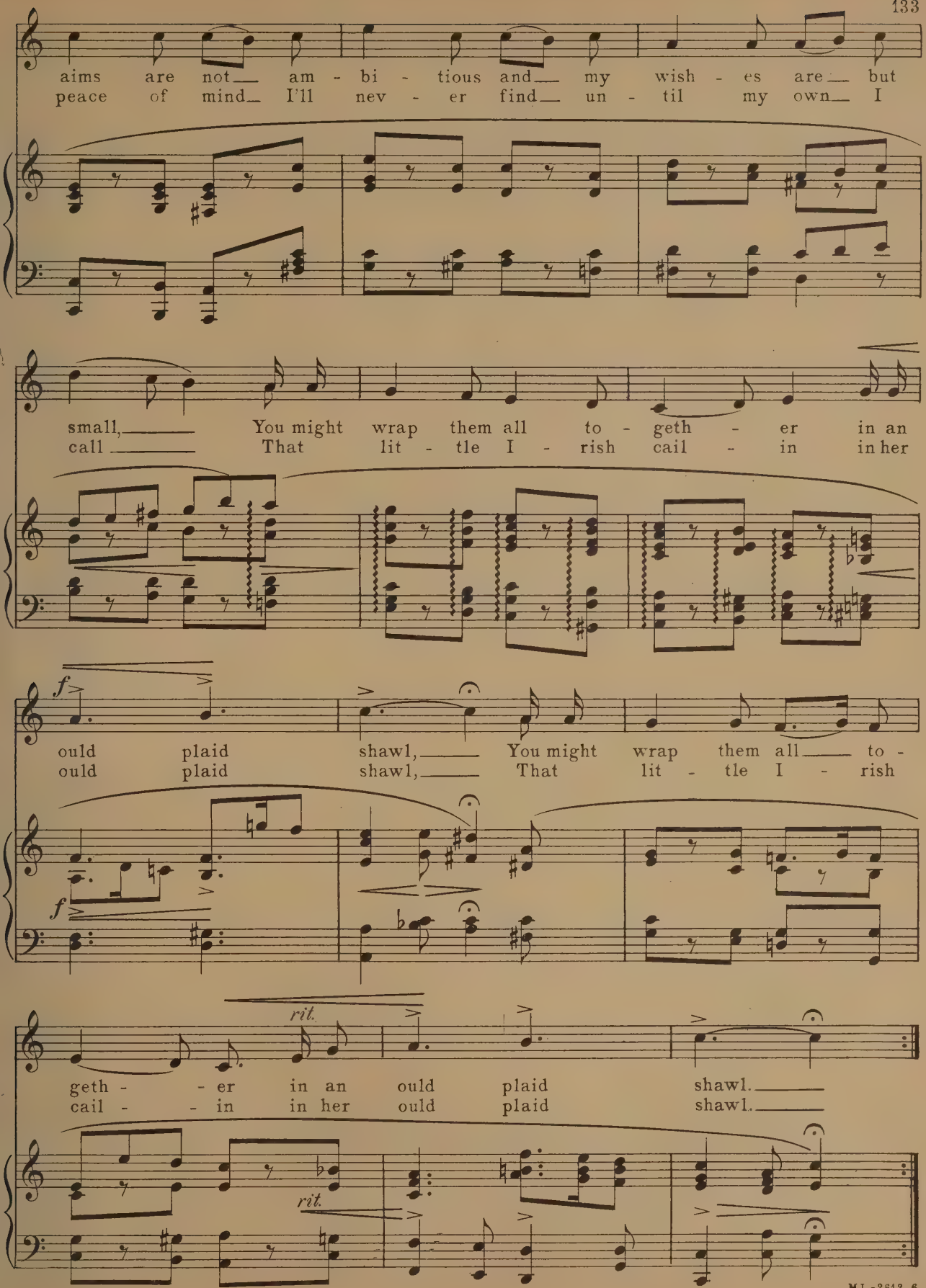

came a - cross my way, As if from out the
soul of saint would charm: Her brown hair rip - pled
sky a - bove an an - gel chanced to fall, A
o'er her brow, but great - est charm of all Was her
accel.
lit - tle I - rish cail - in in an ould plaid shawl, A
mod - est blue eyes beam - ing 'neath her ould plaid shawl, Her
accel.
rit.
lit - tle I - rish cail - - in in an ould plaid shawl.
mod - est blue eyes beam - ing 'neath her ould plaid shawl.
rit.


a tempo
mf
3. I cour - teous - ly sa - lut - ed her— "God
4. En - chant - ed with her beau - ty rare, I
save you, miss," says I, says I, "God save you kind - ly,
gazed in pure de - light, Till round an an - gle
sir;" said she, and shy - ly pass'd me by; Off
of the road she van - ish'd from my sight; But


cresc.
went my heart a - long with her, a cap - tive in her
ev - er since I sigh - ing say, as I that scene re -
cresc.
thrall, Im - pris - on'd in the cor - ner of her
call, "The grace of God a - bout you and your
ould plaid shawl; Im - pris - on'd in the
ould plaid shawl; The grace of God a -
rit.
cor - ner of her ould plaid shawl.
bout you and your ould plaid shawl".
rit.

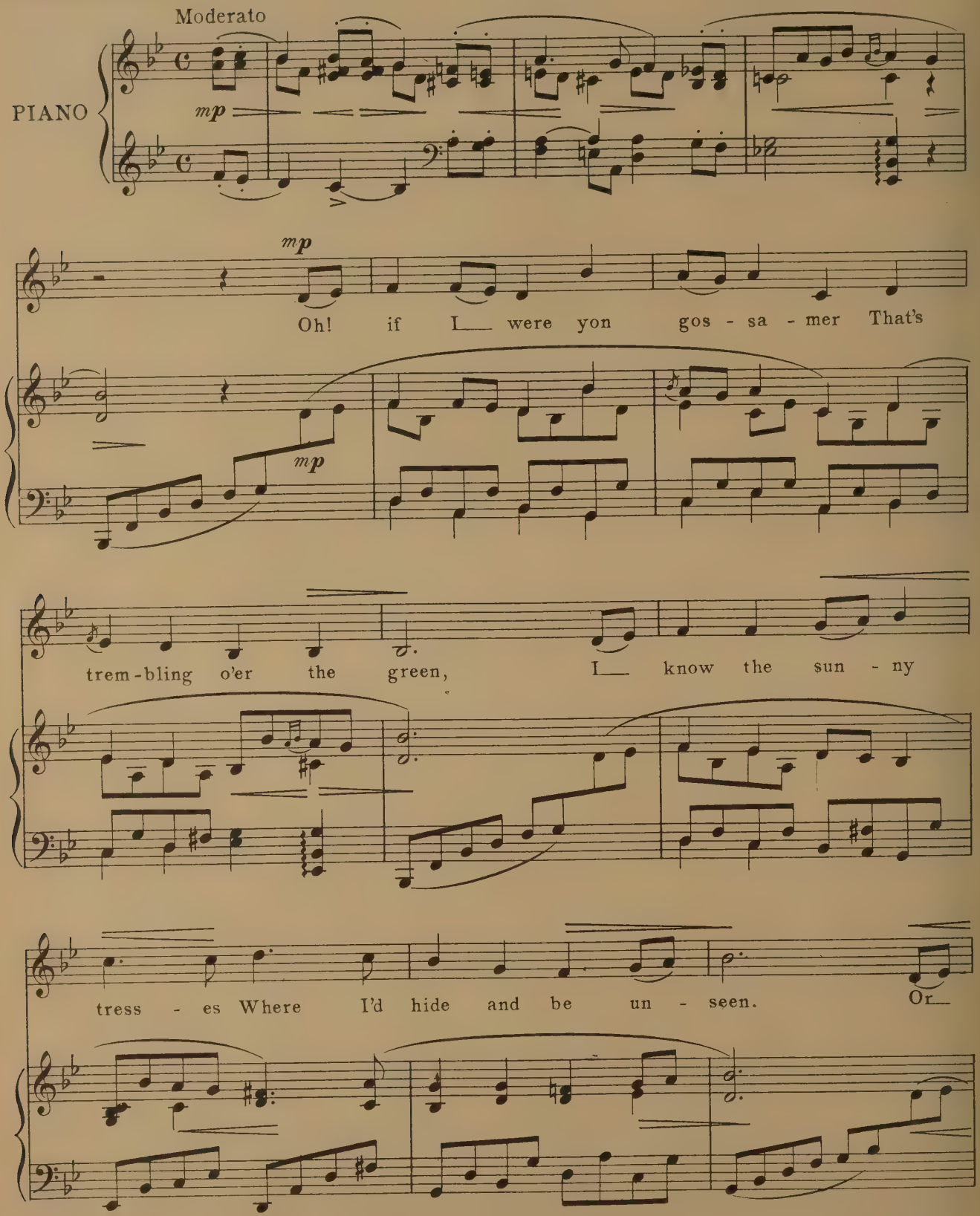

a tempo
mf
5. Oh!_ some men sigh_ for rich - - es, and
6. I'll_ seek her all_ through Gal - - way, and I'll
mf
cresc.
some men live_ for fame,_ And some on his - t'ry's
seek her all_ through Clare,_ I'll search for tale_ or
cresc.
f
pa - ges hope to win a glo - rious name:_ My
tid - ings of my trav' - ler ev - 'ry - where,_ For
f


aims are not am - bi - tious and my wish - es are but
peace of mind I'll nev - er find un - til my own I
small, You might wrap them all to - geth - er in an
call That lit - tle I - rish cail - in in her
f
ould plaid shawl, You might wrap them all to -
ould plaid shawl, That lit - tle I - rish
f
rit.
geth - - er in an ould plaid shawl.
cail - - in in her ould plaid shawl.
rit.

OH! IF I WERE YON GOSSAMER

JAMES M'KOWEN

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
PIANO
mp
mp
Oh! if I were yon gos - sa - mer That's
trem-bling o'er the green, I know the sun - ny
tress - es Where I'd hide and be un - seen. Or

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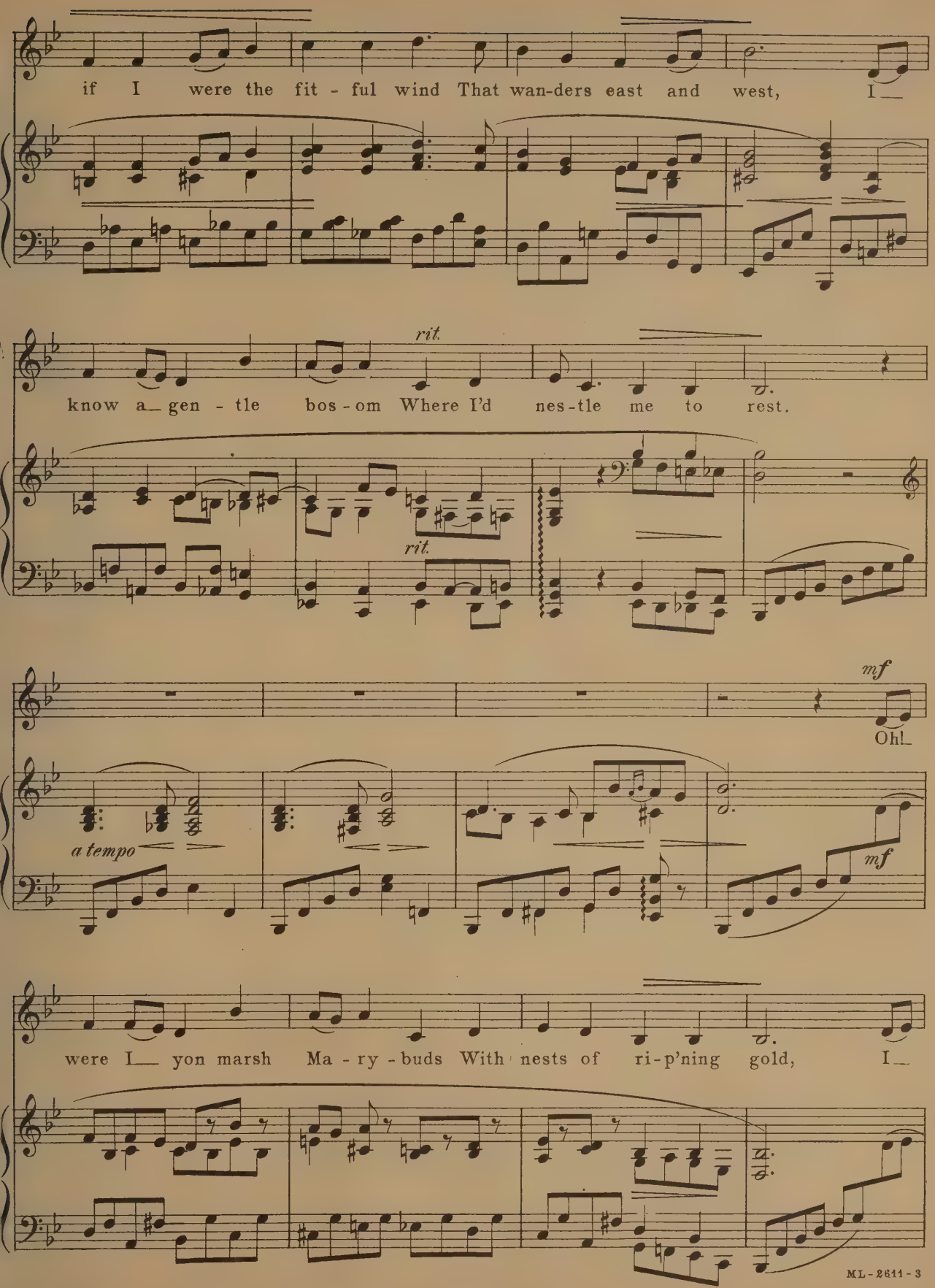
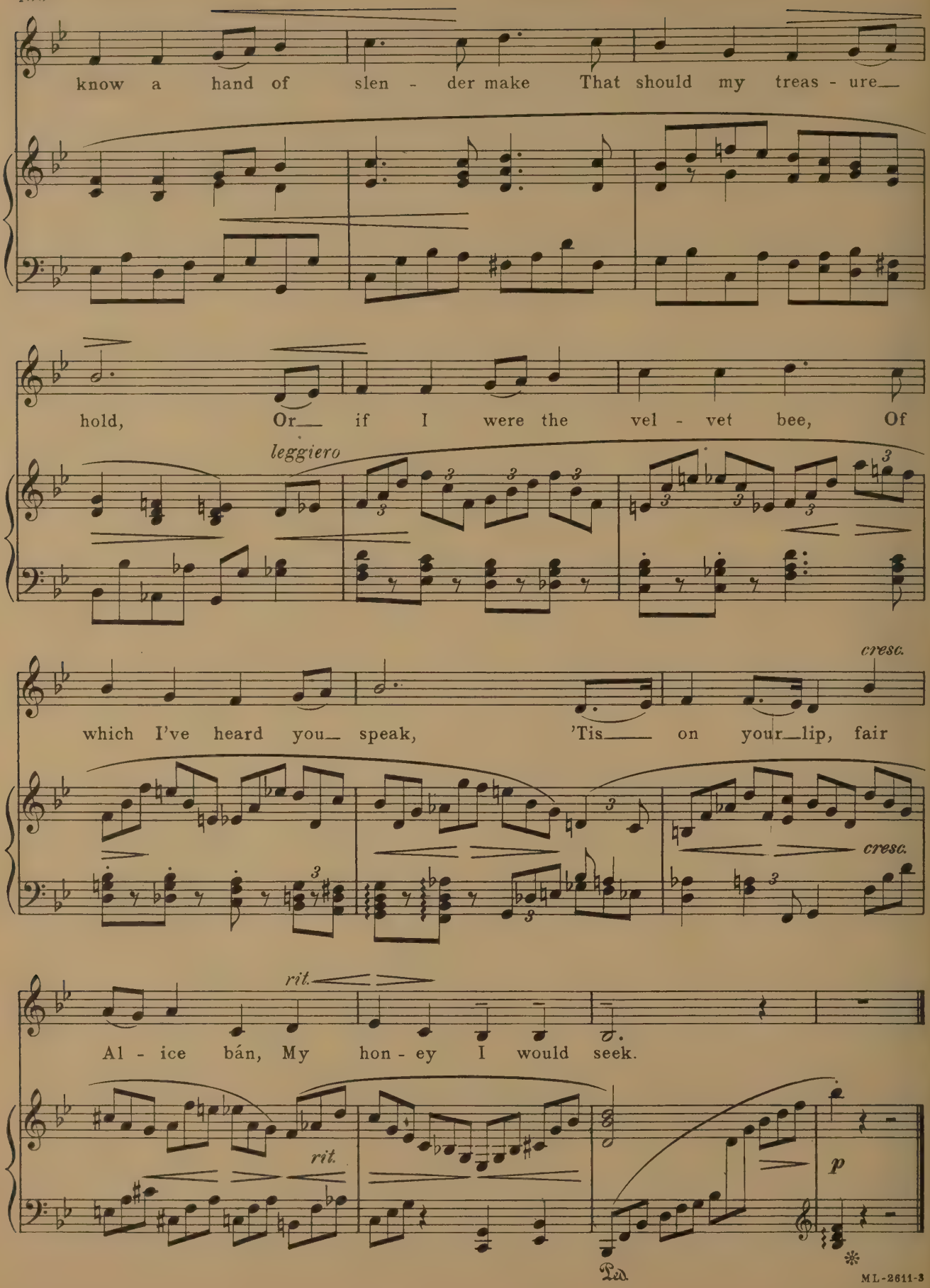
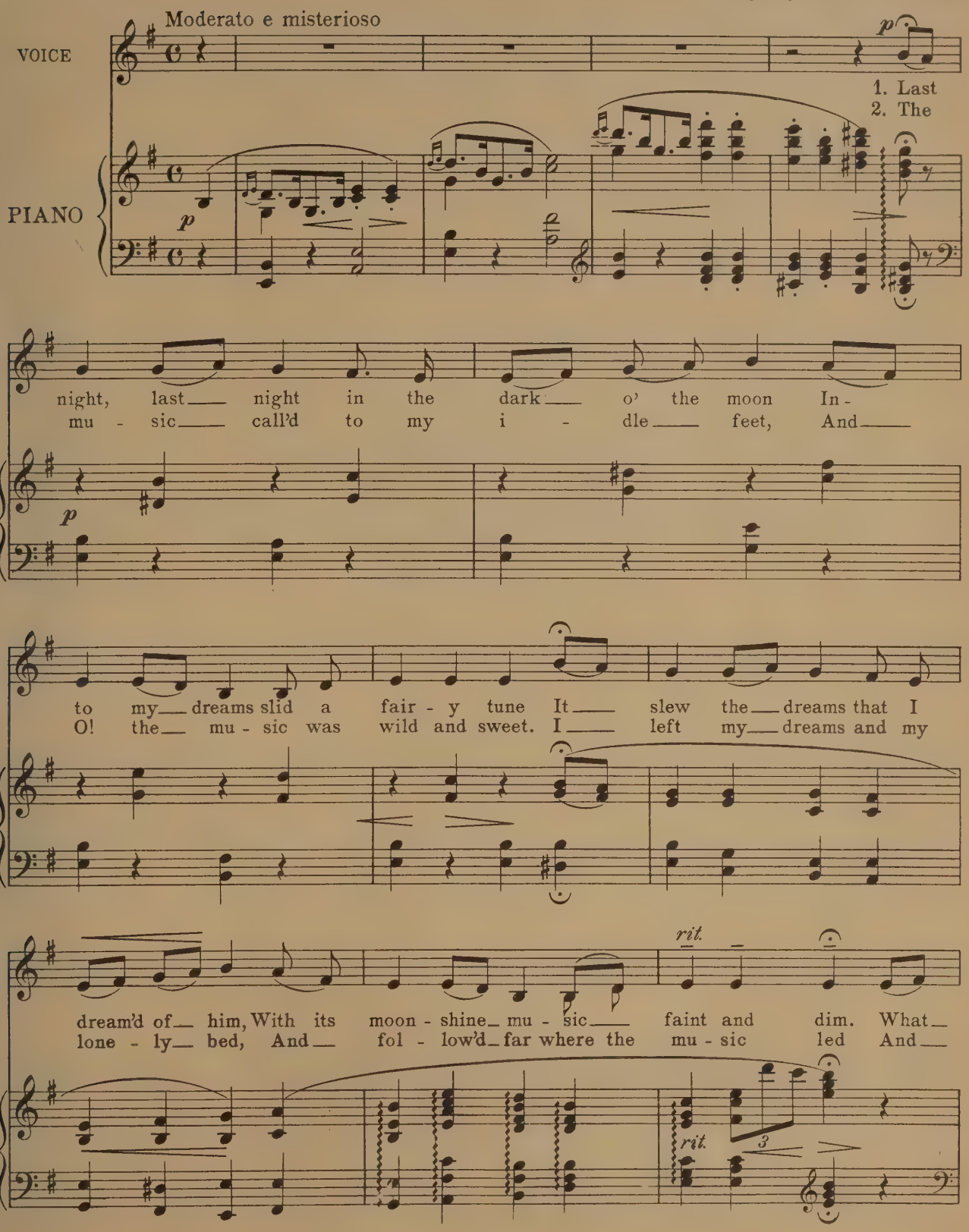

if I were the fit - ful wind That wan-ders east and west, I
rit.
know a gen - tle bos - om Where I'd nes-tle me to rest.
rit.
mf
Oh!
a tempo
mf
were I yon marsh Ma - ry - buds With nests of ri-p'ning gold, I


know a hand of slen - der make That should my treas - ure
hold, Or if I were the vel - vet bee, Of
leggiero
which I've heard you speak, 'Tis on your lip, fair
cresc.
cresc.
Al - ice bán, My hon - ey I would seek.
rit.
rit.
p
Ped.

NORA CHESSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato e misterioso
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Last
2. The
night, last night in the dark o' the moon In-
mu - sic call'd to my i - dle feet, And
to my dreams slid a fair - y tune It slew the dreams that I
O! the mu - sic was wild and sweet. I left my dreams and my
rit.
dream'd of him, With its moon - shine mu - sic faint and dim. What
lone - ly bed, And fol - low'd far where the mu - sic led And
rit.
3

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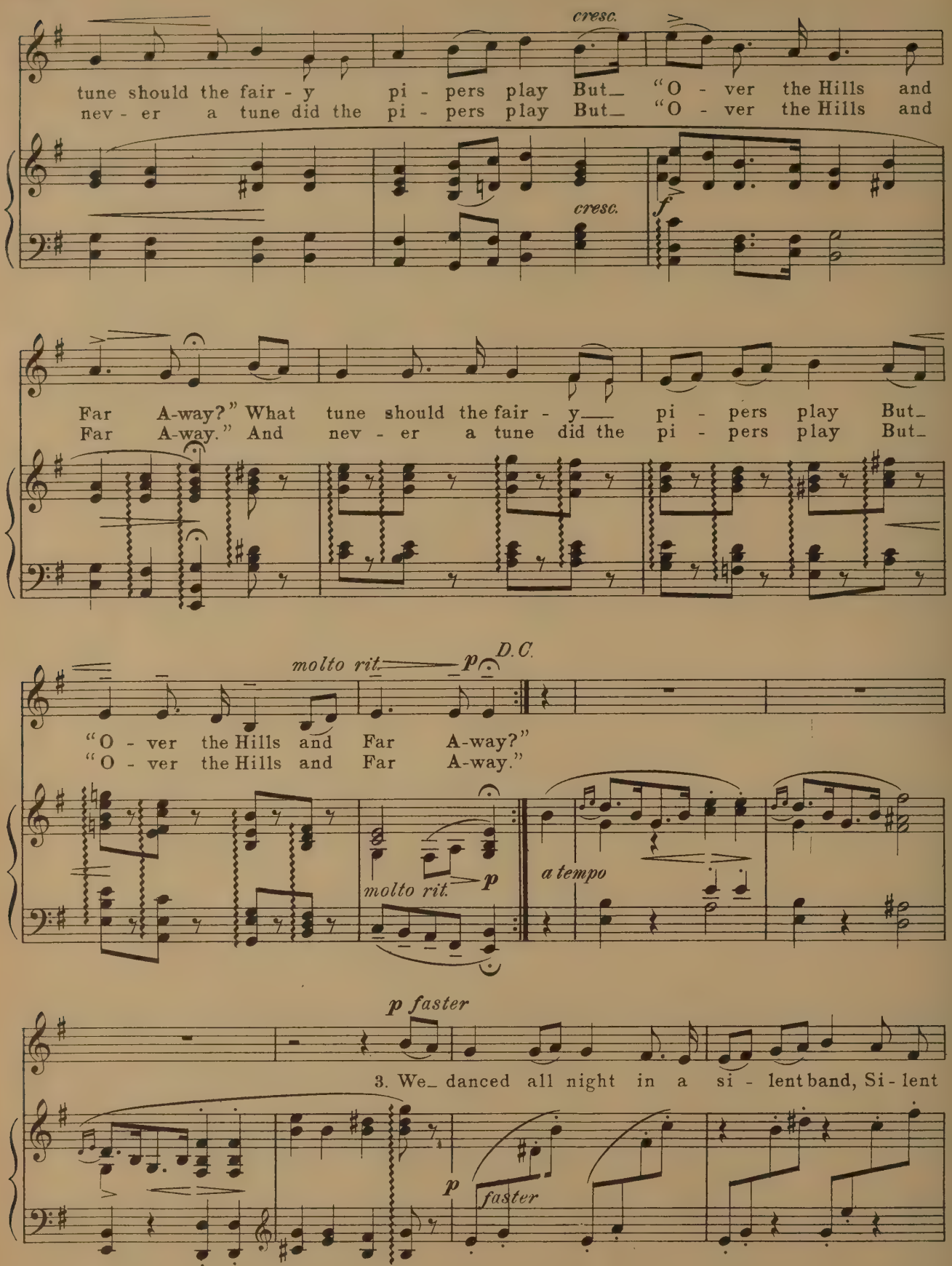
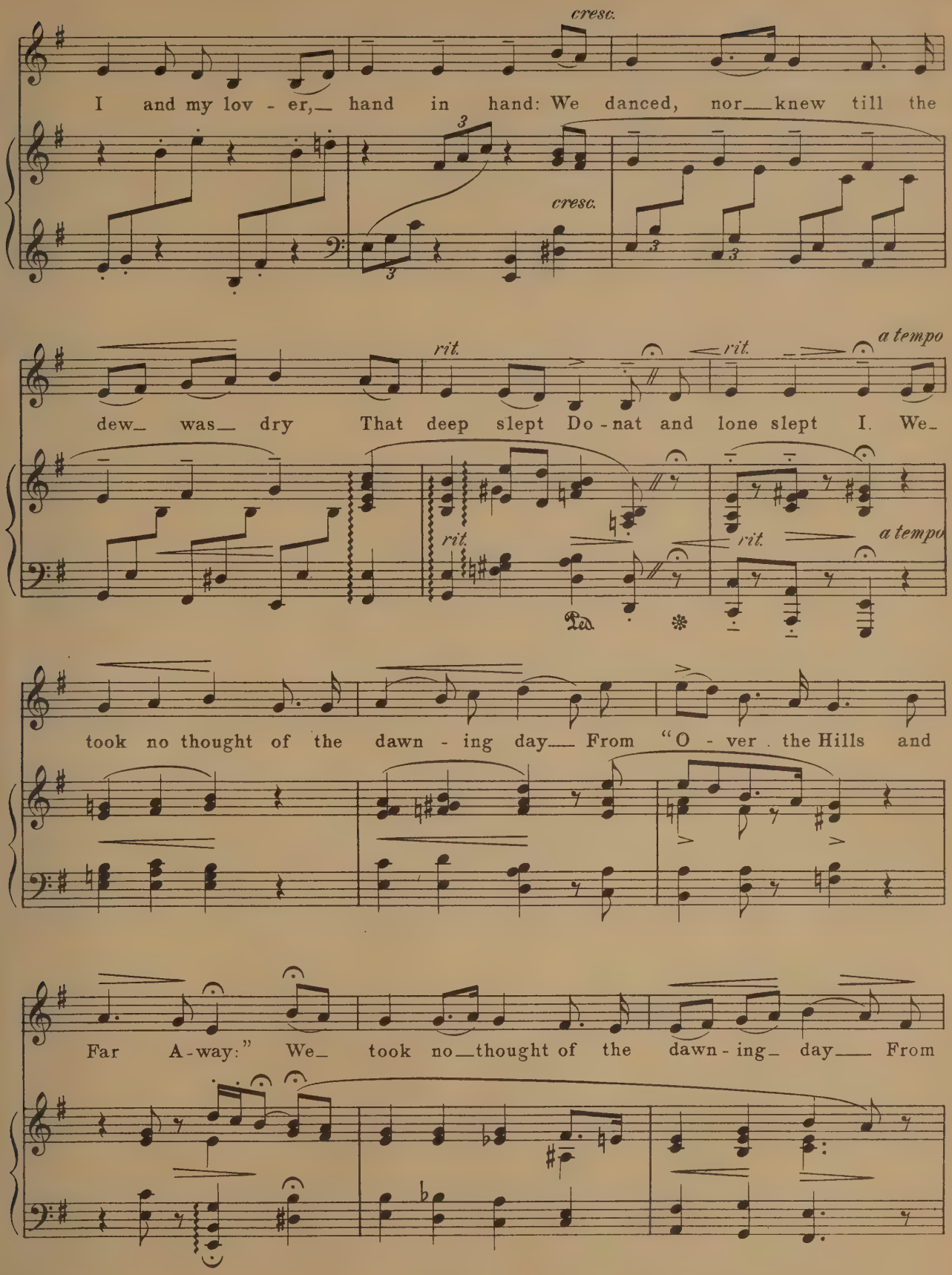
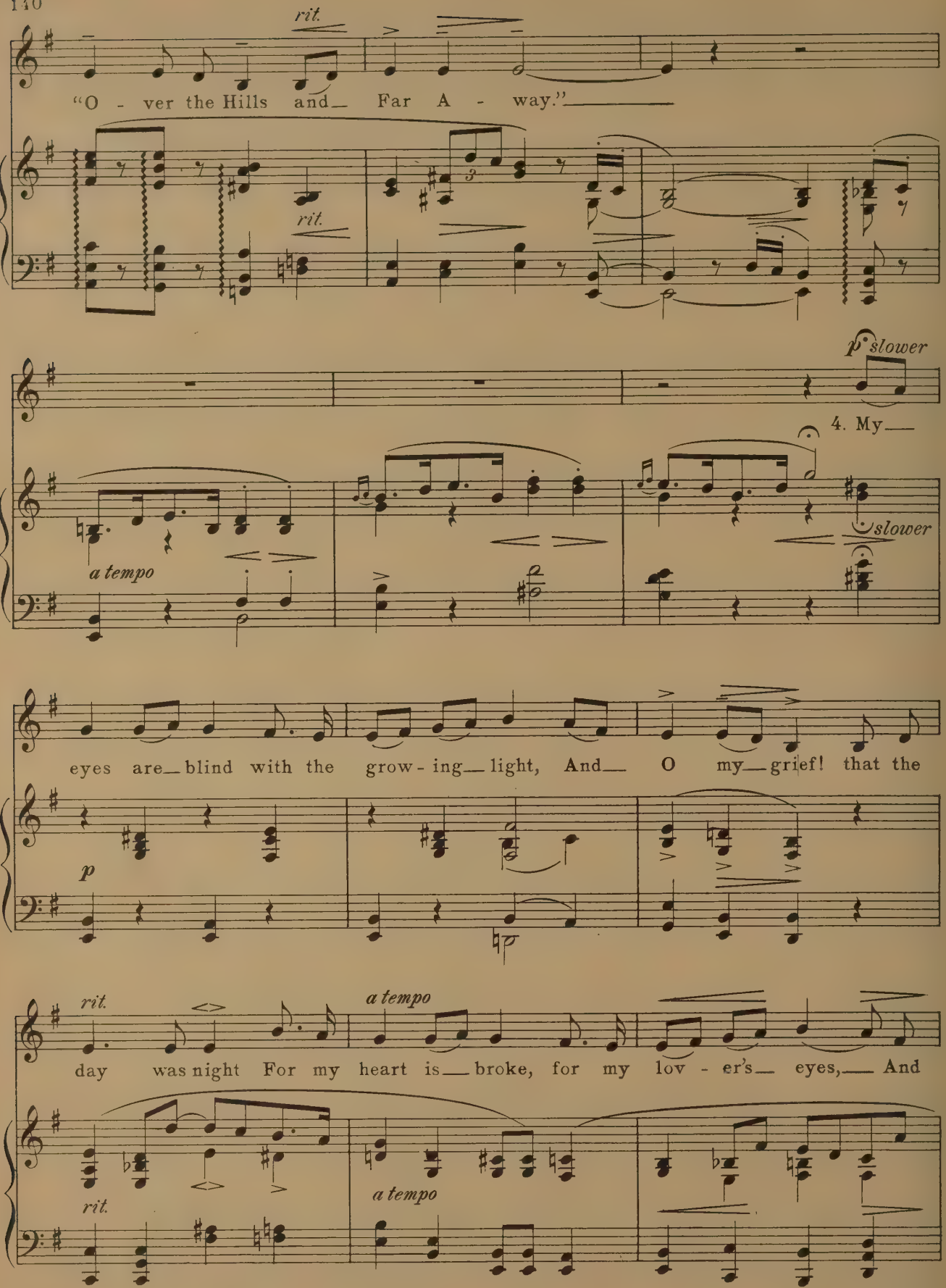
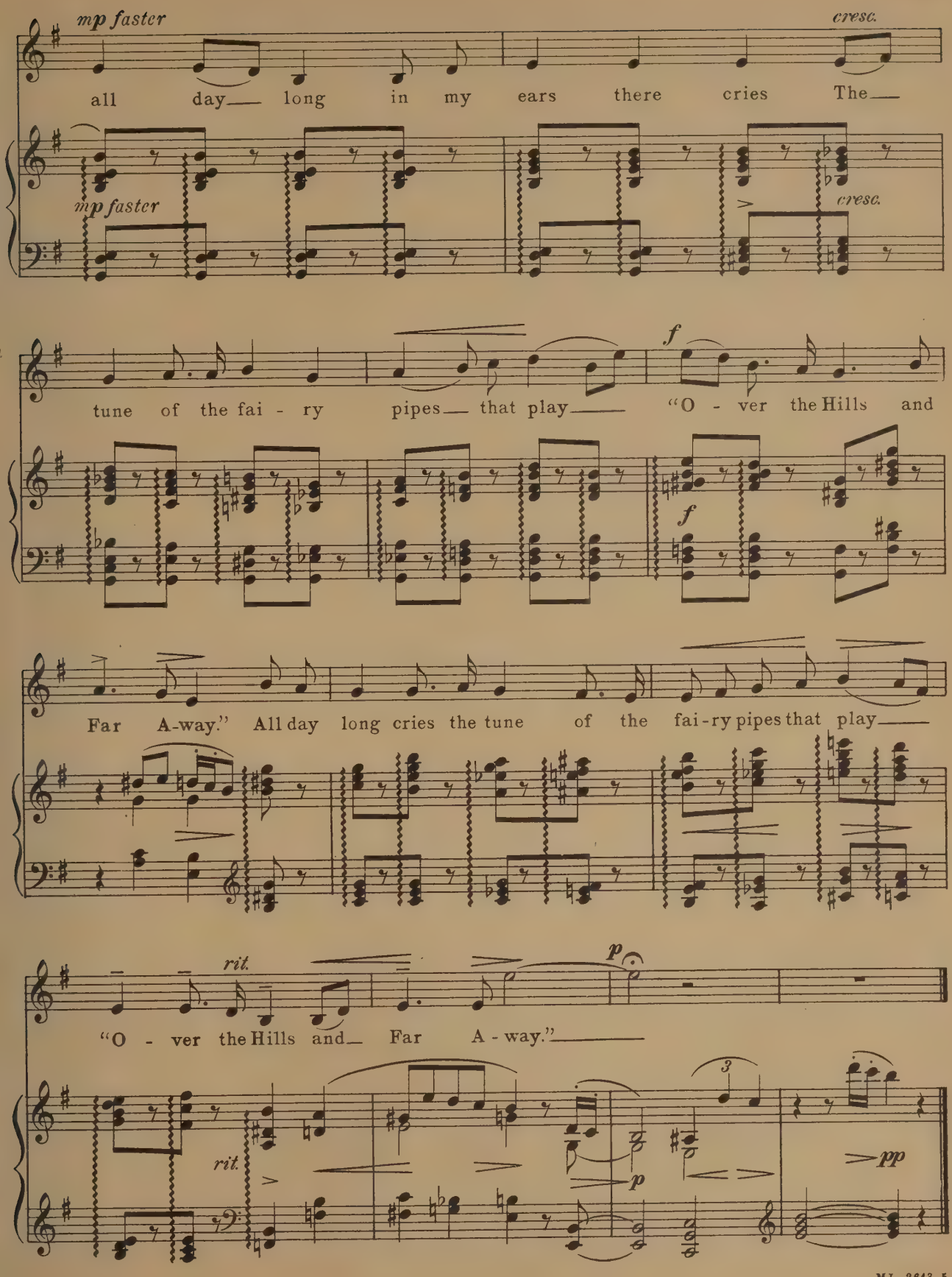

cresc.
tune should the fair - y pi - pers play But_ "O - ver the Hills and
nev - er a tune did the pi - pers play But_ "O - ver the Hills and
cresc.
f
Far A-way?" What tune should the fair - y_ pi - pers play But_
Far A-way." And nev - er a tune did the pi - pers play But_
molto rit. p D.C.
"O - ver the Hills and Far A-way?"
"O - ver the Hills and Far A-way."
molto rit. p
a tempo
p faster
3. We_ danced all night in a si - lent band, Si - lent
p faster


cresc.
I and my lov - er,_ hand in hand: We danced, nor_knew till the
cresc.
rit.
rit.
a tempo
dew_ was_ dry That deep slept Do - nat and lone slept I. We_
rit.
rit.
a tempo
Ped.
took no thought of the dawn - ing day_ From "O - ver the Hills and
Far A-way:" We_ took no_thought of the dawn - ing_ day_ From

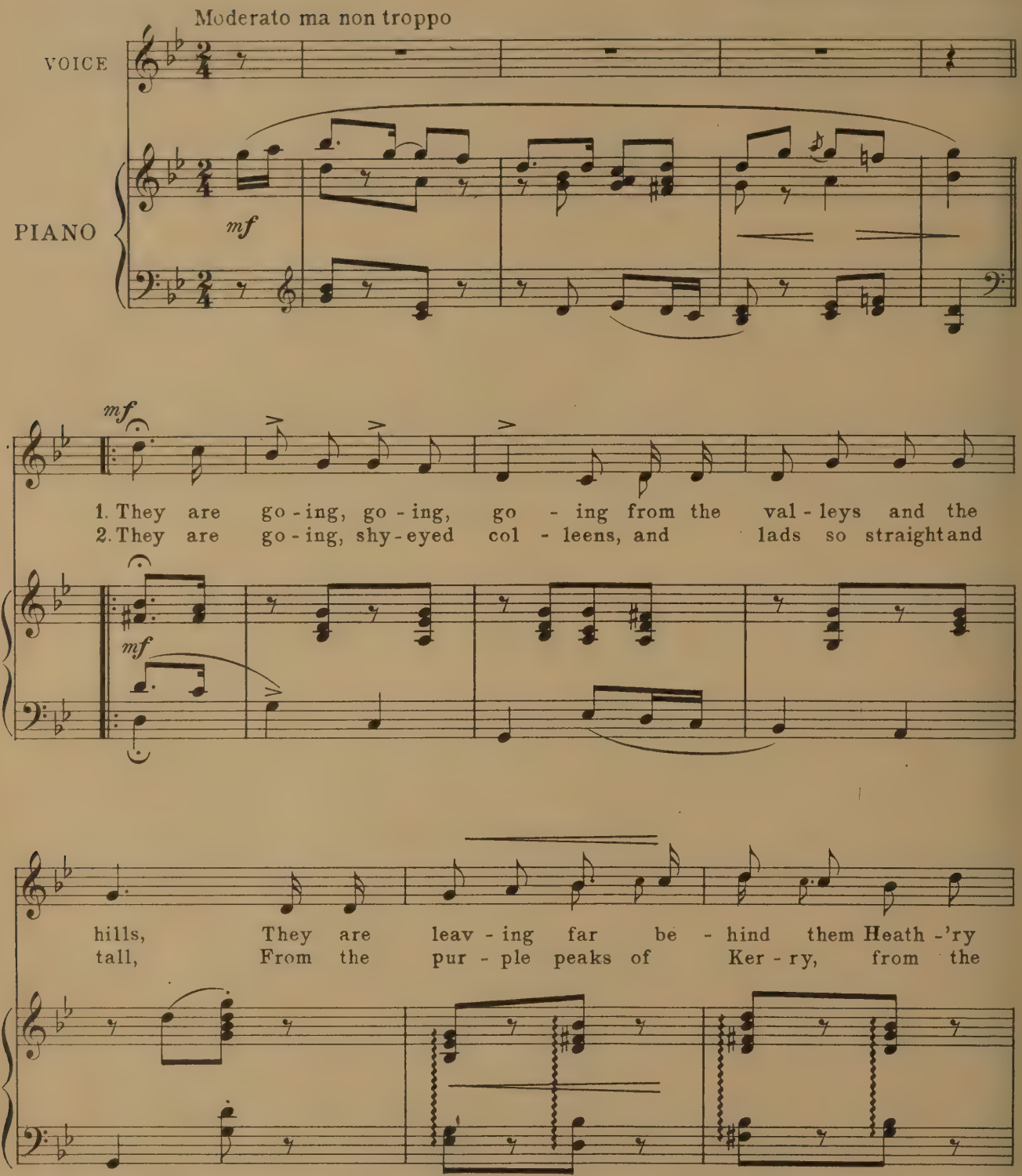

rit.
"O - ver the Hills and Far A - way."
rit.
p slower
4. My
slower
a tempo
eyes are blind with the grow - ing light, And O my grief! that the
p
rit.
a tempo
day was night For my heart is broke, for my lov - er's eyes, And
rit.
a tempo


mp faster
cresc.
all day long in my ears there cries The
mp faster
cresc.
f
tune of the fai - ry pipes that play "O - ver the Hills and
f
Far A-way." All day long cries the tune of the fai-ry pipes that play
rit.
p
"O - ver the Hills and Far A - way."
rit.
3
p
pp

THE PASSING OF THE GAEL

ETHNA CARBERY

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato ma non troppo
VOICE
PIANO
mf
mf
mf
1. They are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing from the val - leys and the
2. They are go - ing, shy - eyed col - leens, and lads so straight and
hills, They are leav - ing far be - hind them Heath - 'ry
tall, From the pur - ple peaks of Ker - ry, from the

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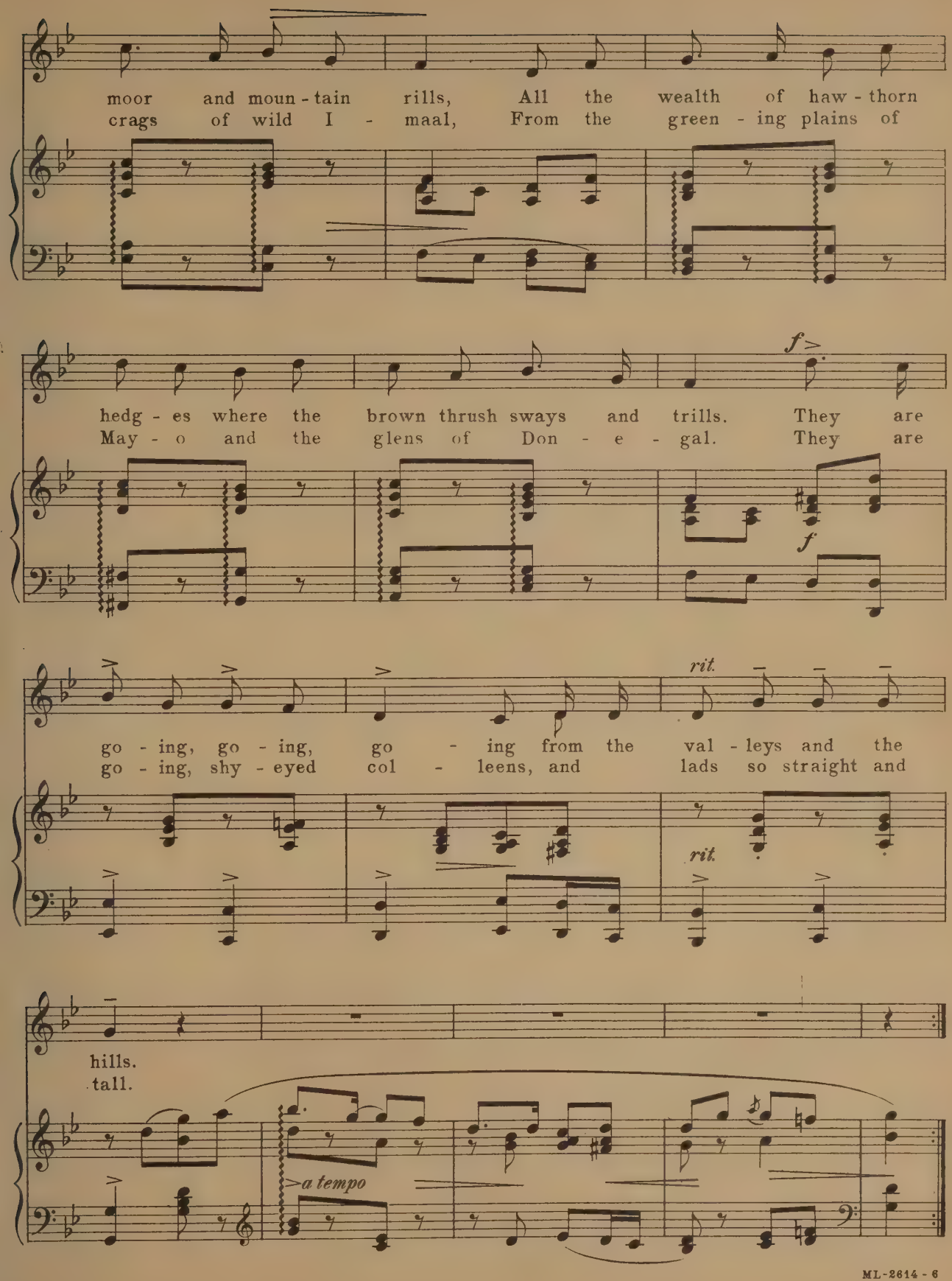
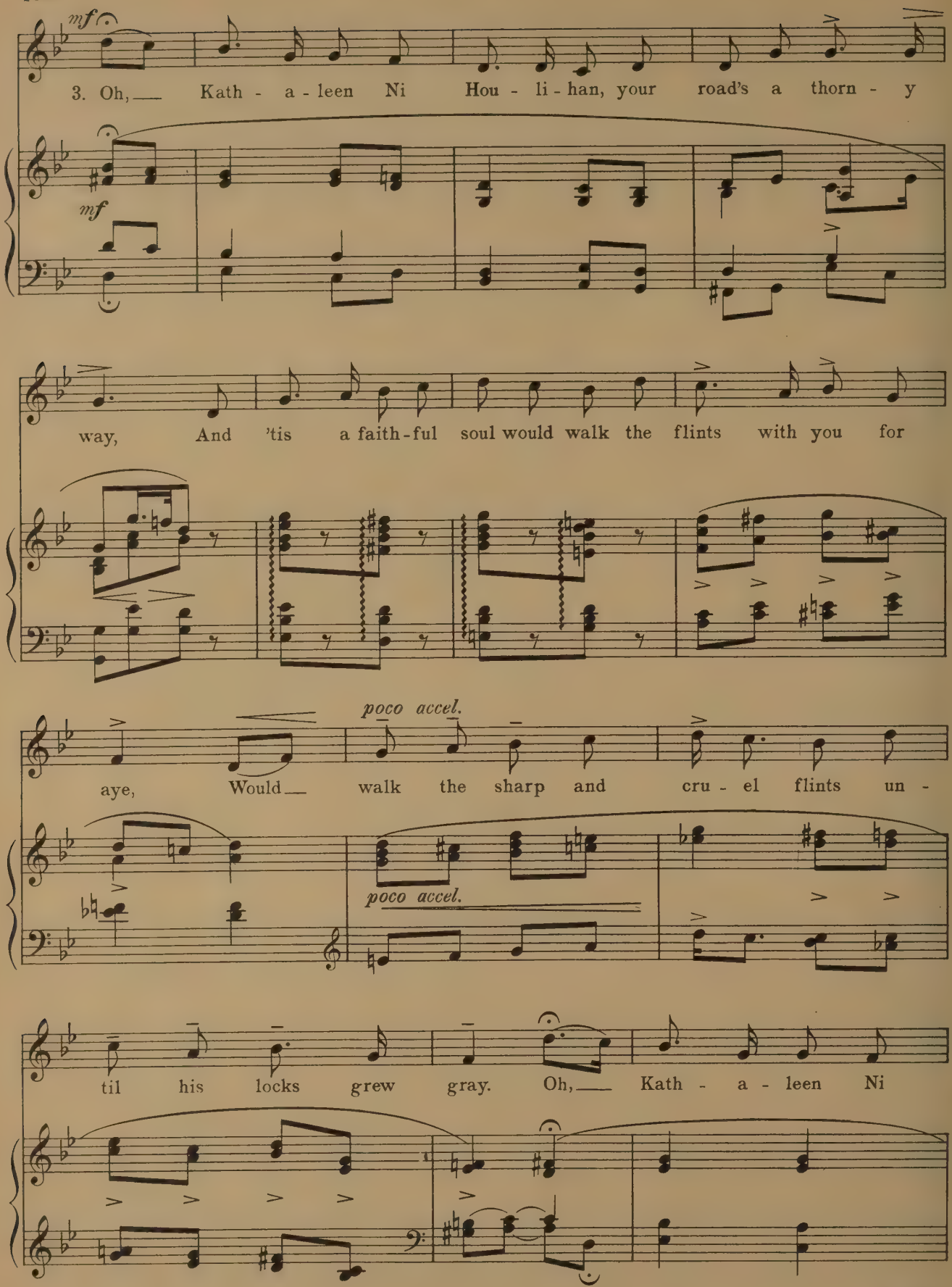
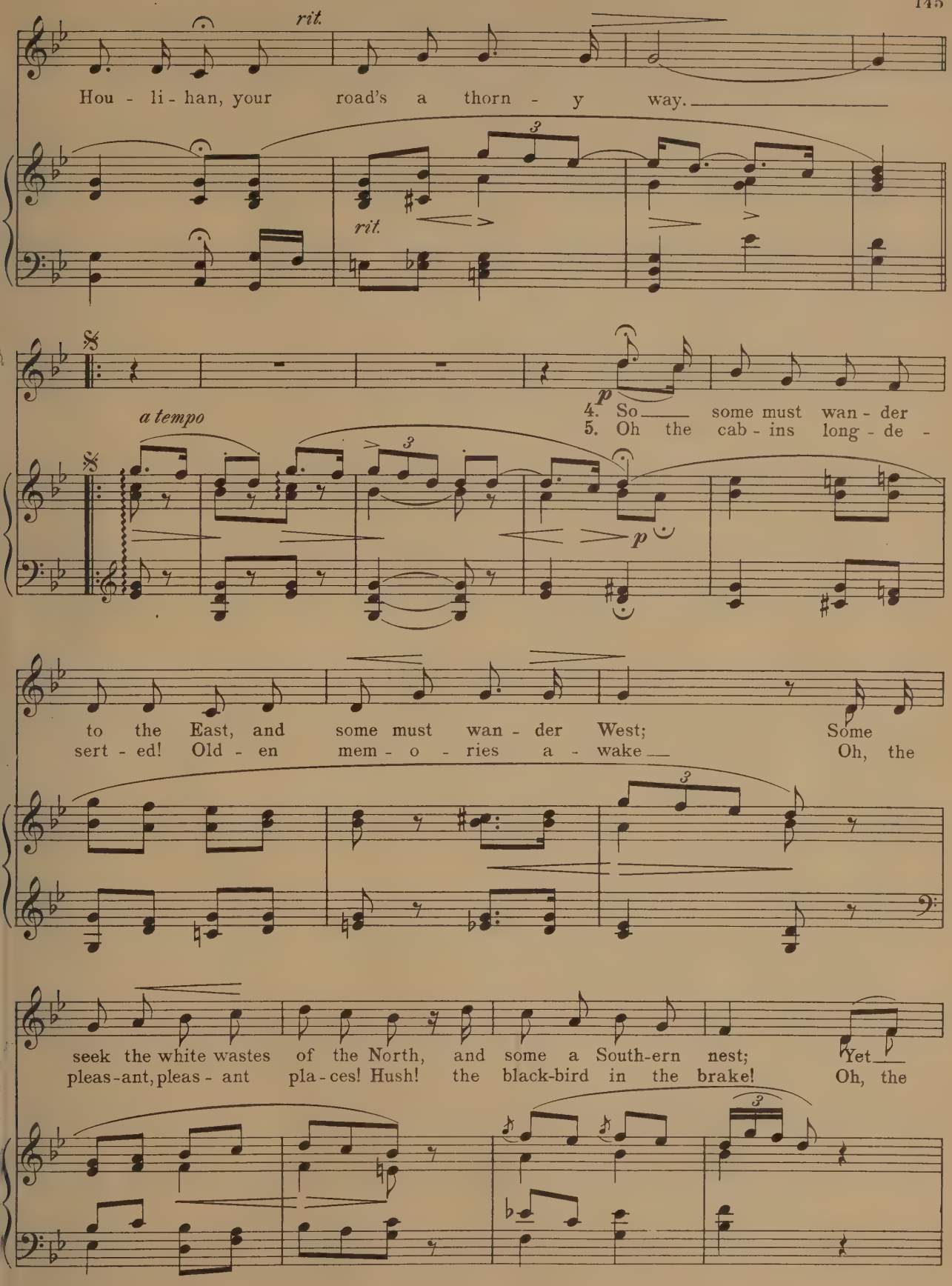
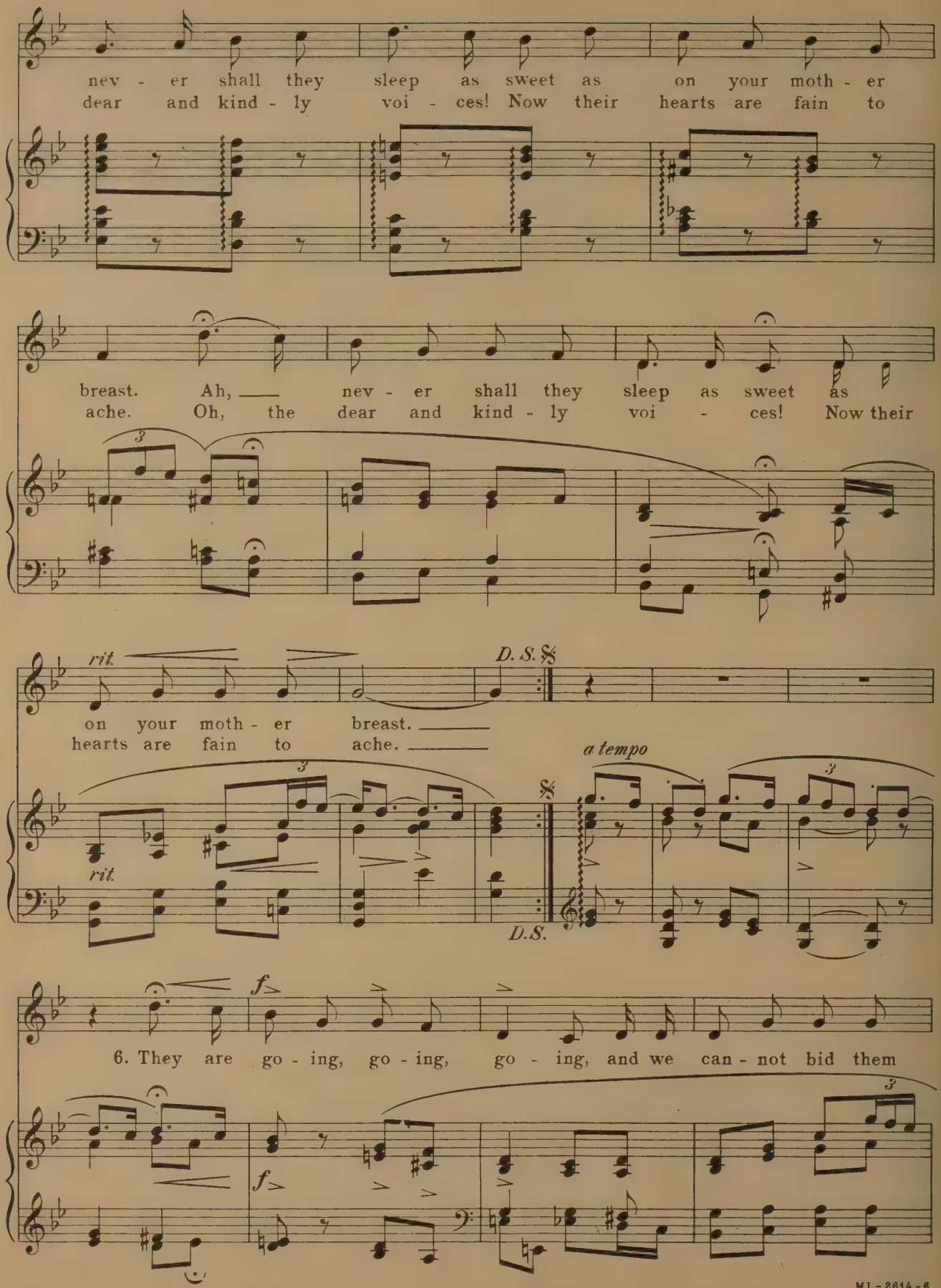
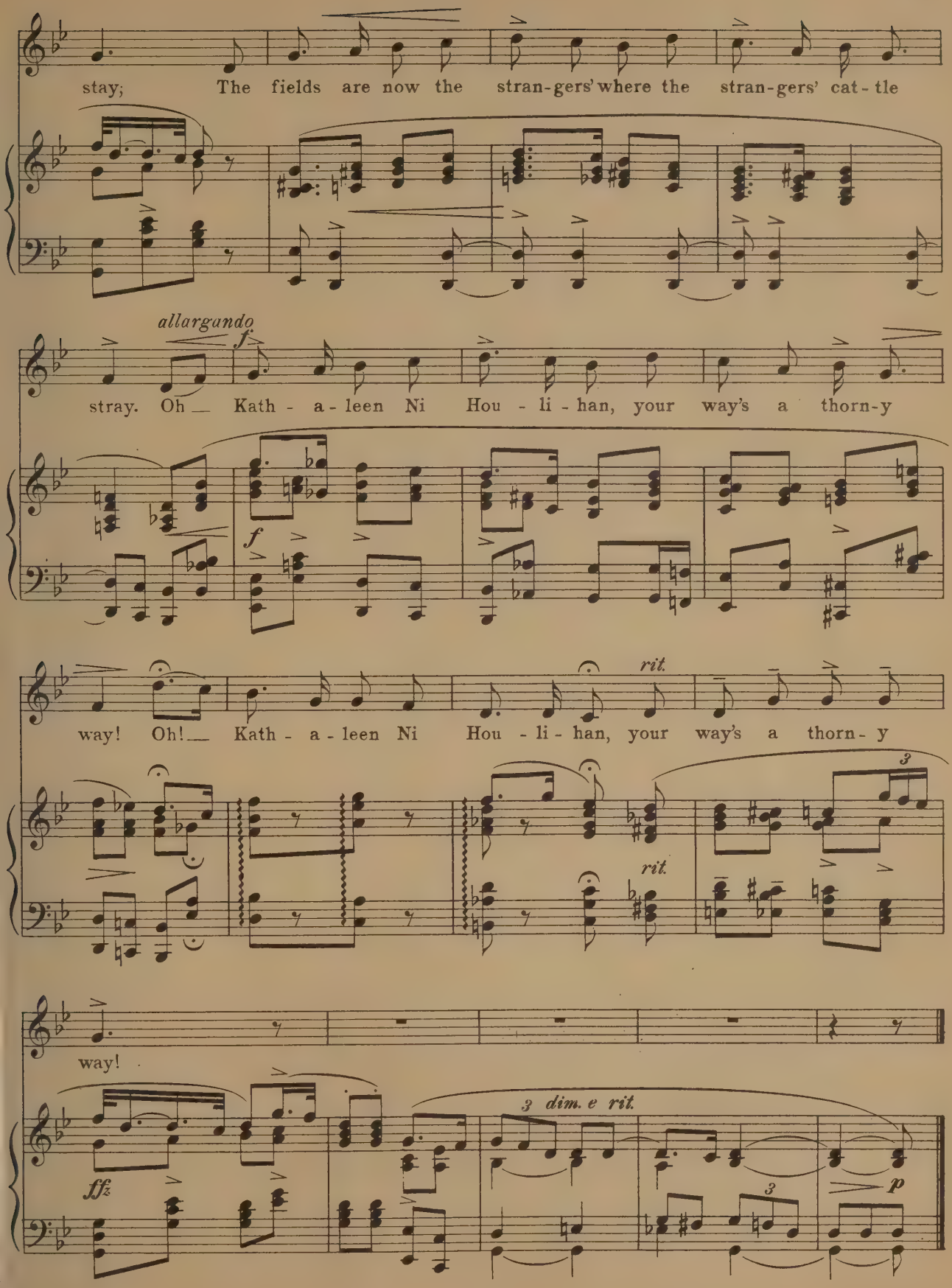

moor and moun - tain rills, All the wealth of haw - thorn
crags of wild I - maal, From the green - ing plains of
hedg - es where the brown thrush sways and trills. They are
May - o and the glens of Don - e - gal. They are
f>
f
go - ing, go - ing, go - ing from the val - leys and the
go - ing, shy - eyed col - leens, and lads so straight and
rit.
rit.
hills.
tall.
a tempo


mf
3. Oh, Kath - a - leen Ni Hou - li - han, your road's a thorn - y
mf
way, And 'tis a faith-ful soul would walk the flints with you for
poco accel.
aye, Would walk the sharp and cru - el flints un -
poco accel.
til his locks grew gray. Oh, Kath - a - leen Ni


rit.
Hou - li - han, your road's a thorn - y way.
rit.
a tempo
4. So some must wan - der
5. Oh the cab - ins long - de -
to the East, and some must wan - der West; Some
sert - ed! Old - en mem - o - ries a - wake Oh, the
seek the white wastes of the North, and some a South-ern nest; Yet
pleas - ant, pleas - ant pla - ces! Hush! the black-bird in the brake! Oh, the

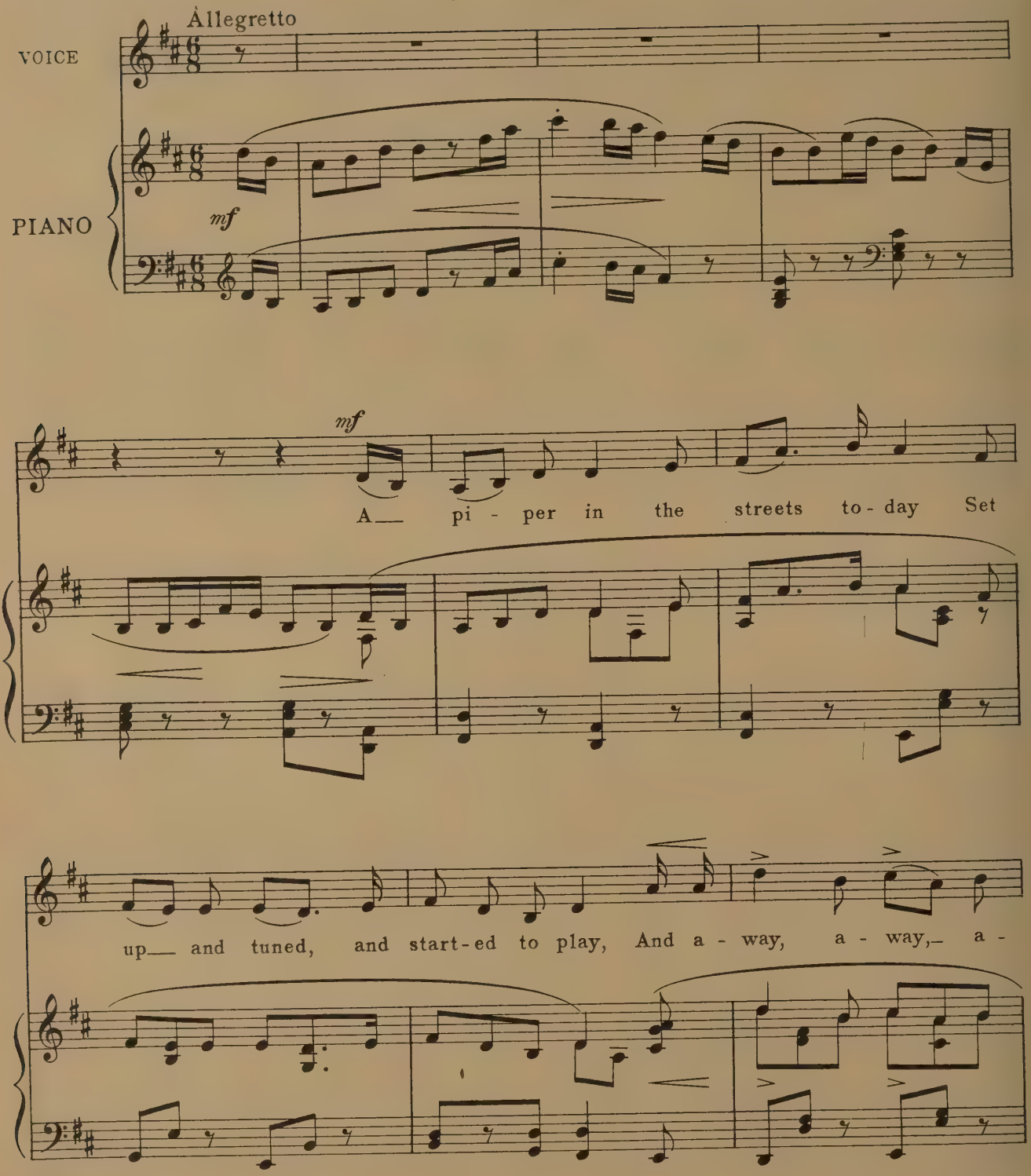

nev - er shall they sleep as sweet as on your moth - er
dear and kind - ly voi - ces! Now their hearts are fain to
breast. Ah, nev - er shall they sleep as sweet as
ache. Oh, the dear and kind - ly voi - ces! Now their
rit.
on your moth - er breast.
hearts are fain to ache.
D. S. 𝄋
a tempo
rit.
D. S.
6. They are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, and we can - not bid them


stay; The fields are now the stran-gers' where the stran-gers' cat-tle
allargando
f
stray. Oh Kath - a - leen Ni Hou - li - han, your way's a thorn-y
f
rit.
way! Oh! Kath - a - leen Ni Hou - li - han, your way's a thorn - y
rit.
3
way!
3 dim. e rit.
ffz
3
p

A PIPER

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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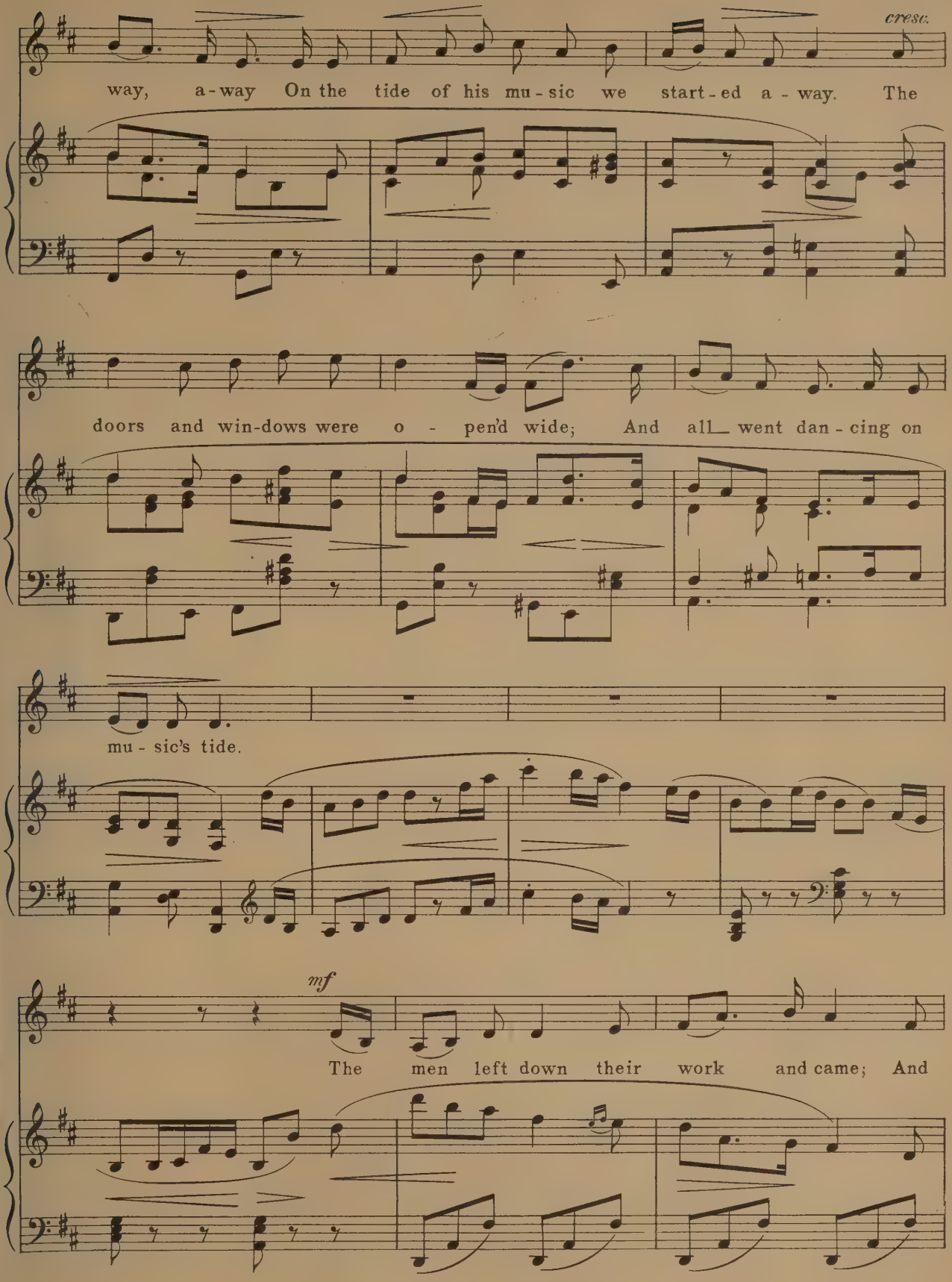
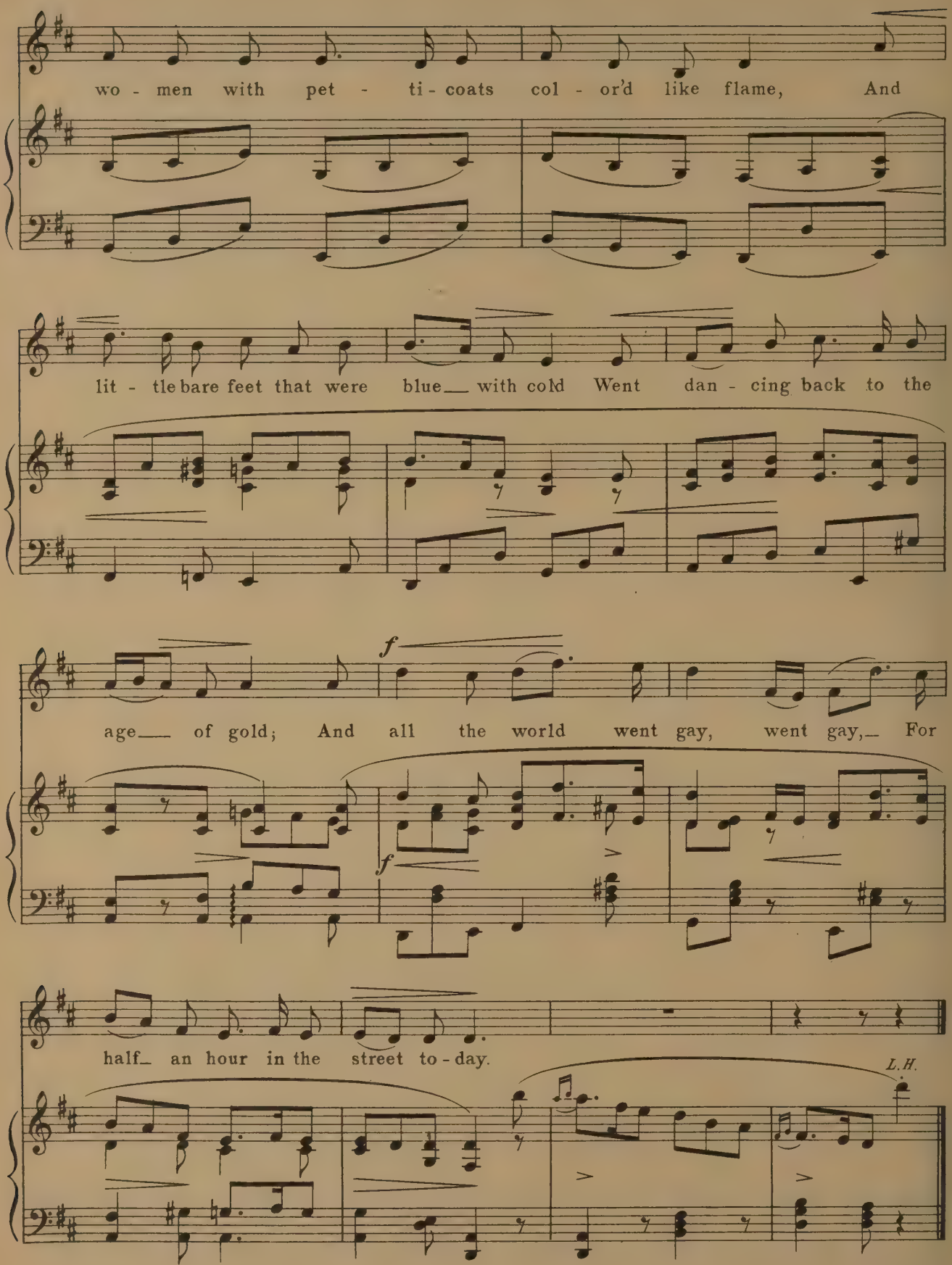
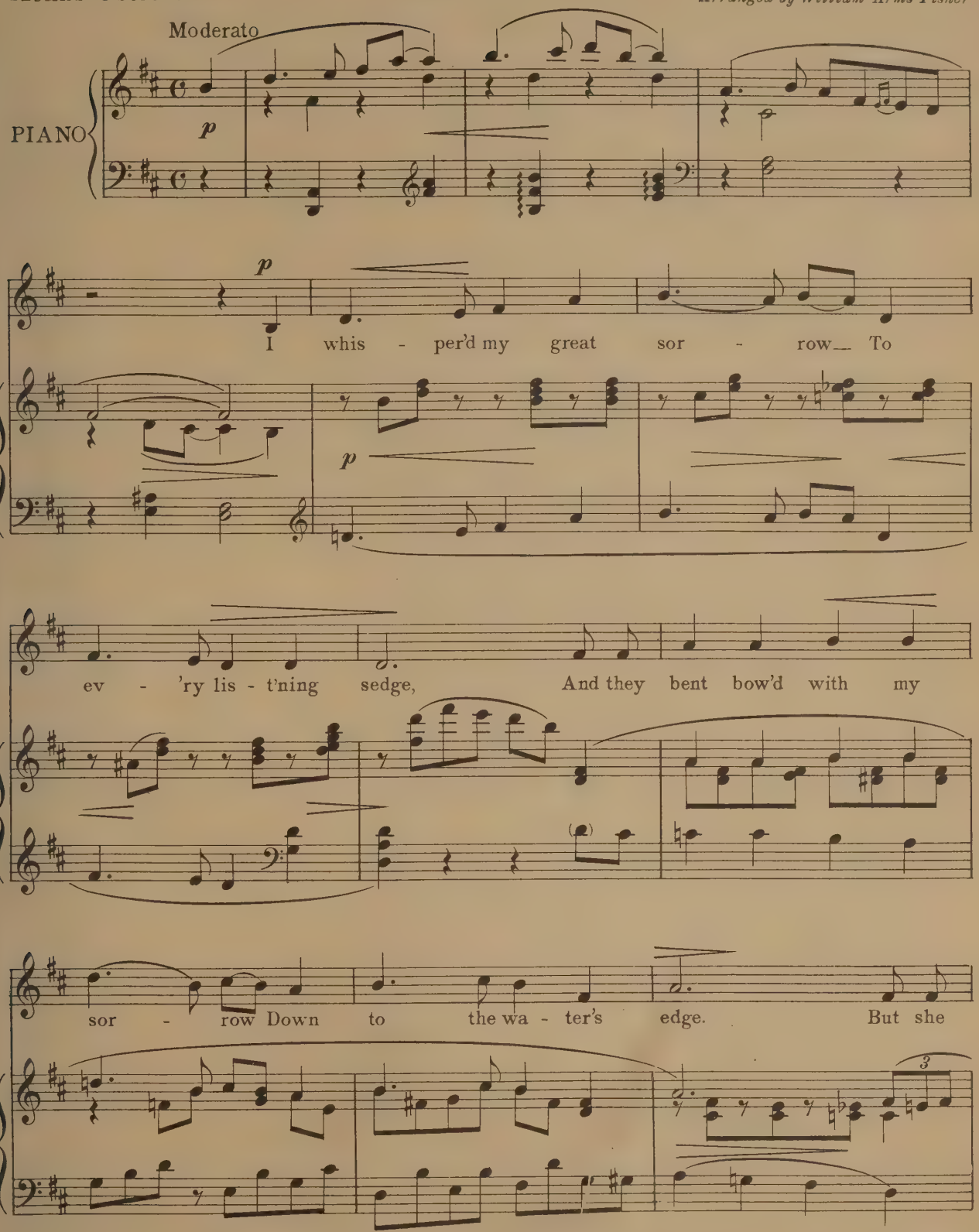

cresc.
way, a-way On the tide of his mu-sic we start-ed a-way. The
doors and win-dows were o - pen'd wide; And all went dan-cing on
mu-sic's tide.
mf
The men left down their work and came; And


wo - men with pet - ti - coats col - or'd like flame, And
lit - tle bare feet that were blue with cold Went dan - cing back to the
f
age of gold; And all the world went gay, went gay, For
f
half an hour in the street to - day.
L.H.

THE SEDGES

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

Donegal Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
PIANO
p
I whis - per'd my great sor - row To
ev - 'ry lis - t'ning sedge, And they bent bow'd with my
sor - row Down to the wa - ter's edge. But she
3

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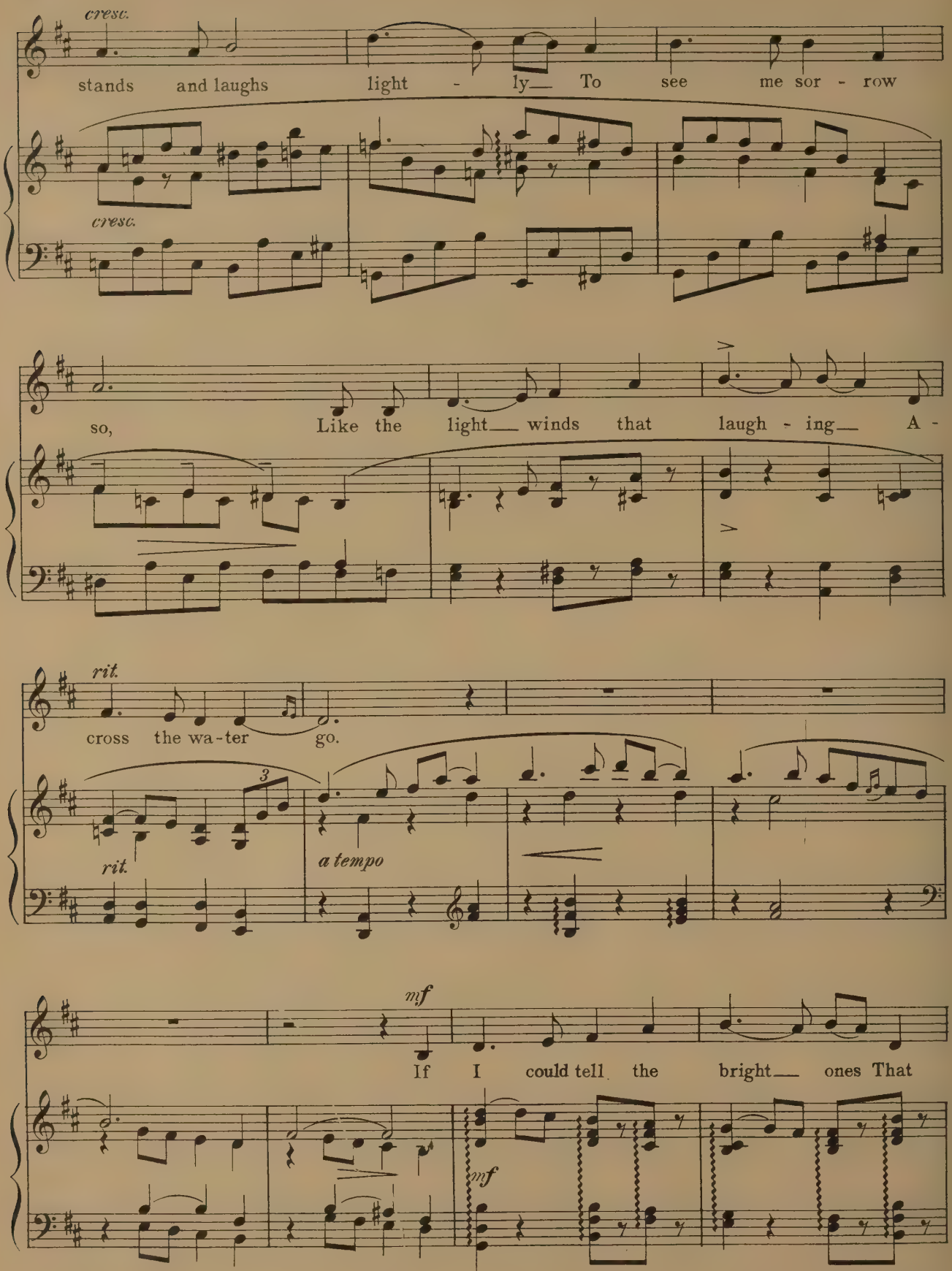
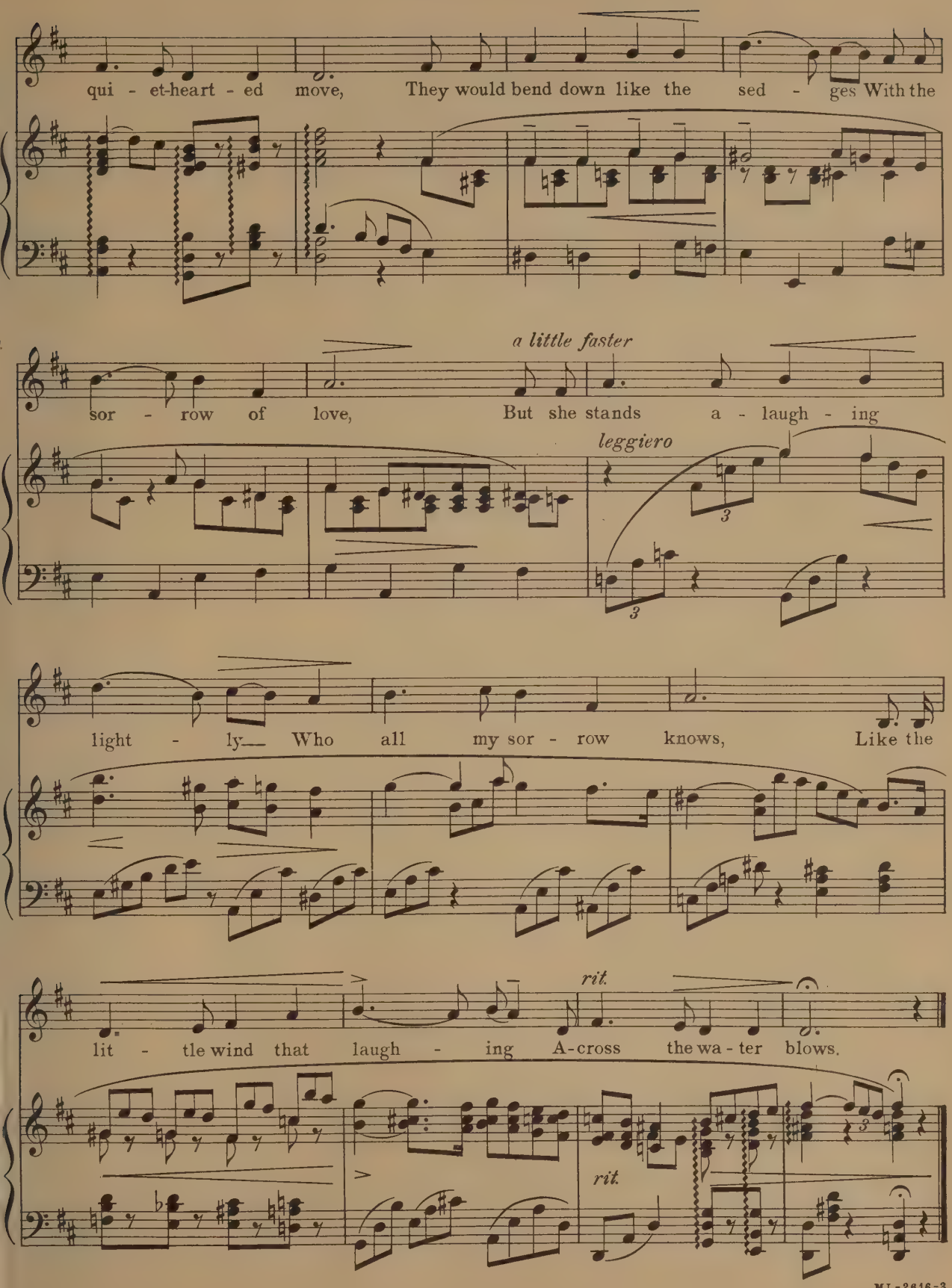
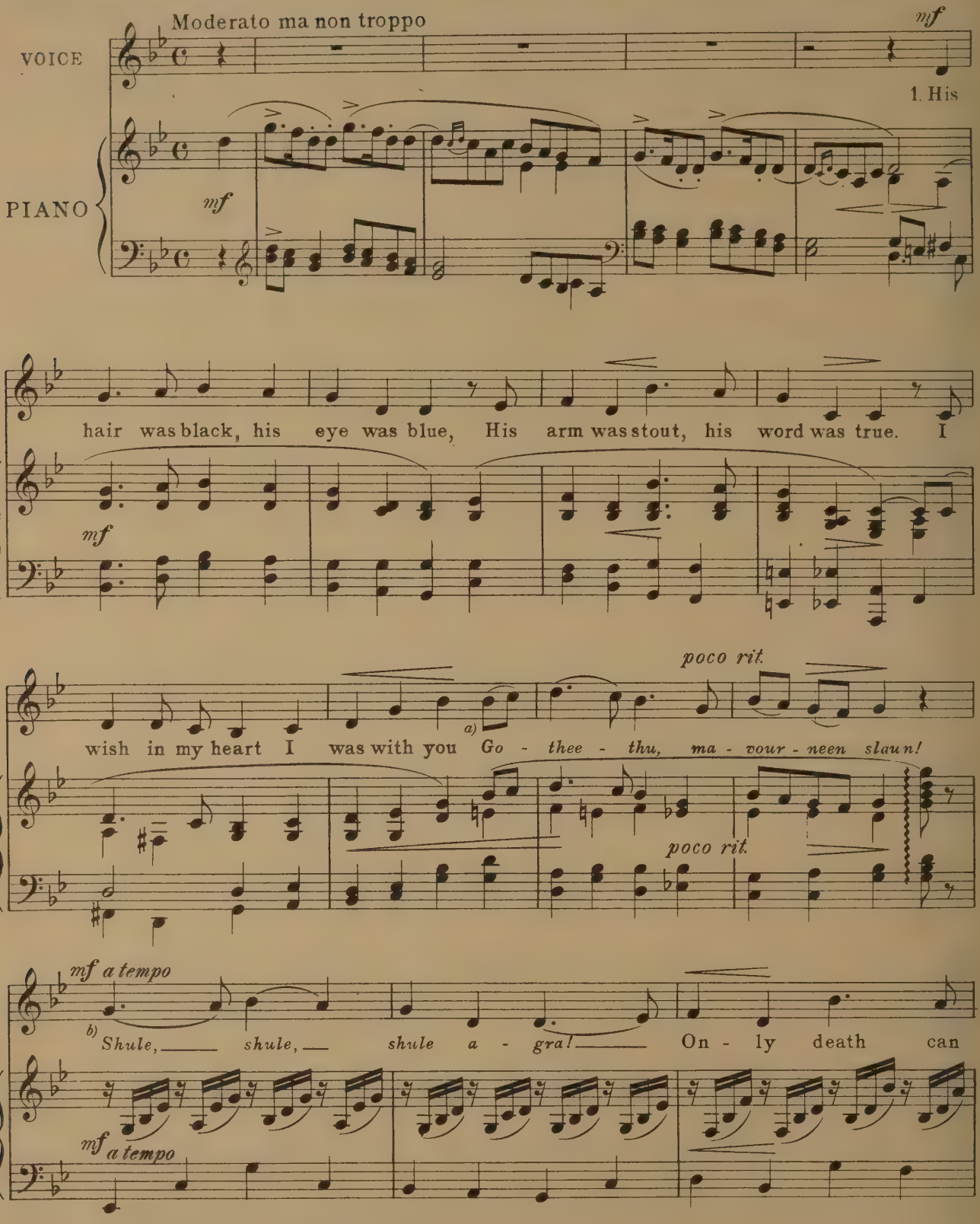

cresc.
stands and laughs light - ly To see me sor - row
cresc.
so, Like the light winds that laugh - ing A -
rit.
cross the wa-ter go.
rit.
a tempo
mf
If I could tell the bright ones That
mf


qui - et-heart - ed move, They would bend down like the sed - ges With the
a little faster
sor - row of love, But she stands a - laugh - ing
leggiero
light - ly— Who all my sor - row knows, Like the
rit.
lit - tle wind that laugh - ing A-cross the wa - ter blows.
rit.

SHULE AGRA

Old text adapted by
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Old Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato ma non troppo
mf
VOICE
1. His
PIANO
mf
hair was black, his eye was blue, His arm was stout, his word was true. I
mf
poco rit.
a)
wish in my heart I was with you Go - thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!
poco rit.
mf a tempo
b)
Shule, shule, shule a - gra! On - ly death can
mf a tempo

a) Farewell, my darling *b)* Come, come, my love:

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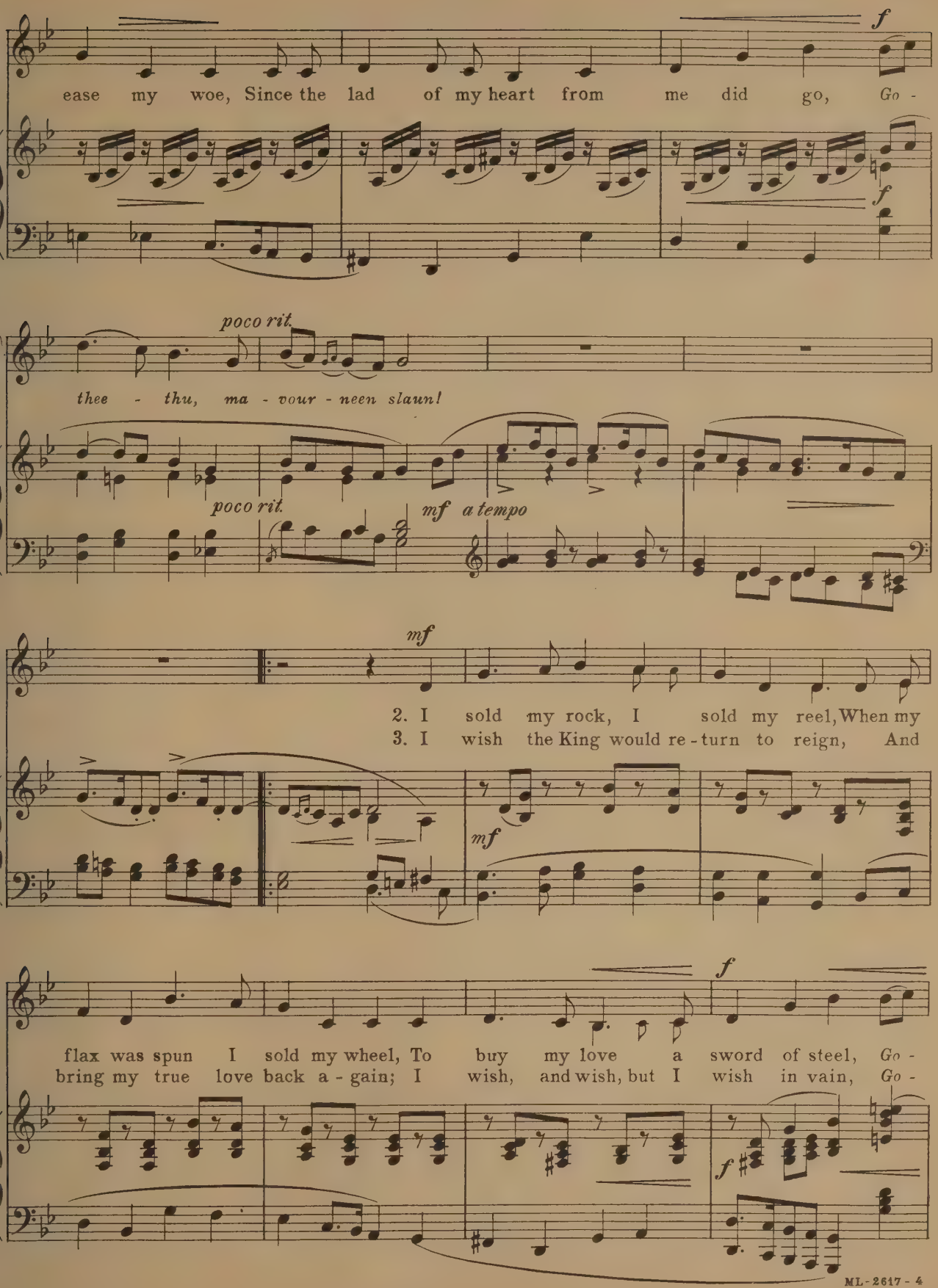
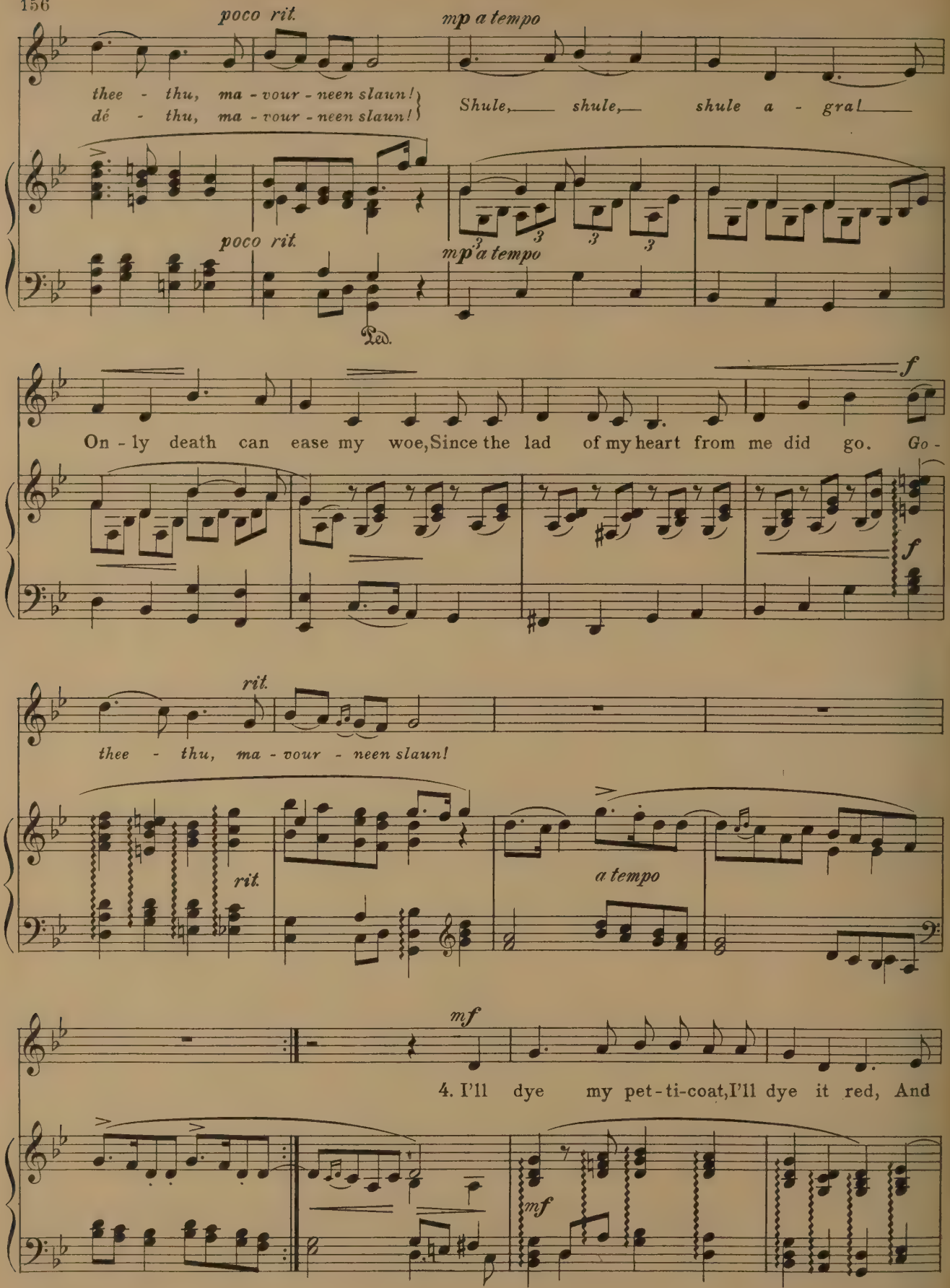
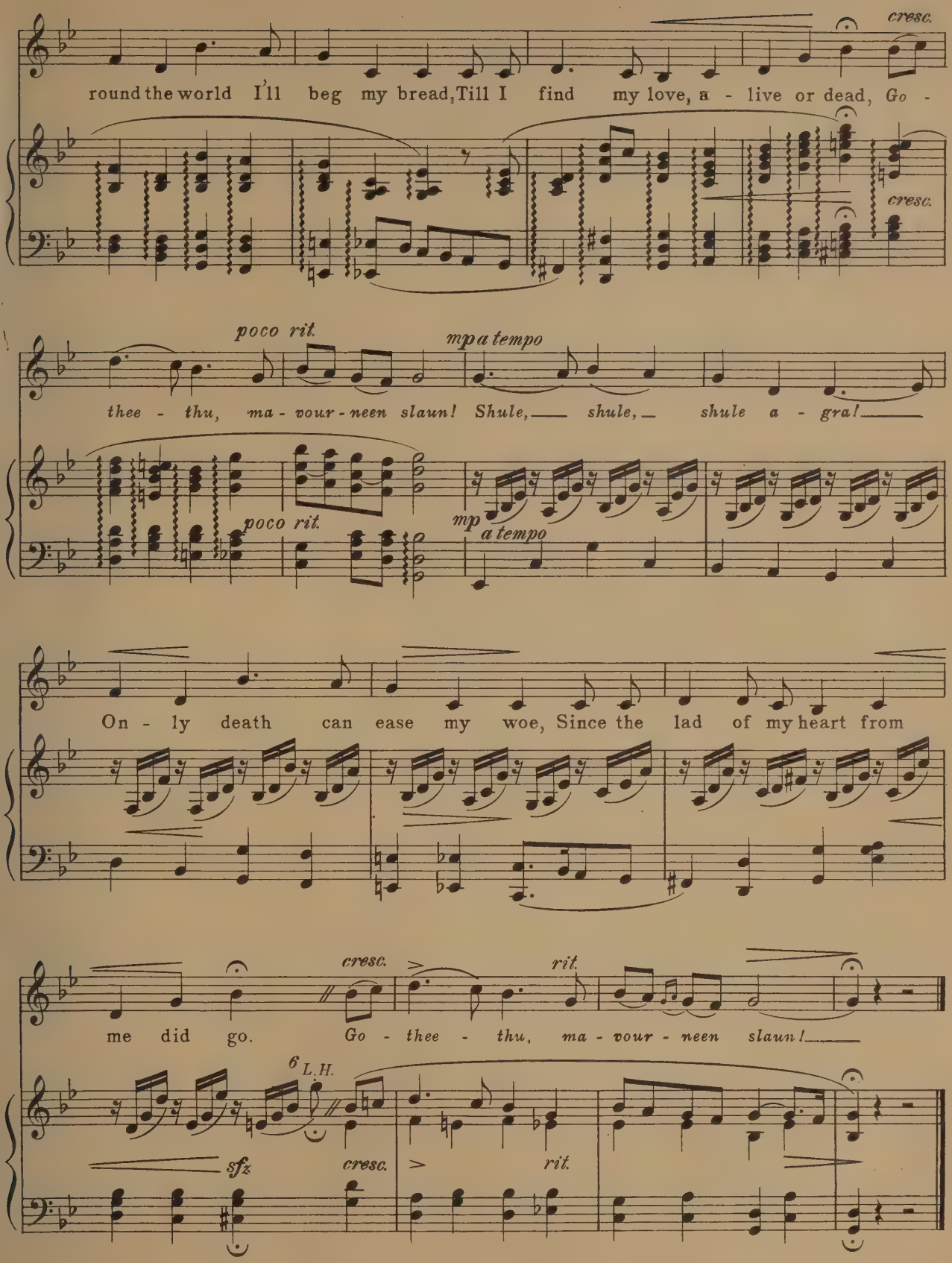

f
ease my woe, Since the lad of my heart from me did go, Go -
f
poco rit.
thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!
poco rit.
mf a tempo
mf
2. I sold my rock, I sold my reel, When my
3. I wish the King would re - turn to reign, And
mf
f
flax was spun I sold my wheel, To buy my love a sword of steel, Go -
bring my true love back a - gain; I wish, and wish, but I wish in vain, Go -
f


poco rit.
mp a tempo
thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!
dé - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!
Shule, shule, shule a - gra!
poco rit.
mp a tempo
Ped.
f
On - ly death can ease my woe, Since the lad of my heart from me did go. Go -
f
rit.
thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!
rit.
a tempo
mf
4. I'll dye my pet - ti - coat, I'll dye it red, And
mf

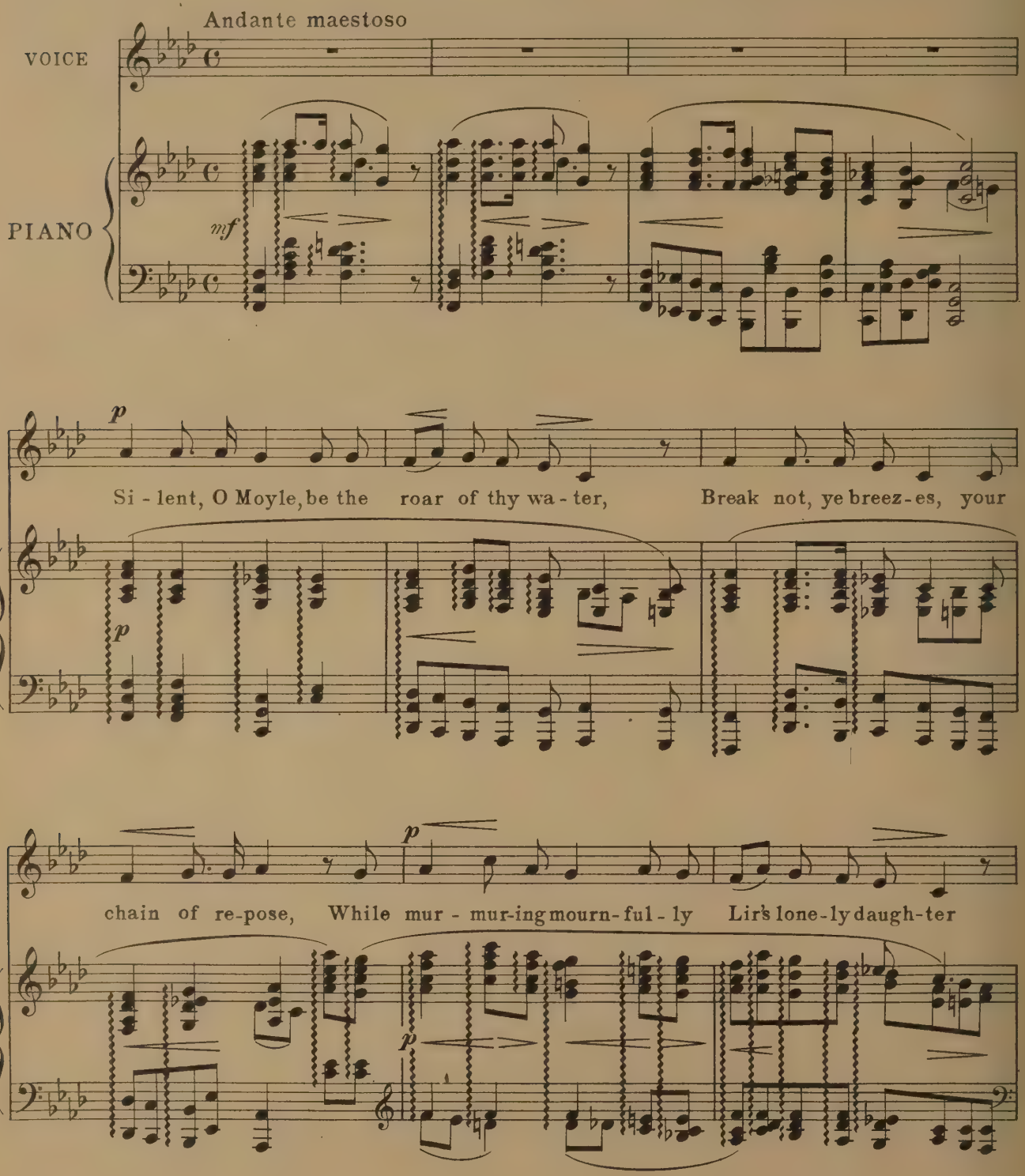

cresc.
round the world I'll beg my bread, Till I find my love, a - live or dead, Go -
cresc.
poco rit.
mp a tempo
thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun! Shule, shule, shule a - gra!
poco rit.
mp a tempo
On - ly death can ease my woe, Since the lad of my heart from
cresc.
rit.
me did go. Go - thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!
6 L.H.
sfz
cresc.
rit.

SILENT, O MOYLE, BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER

(The song of Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir)

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "Arrah, my dear Eveleen"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Andante maestoso
VOICE
PIANO
mf
p
Si - lent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy wa - ter, Break not, ye breez - es, your
chain of re-pose, While mur - mur-ing mourn-ful - ly Lir's lone-ly daugh-ter

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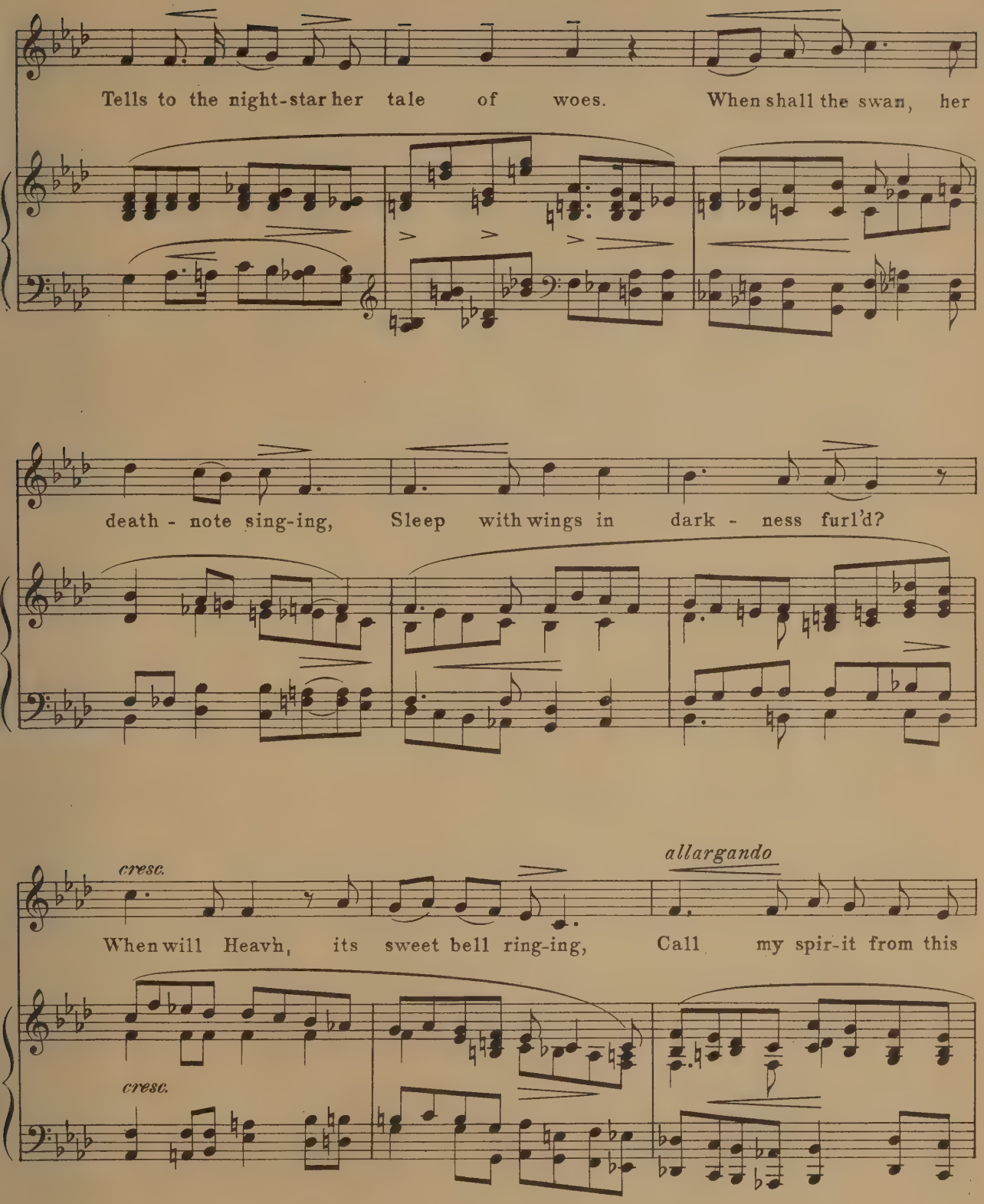
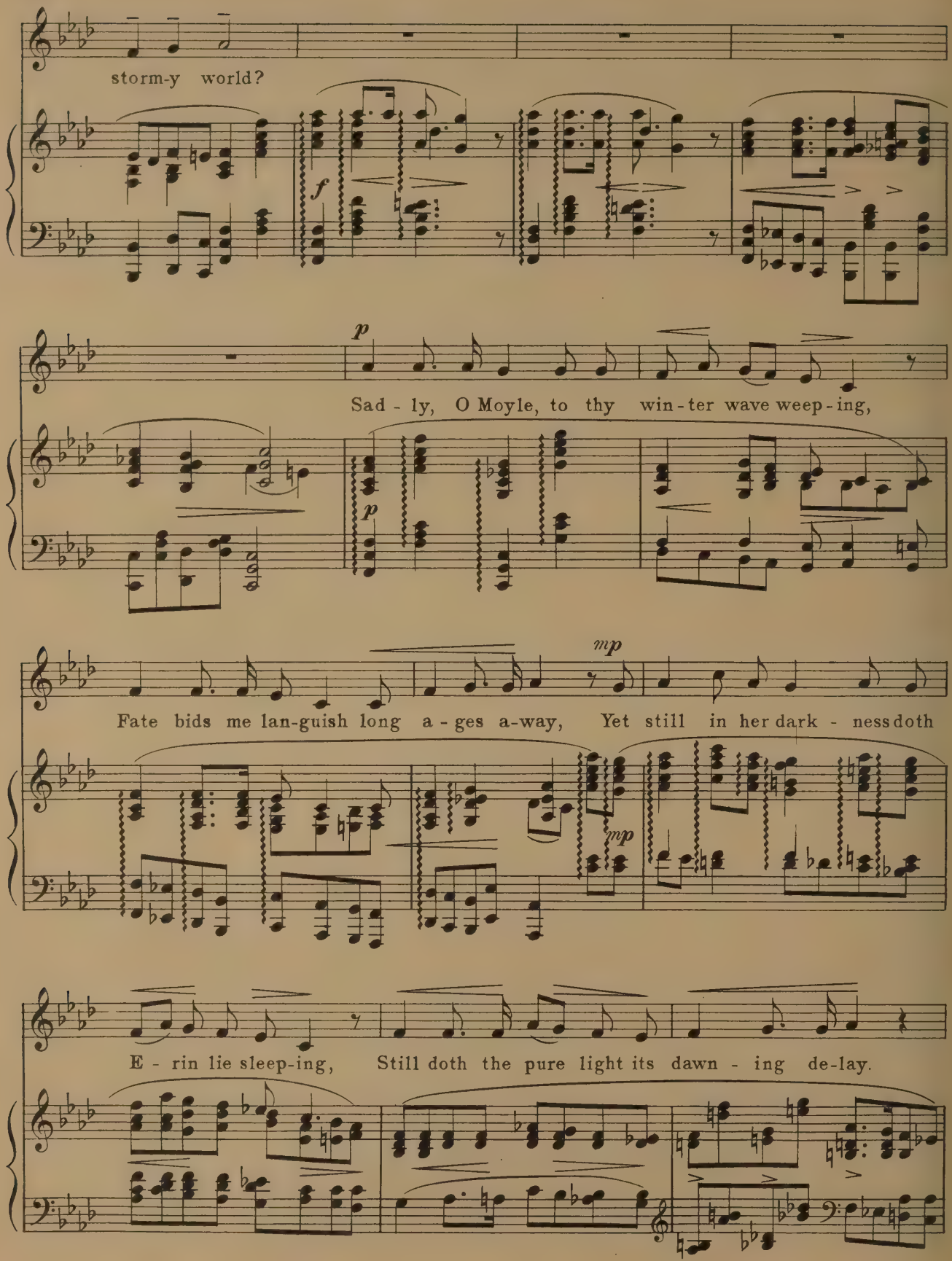
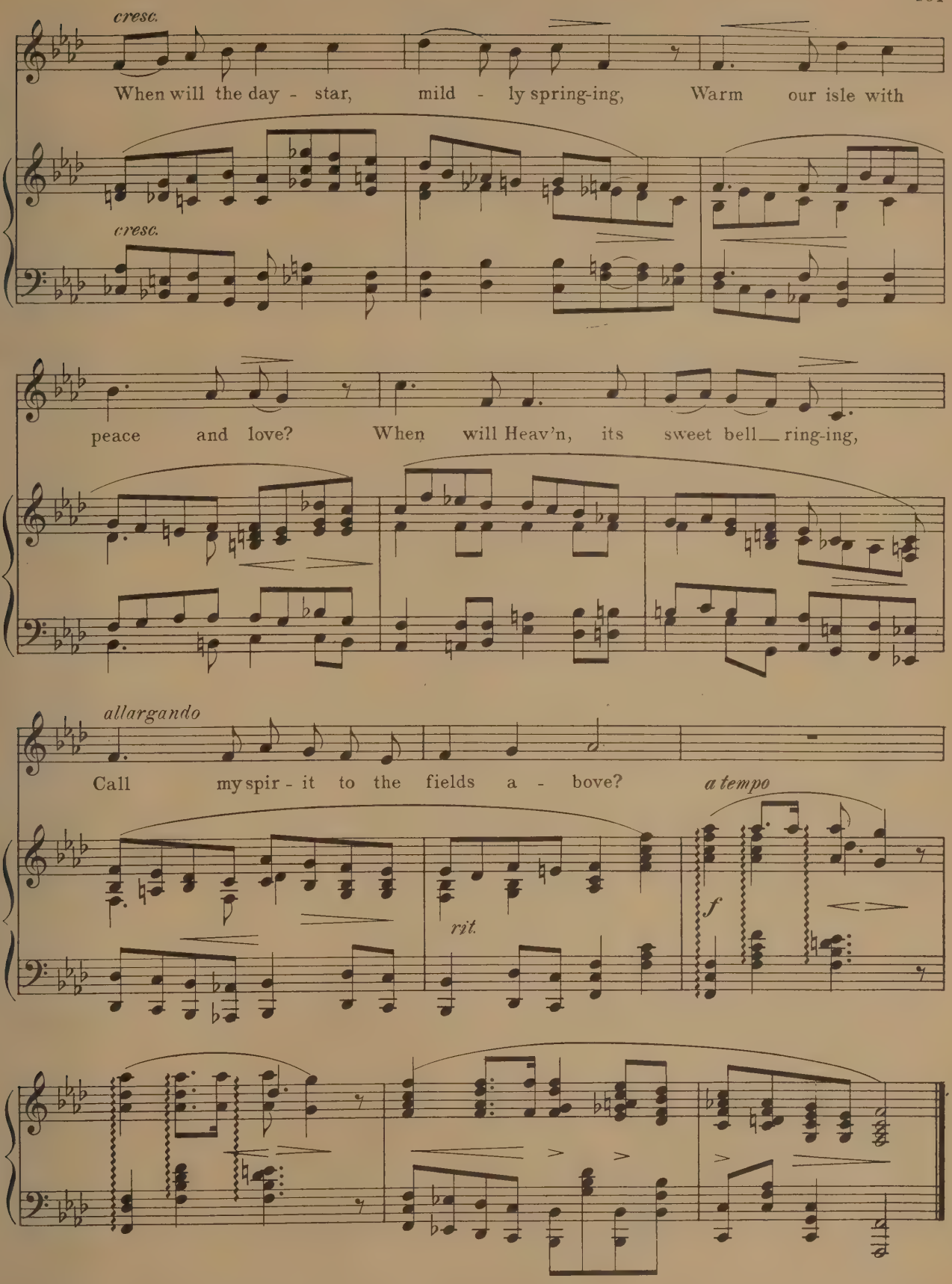

Tells to the night-star her tale of woes. When shall the swan, her
death - note sing-ing, Sleep with wings in dark - ness furl'd?
cresc.
allargando
When will Heavn, its sweet bell ring-ing, Call my spir-it from this
cresc.


storm-y world?
f
p
Sad - ly, O Moyle, to thy win - ter wave weep - ing,
p
mp
Fate bids me lan-guish long a - ges a-way, Yet still in her dark - ness doth
mp
E - rin lie sleep-ing, Still doth the pure light its dawn - ing de-lay.


cresc.
When will the day - star, mild - ly spring-ing, Warm our isle with
cresc.
peace and love? When will Heav'n, its sweet bell__ ring-ing,
allargando
Call my spir - it to the fields a - bove?
a tempo
rit.
f

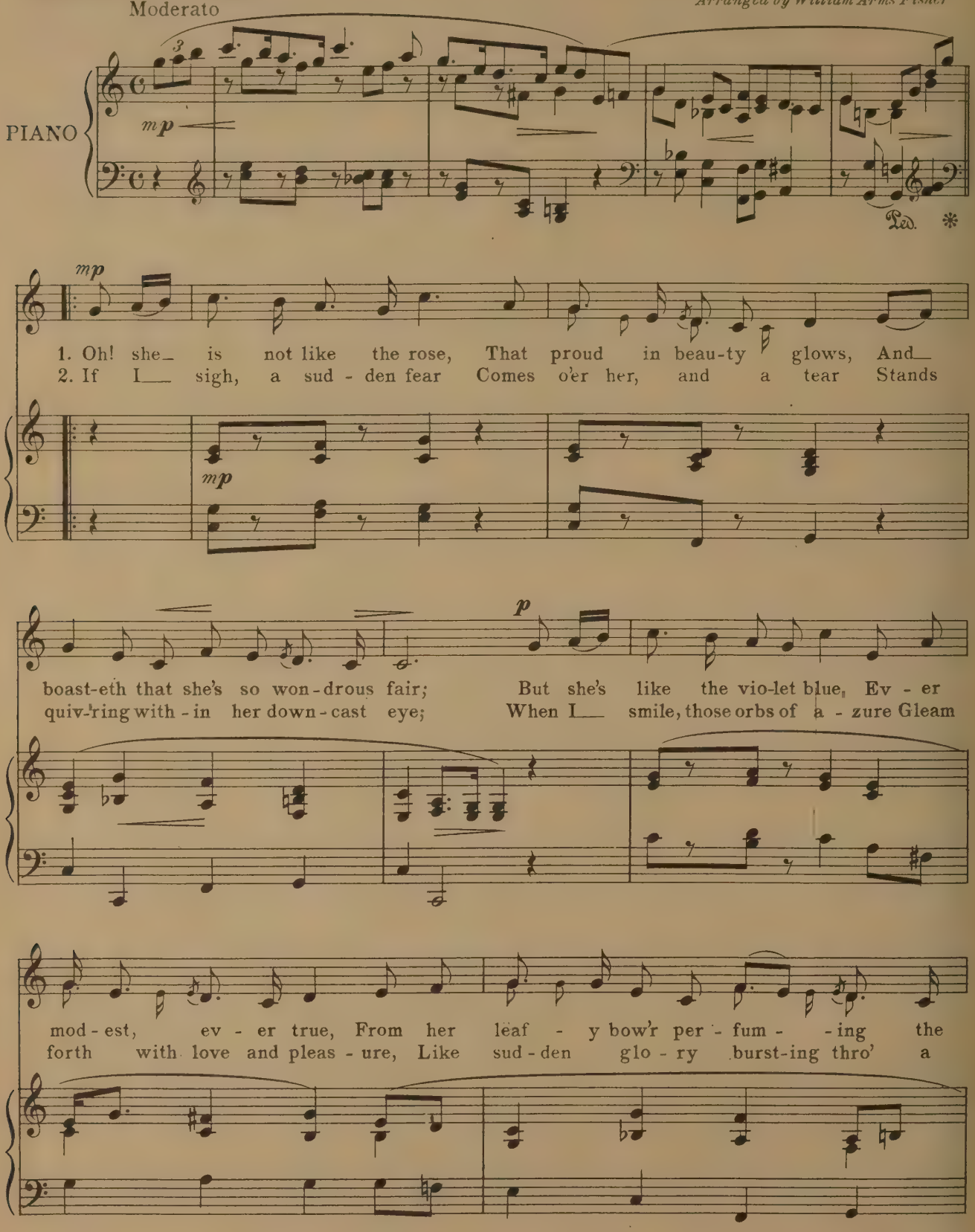
THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL

STEPHEN EDWARD de VERE

Irish Air: "Pearl of the white breast"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO


mp
Ped. *
1. Oh! she_ is not like the rose, That proud in beau-ty glows, And_
2. If I_ sigh, a sud - den fear Comes o'er her, and a tear Stands
boast-eth that she's so won-drous fair; But she's like the vio-let blue, Ev - er
quiv-'ring with - in her down - cast eye; When I_ smile, those orbs of a - zure Gleam
mod - est, ev - er true, From her leaf - y bow'r per - fum - - ing the
forth with love and pleas - ure, Like sud - den glo - ry burst-ing thro' a

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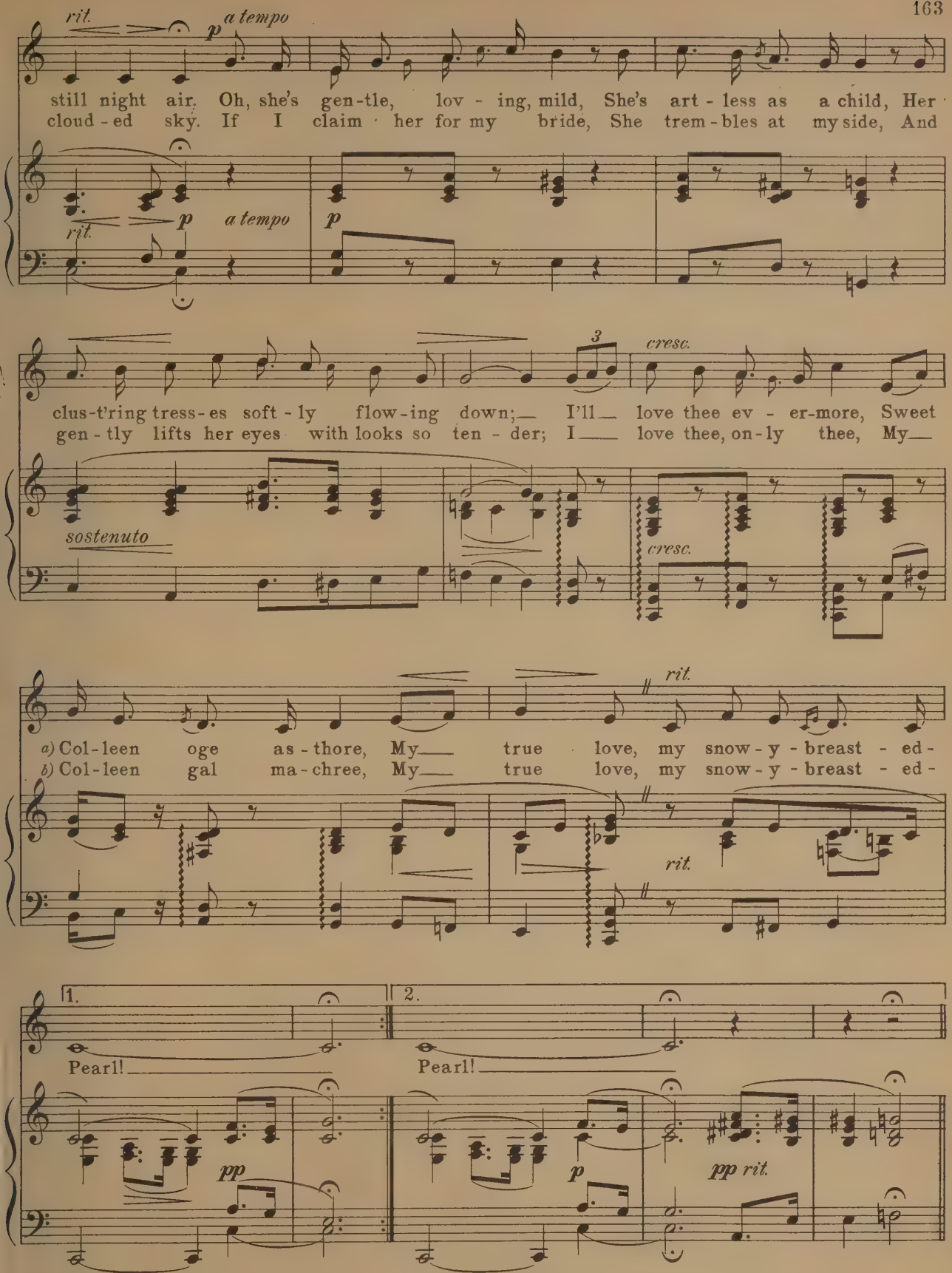
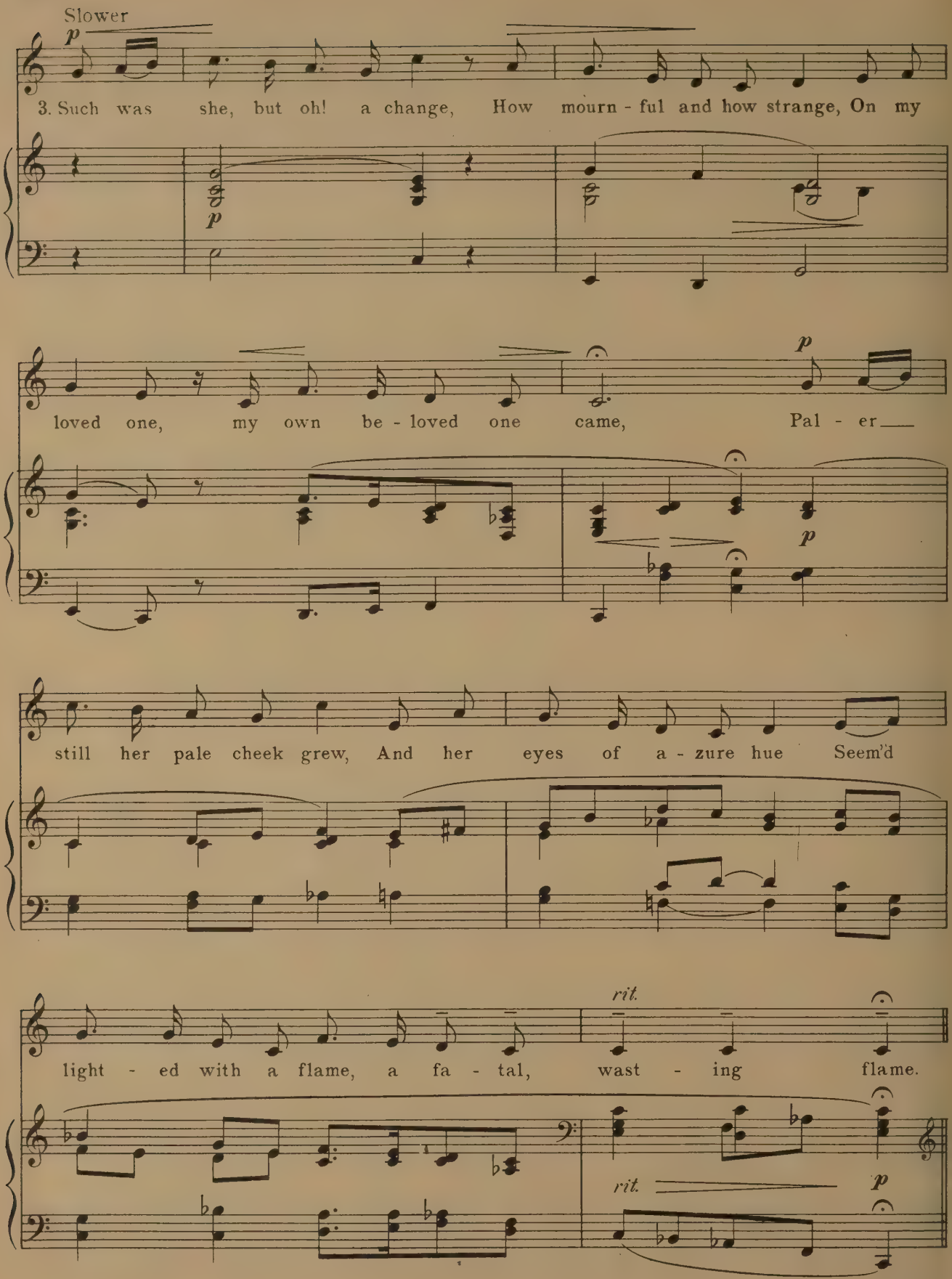
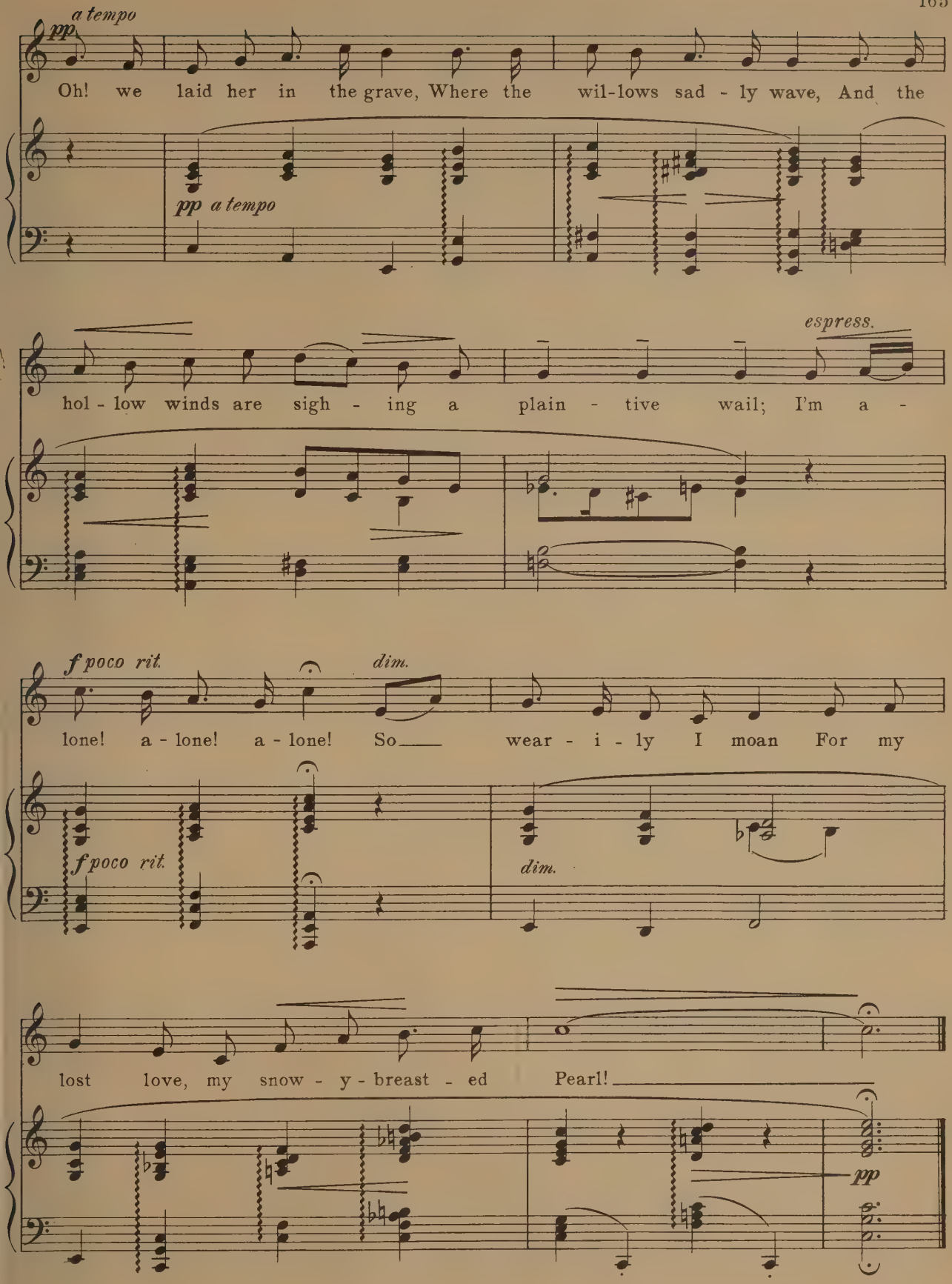

rit.
a tempo
p
still night air. Oh, she's gen-tle, lov - ing, mild, She's art - less as a child, Her
cloud - ed sky. If I claim her for my bride, She trem - bles at my side, And
rit.
a tempo
p
3
cresc.
clus-t'ring tress-es soft - ly flow-ing down; I'll love thee ev - er-more, Sweet
gen - tly lifts her eyes with looks so ten - der; I love thee, on-ly thee, My
sostenuto
cresc.
rit.
a) Col-leen oge as - thore, My true love, my snow - y - breast - ed -
b) Col-leen gal ma - chree, My true love, my snow - y - breast - ed -
rit.
1.
2.
Pearl!
Pearl!
pp
p
pp rit.

a) Darling young girl (pronounced "O gas-tore.")
b) Fair girl of my heart.

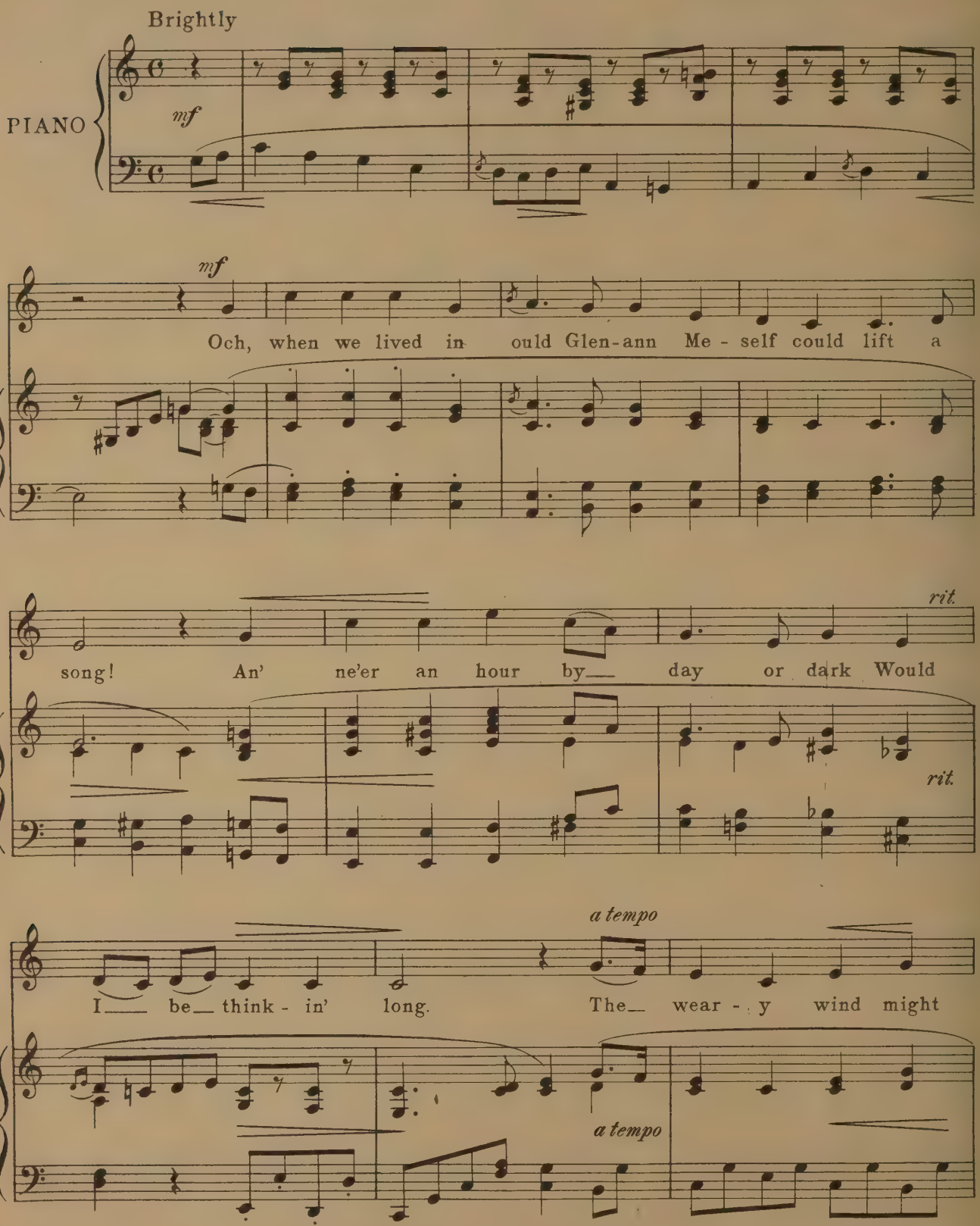

Slower
p
3. Such was she, but oh! a change, How mourn - ful and how strange, On my
p
loved one, my own be - loved one came, Pal - er
p
p
still her pale cheek grew, And her eyes of a - zure hue Seem'd
rit.
light - ed with a flame, a fa - tal, wast - ing flame.
rit.
p


a tempo
pp
Oh! we laid her in the grave, Where the wil-lows sad - ly wave, And the
pp a tempo
espress.
hol - low winds are sigh - ing a plain - tive wail; I'm a -
f poco rit.
dim.
lone! a - lone! a - lone! So wear - i - ly I moan For my
f poco rit.
dim.
lost love, my snow - y - breast - ed Pearl!
pp

A SONG OF GLENANN

MOIRA O'NEILL

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Brightly
PIANO
mf
mf
Och, when we lived in ould Glen-ann Me - self could lift a
song! An' ne'er an hour by day or dark Would
rit.
rit.
a tempo
I be think - in' long. The wear - y wind might
a tempo

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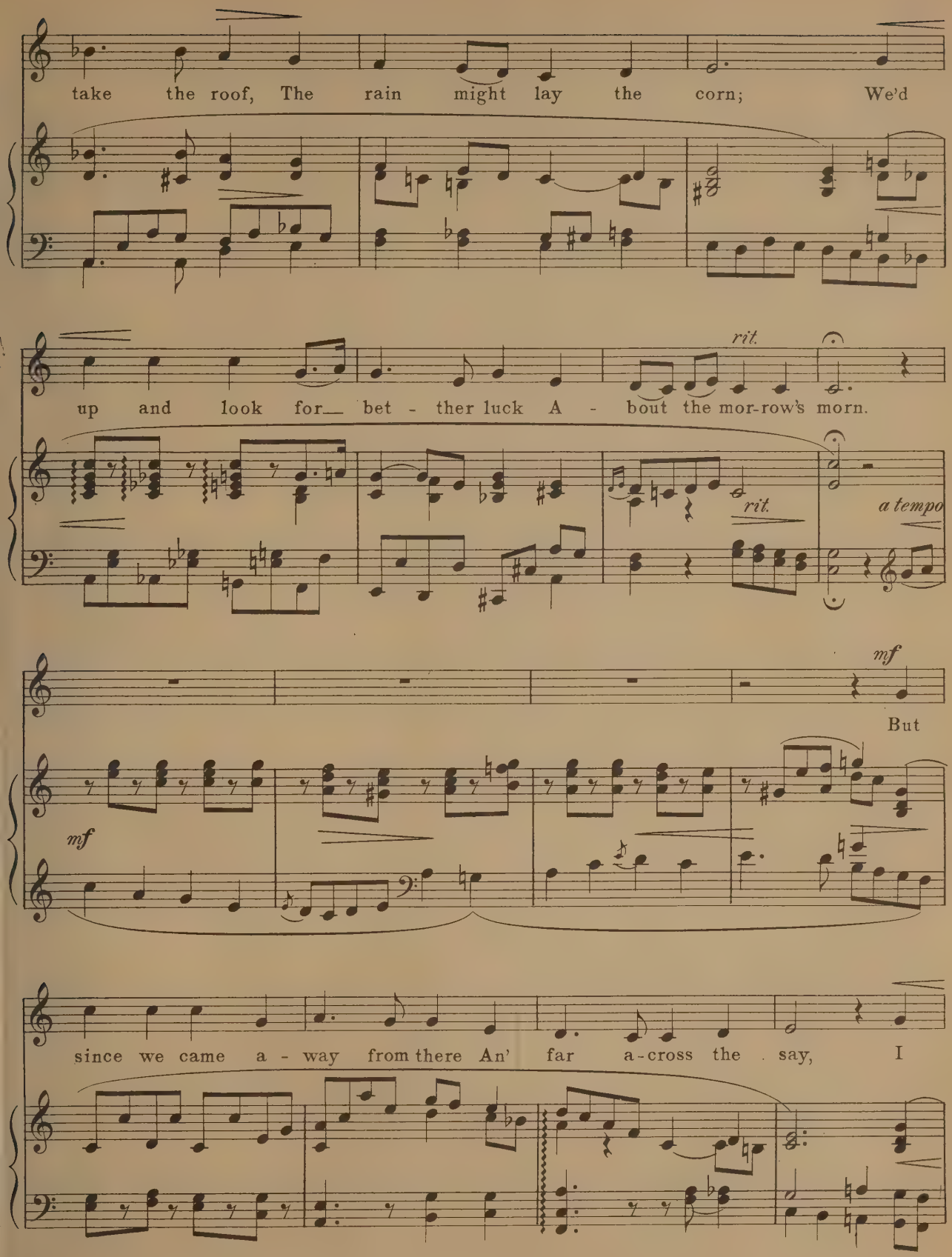
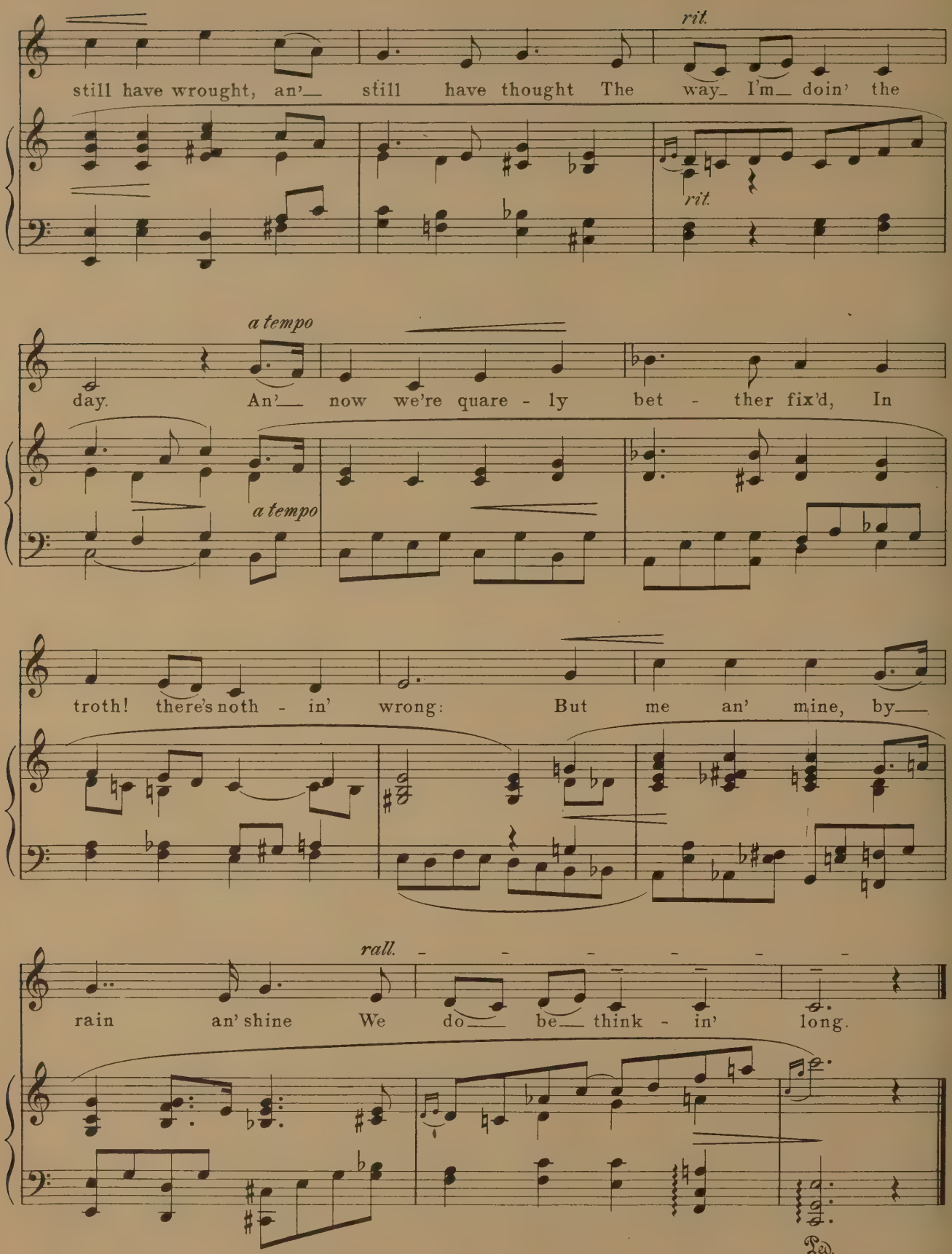
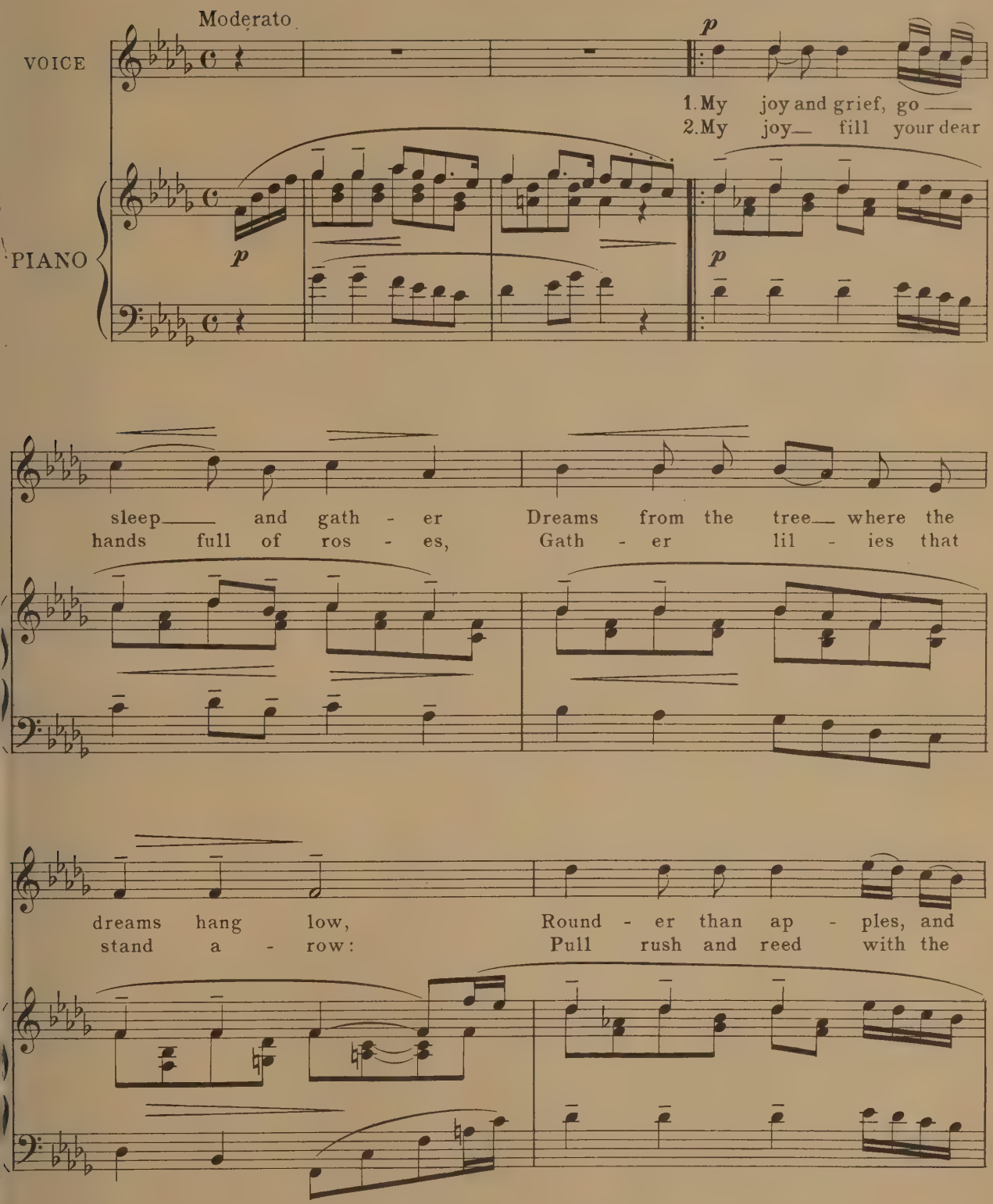

take the roof, The rain might lay the corn; We'd
up and look for bet - ther luck A - bout the mor-row's morn.
rit.
rit.
a tempo
mf
But
mf
since we came a - way from there An' far a-cross the say, I


rit.
still have wrought, an'— still have thought The way— I'm— doin' the
rit.
a tempo
day. An'— now we're quare - ly bet - ther fix'd, In
a tempo
troth! there's noth - in' wrong: But me an' mine, by—
rall.
rain an' shine We do— be— think - in' long.
Ped.

SOONTREE
(A LULLABY)

NORA HOPPER

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. My joy and grief, go
2. My joy fill your dear
sleep and gath - er Dreams from the tree where the
hands full of ros - es, Gath - er lil - ies that
dreams hang low, Round - er than ap - ples, and
stand a - row: Pull rush and reed with the

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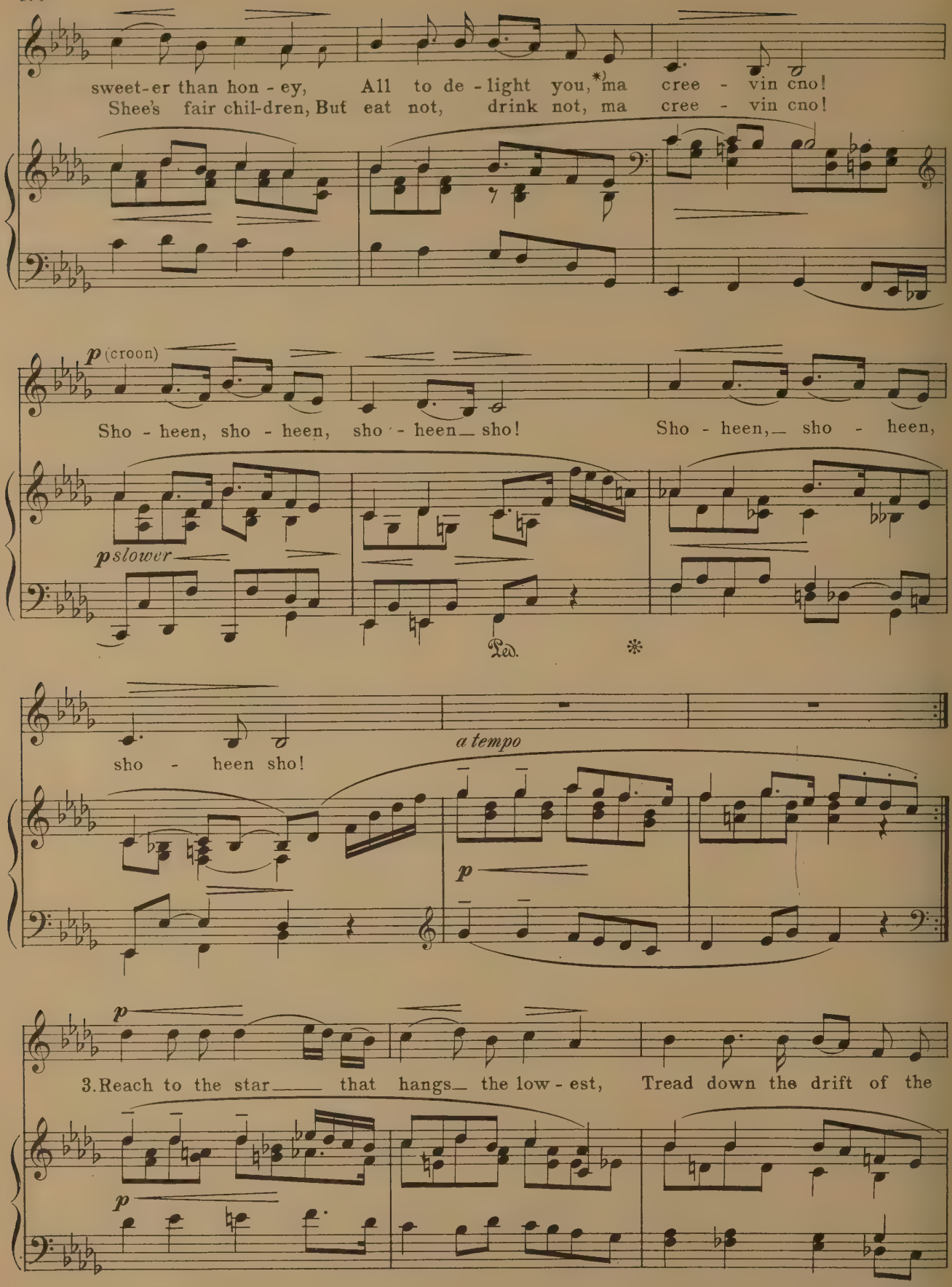
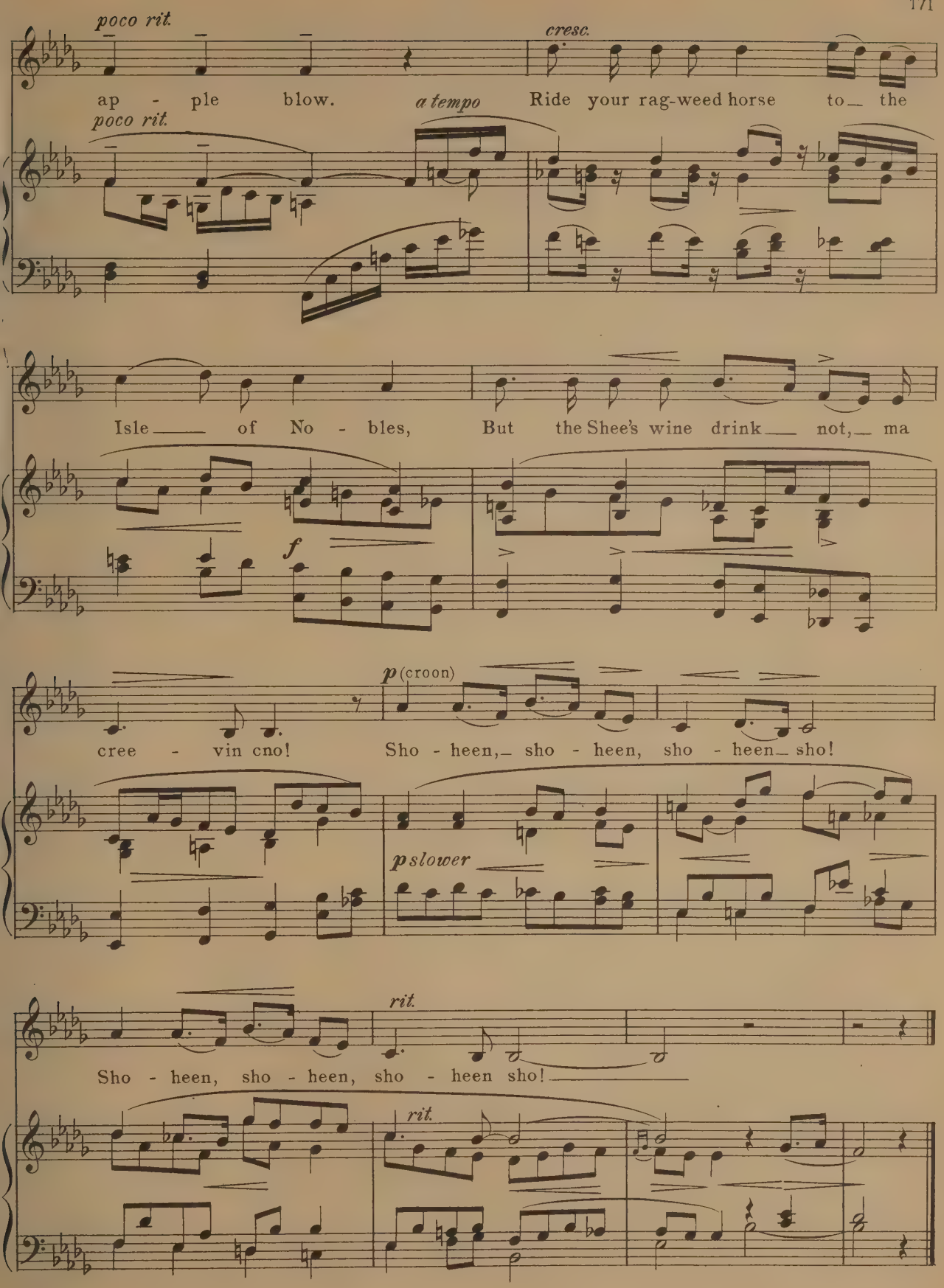

sweet-er than hon - ey, All to de - light you,*)ma cree - vin cno!
Shee's fair chil-dren, But eat not, drink not, ma cree - vin cno!
p (croon)
Sho - heen, sho - heen, sho - heen sho! Sho - heen, sho - heen,
p slower
Ped. *
sho - heen sho!
a tempo
p
p
3. Reach to the star that hangs the low - est, Tread down the drift of the
p

*) *Ma creevin cno, My cluster of nuts = my brown-haired girl.*


poco rit.
cresc.
ap - ple blow.
a tempo
Ride your rag-weed horse to the
poco rit.
Isle of No - bles,
But the Shee's wine drink not, ma
f
p (croon)
cree - vin cno!
Sho - heen, sho - heen, sho - heen sho!
p slower
rit.
Sho - heen, sho - heen, sho - heen sho!
rit.

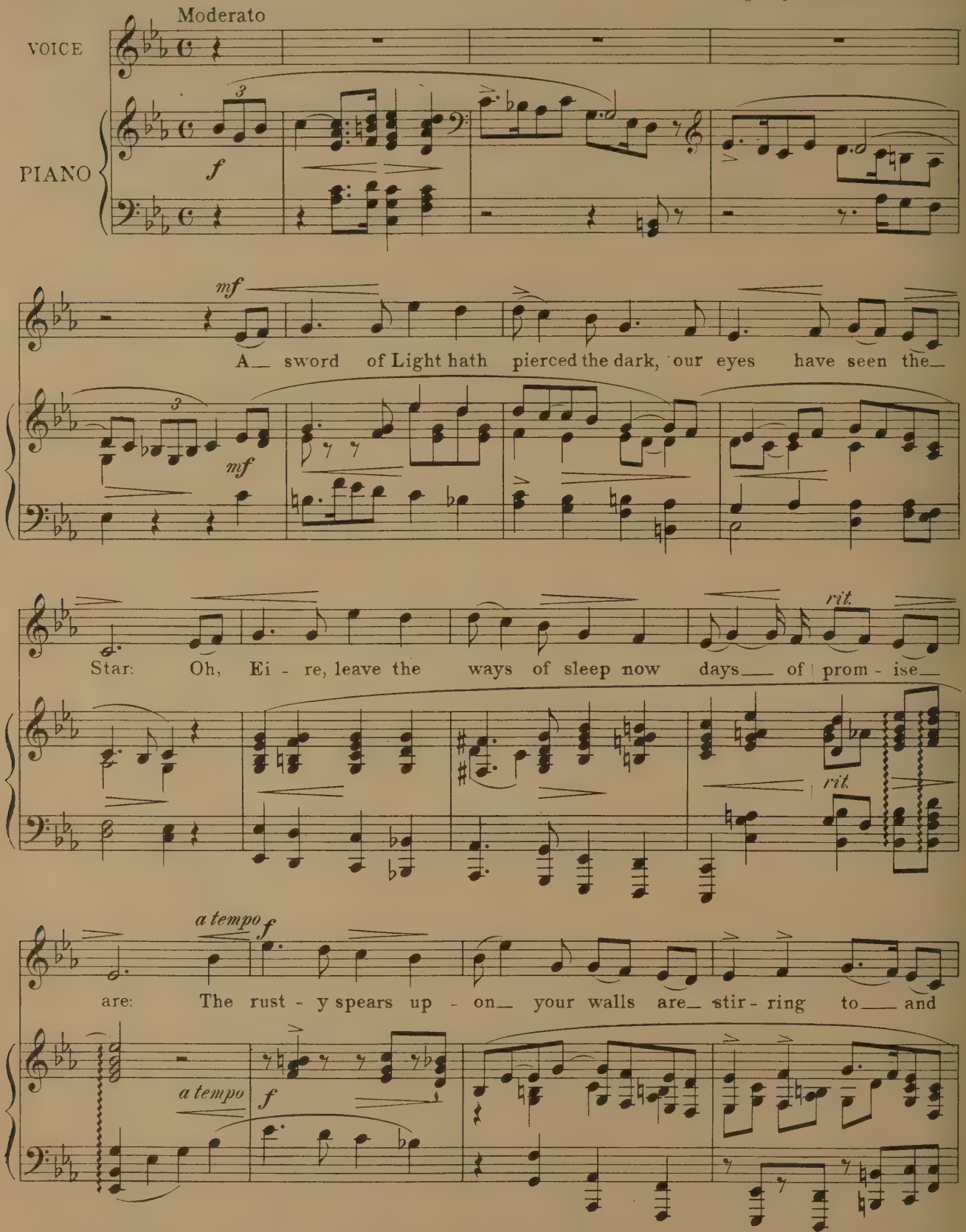
A SWORD OF LIGHT HATH PIERCED THE DARK

(MO CHRAOIBHIN CNO)

ETHNA CARBERRY

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
f
mf
A sword of Light hath pierced the dark, our eyes have seen the
mf
Star: Oh, Ei - re, leave the ways of sleep now days of prom - ise
rit.
rit.
a tempo f
are: The rust - y spears up - on your walls are stir - ring to and
a tempo
f

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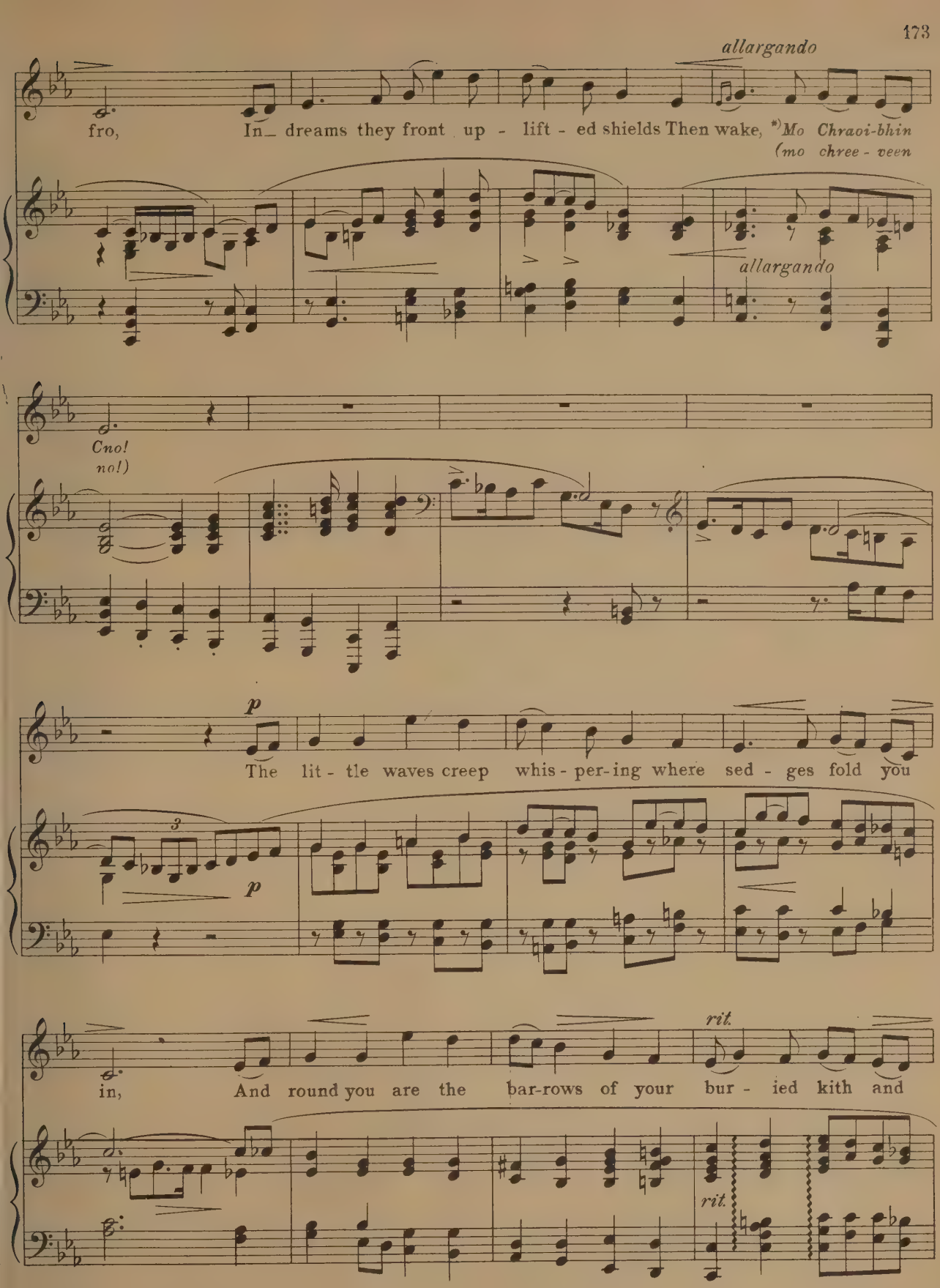
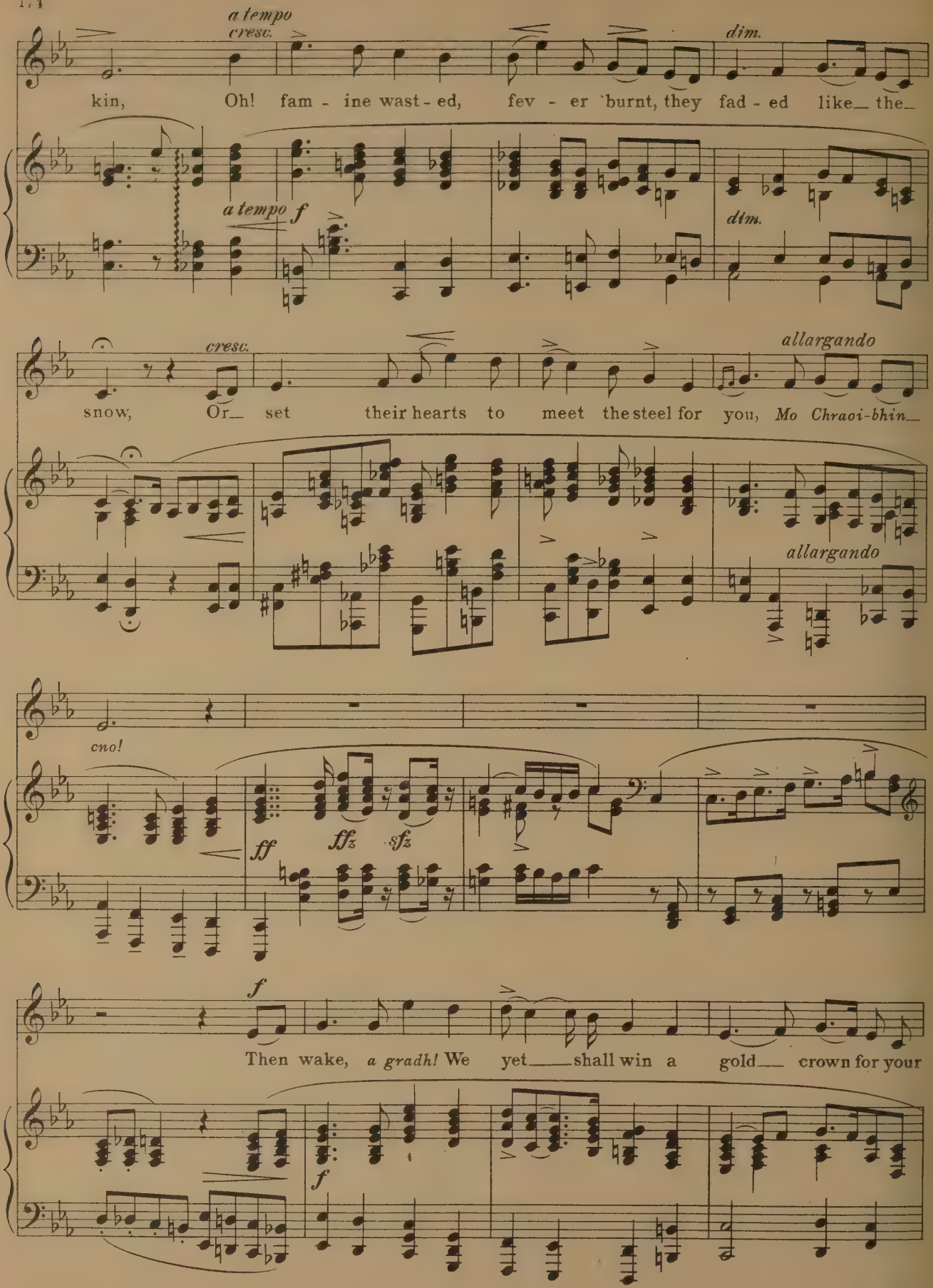
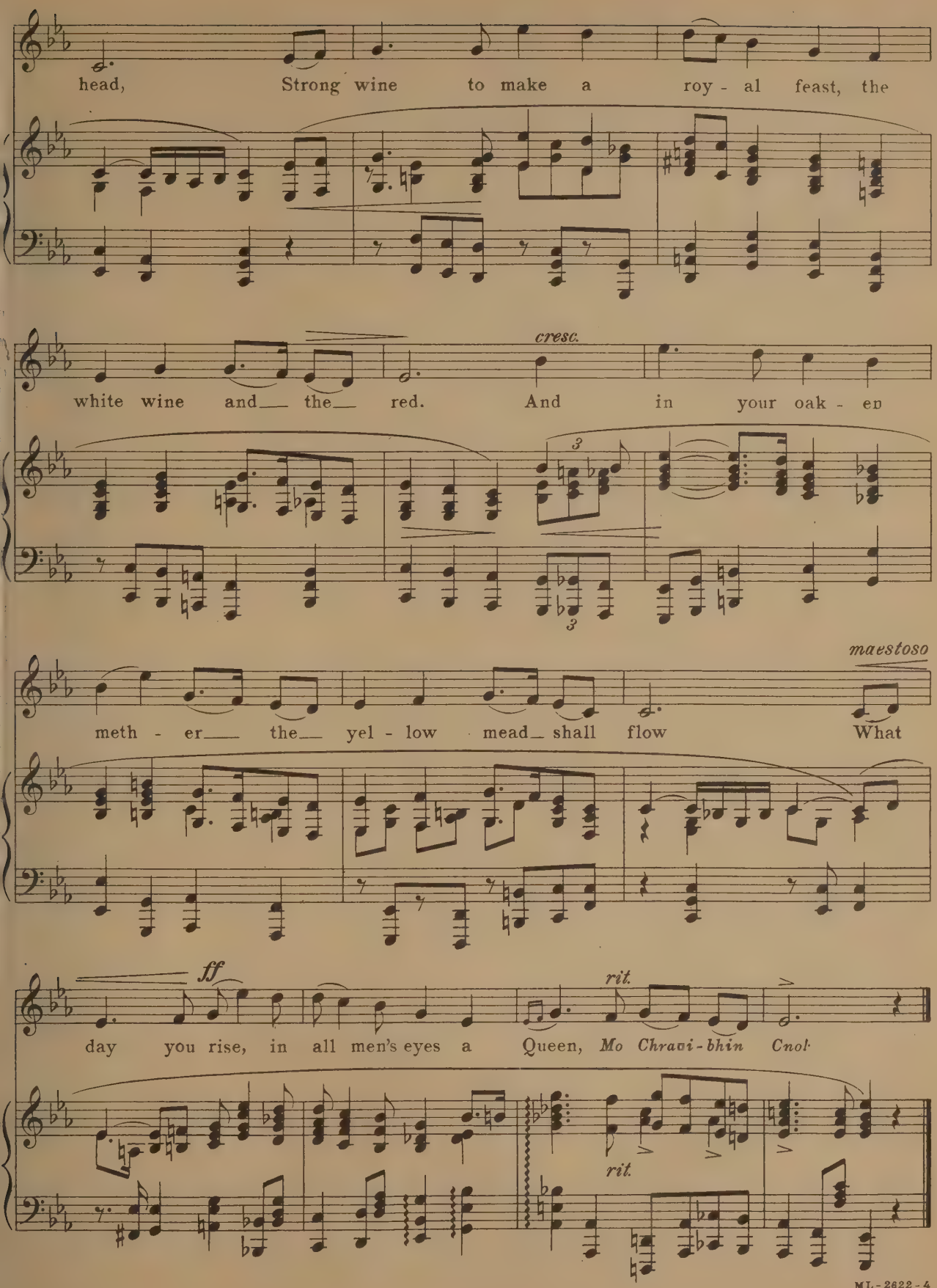

allargando
fro, In_ dreams they front up - lift - ed shields Then wake, *)Mo Chraoi-bhin
(mo chree - veen
allargando
Cno!
no!)
p
The lit - tle waves creep whis - per-ing where sed - ges fold you
3
p
rit.
in, And round you are the bar-rows of your bur - ied kith and
rit.

*) *Mo chreeveen no,* my cluster of nuts = my brown-haired girl, i.e., Ireland.

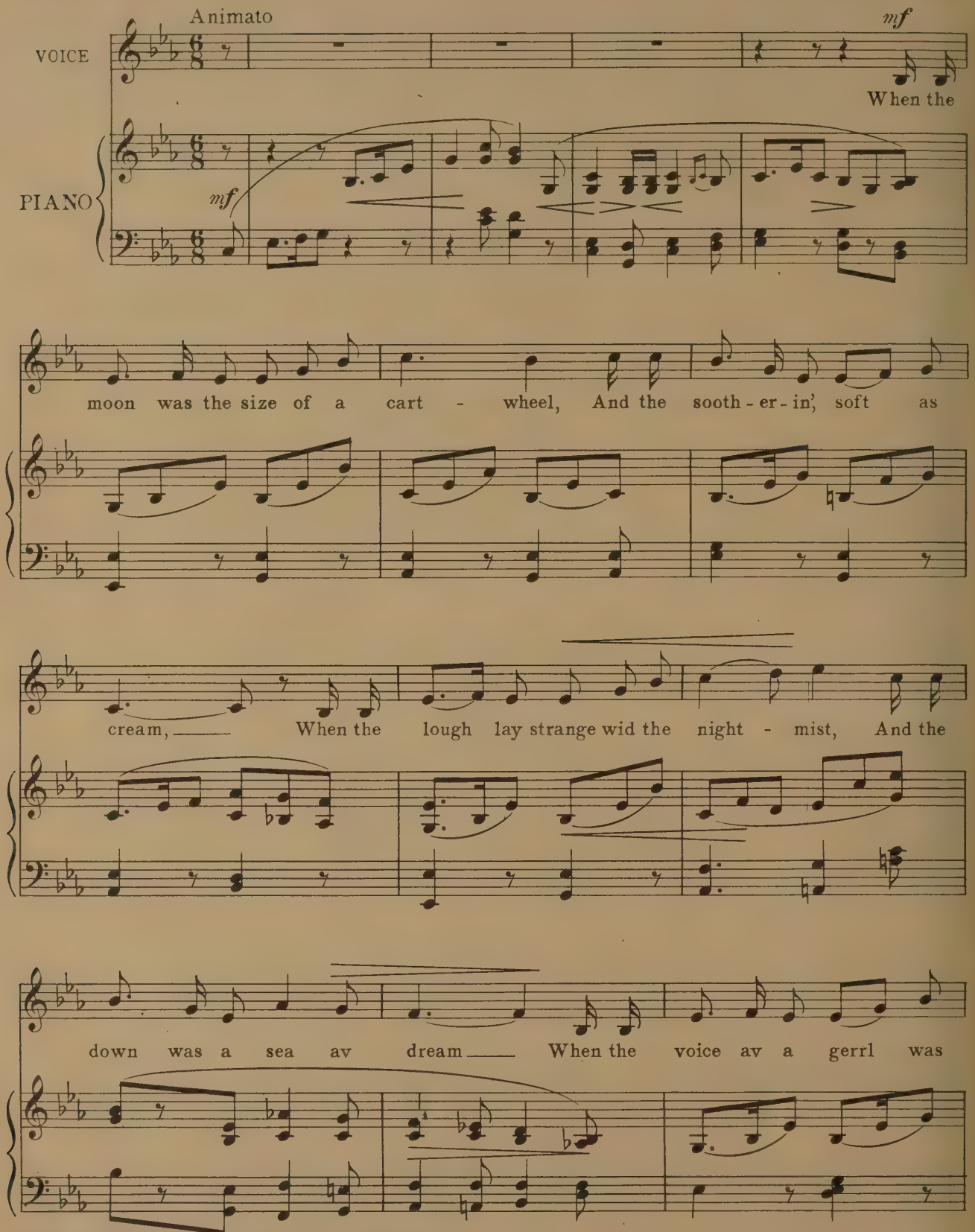

a tempo
cresc.
dim.
kin, Oh! fam - ine wast - ed, fev - er burnt, they fad - ed like the
a tempo f
dim.
cresc.
allargando
snow, Or set their hearts to meet the steel for you, Mo Chraoi-bhin
allargando
cno!
ff
ffz
sfz
f
Then wake, a gradh! We yet shall win a gold crown for your
f


head, Strong wine to make a roy - al feast, the
cresc.
white wine and the red. And in your oak - en
maestoso
meth - er the yel - low mead shall flow What
ff
rit.
day you rise, in all men's eyes a Queen, Mo Chraoi-bhin Cnoc
rit.

THE TIME FOR LOVE

ARTHUR STRINGER

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Animato
mf
VOICE
When the
PIANO
mf
moon was the size of a cart - wheel, And the sooth - er - in', soft as
cream, When the lough lay strange wid the night - mist, And the
down was a sea av dream When the voice av a gerrl was

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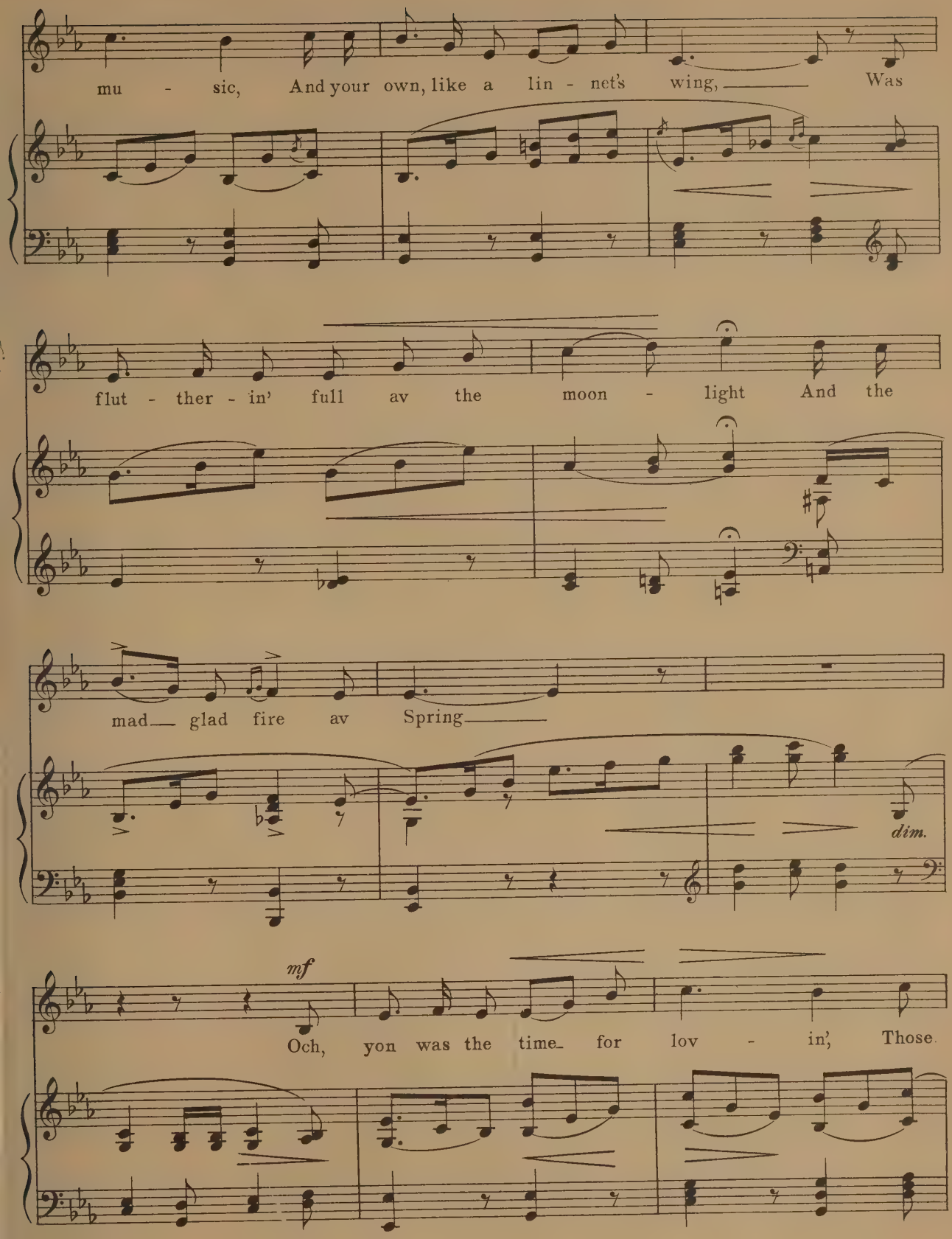
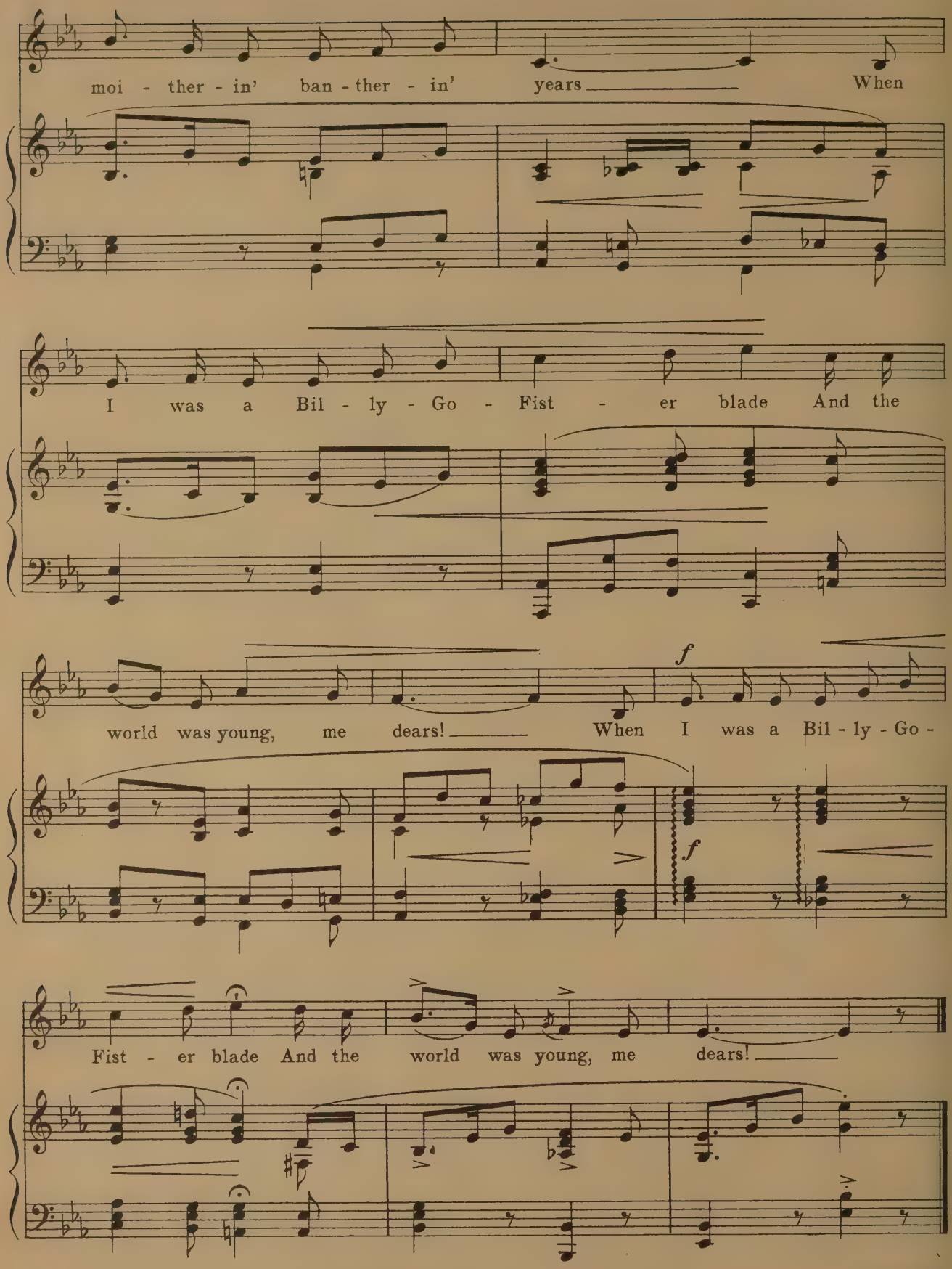
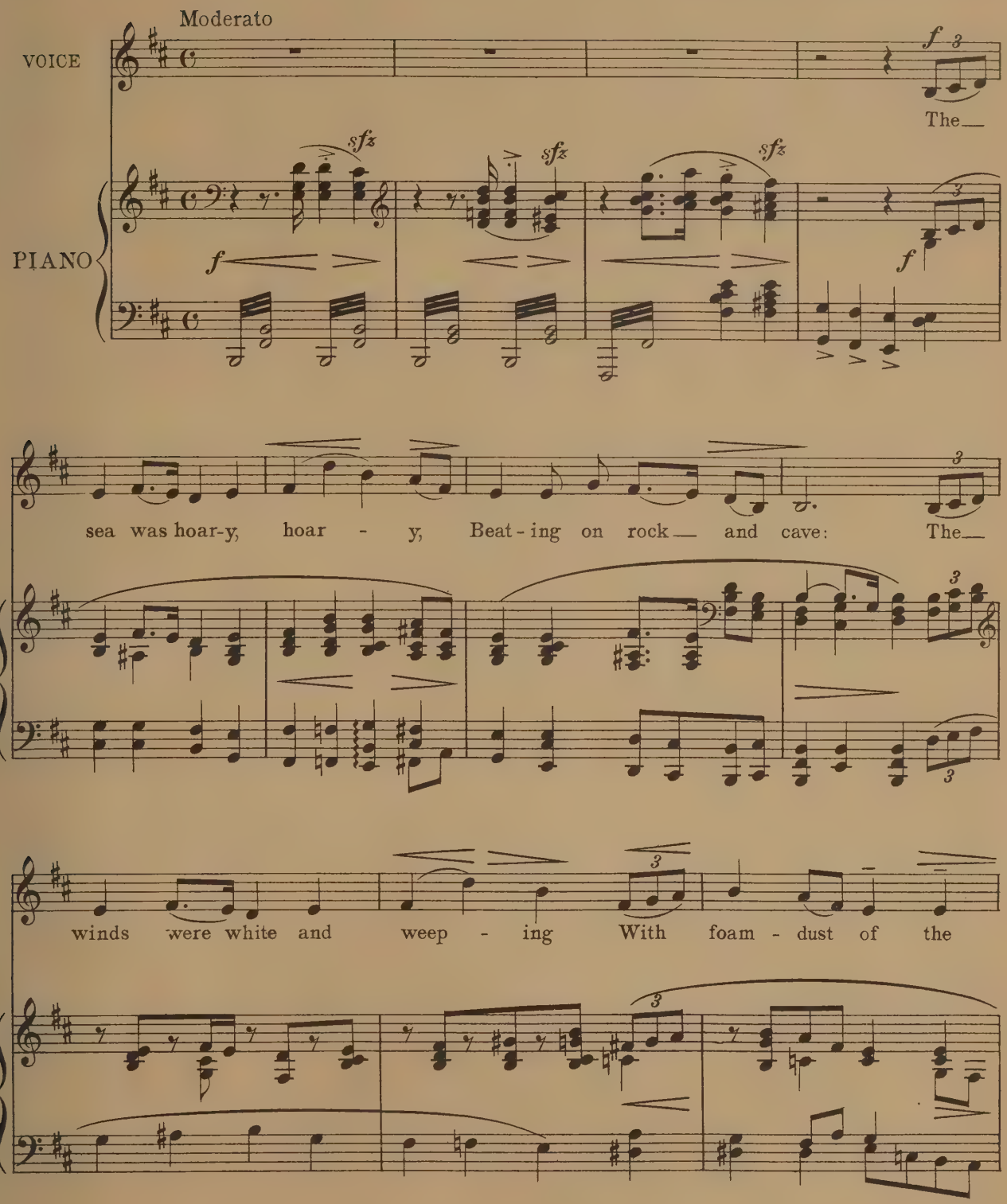

mu - sic, And your own, like a lin - net's wing, Was
flut - ther - in' full av the moon - light And the
mad glad fire av Spring
dim.
mf
Och, yon was the time for lov - in', Those


moi - ther - in' ban - ther - in' years When
I was a Bil - ly - Go - Fist - er blade And the
world was young, me dears! When I was a Bil - ly - Go -
f
f
Fist - er blade And the world was young, me dears!

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

A.E.

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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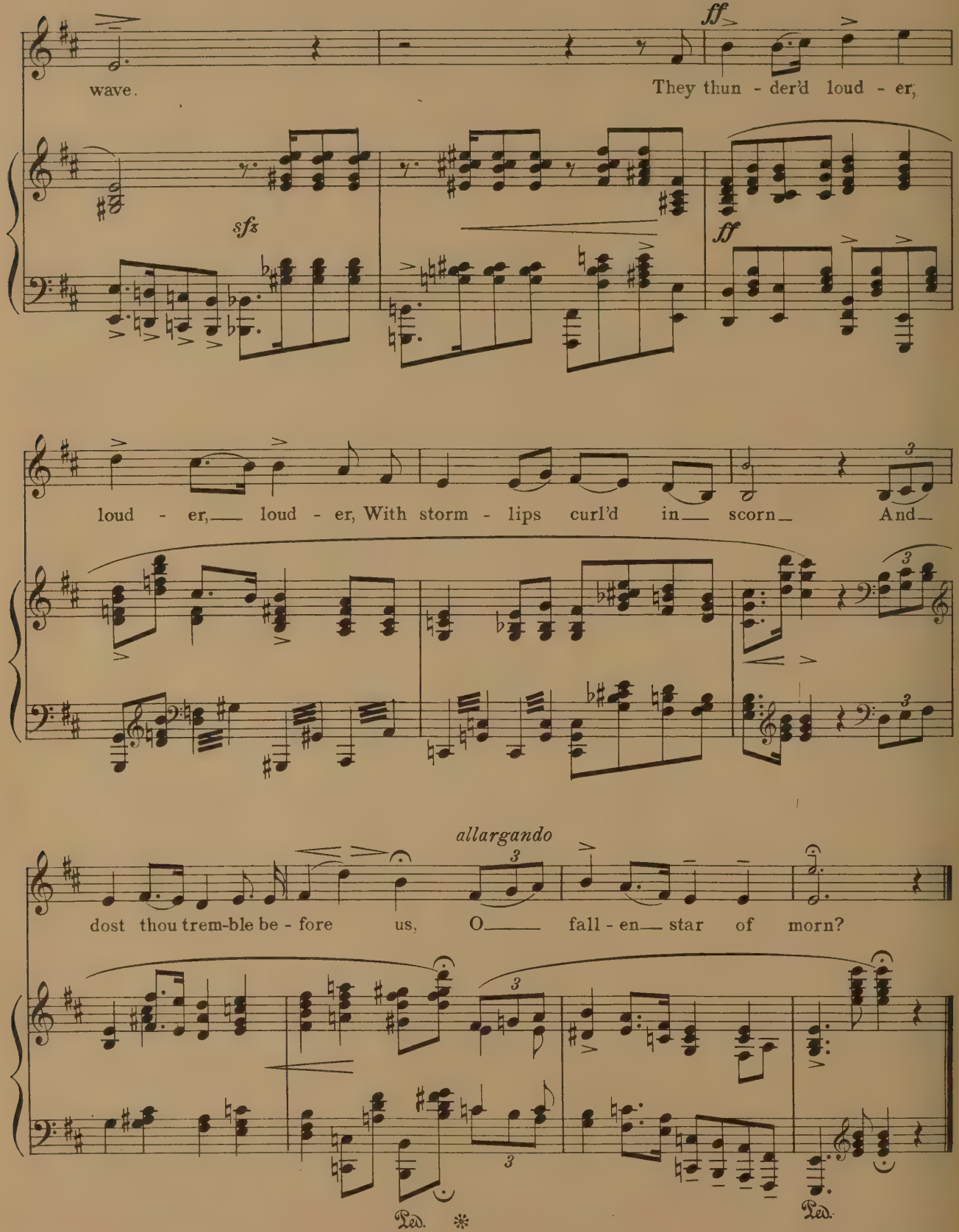
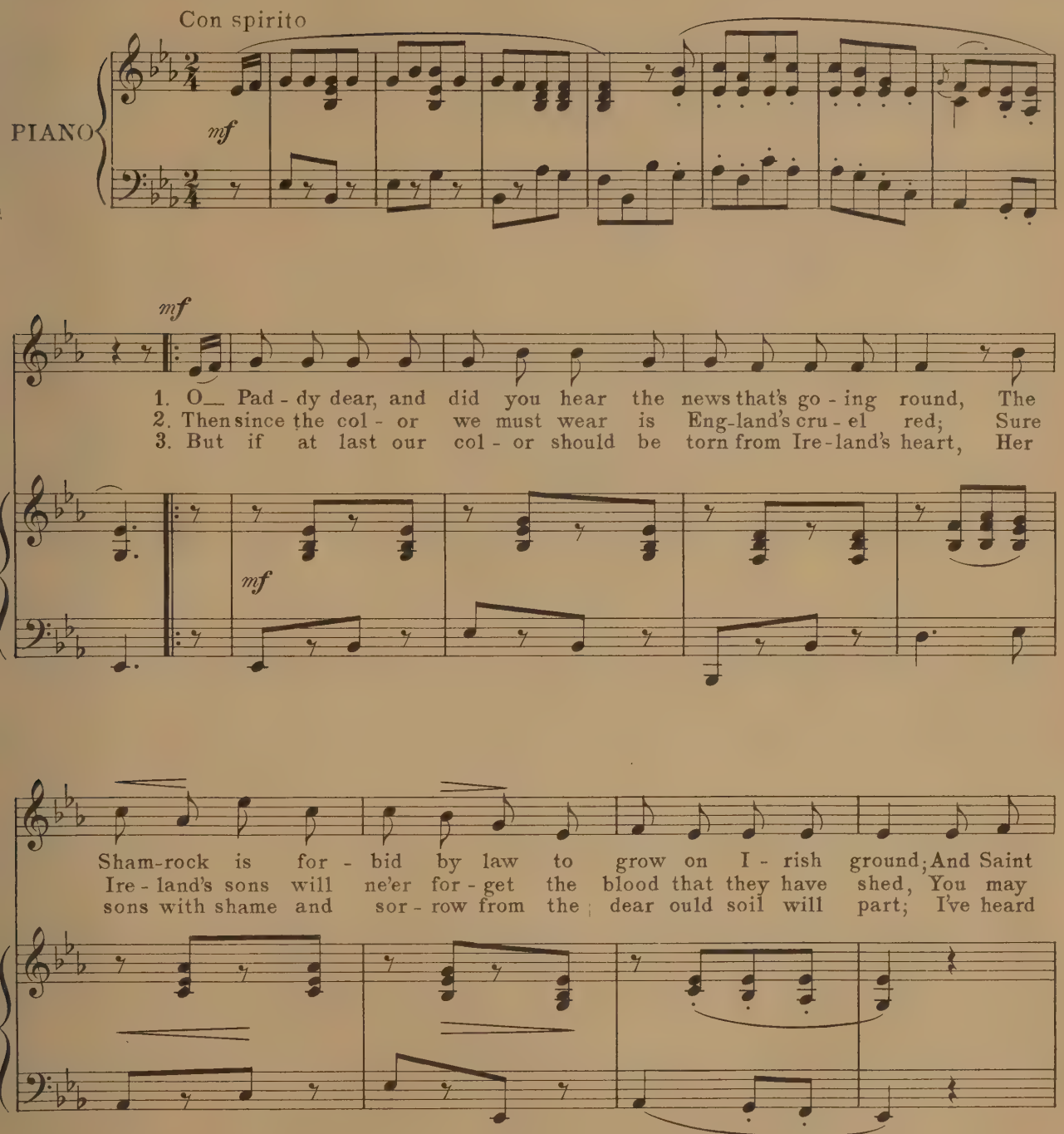

wave.
They thun - der'd loud - er,
ff
sfz
ff
loud - er, loud - er, With storm - lips curl'd in scorn And
allargando
dost thou trem-ble be - fore us, O fall - en star of morn?
Ped.
Ped.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

A street ballad of 1798
altered by Dion Boucicault
who added the third verse.

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Con spirito
PIANO
mf
mf
1. O_ Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round, The
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng-land's cru - el red; Sure
3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire-land's heart, Her
mf
Sham-rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground; And Saint
Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed, You may
sons with shame and sor - row from the dear ould soil will part; I've heard

This song was sung throughout Ireland subsequently to 1798. The melody was printed in 1756.

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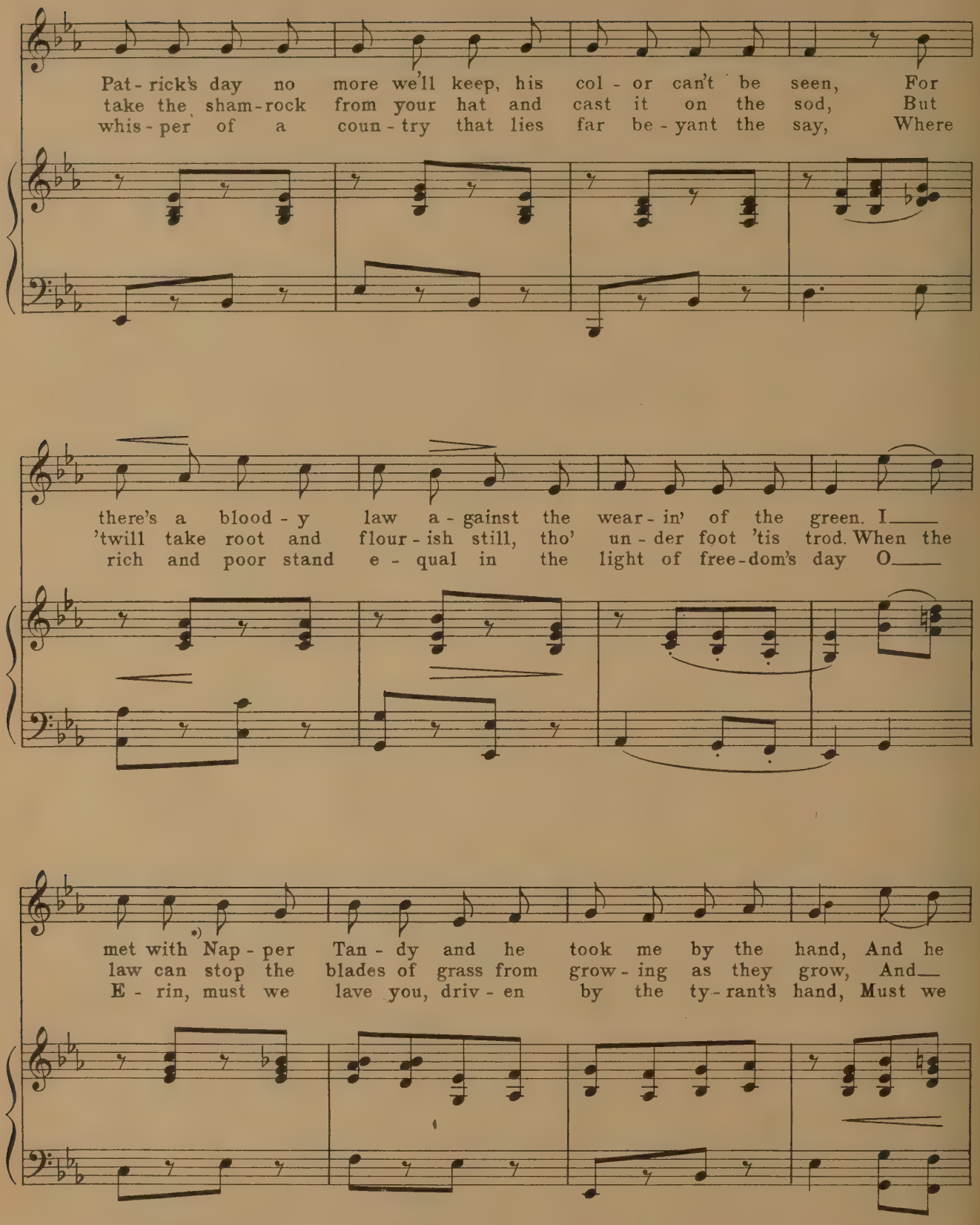
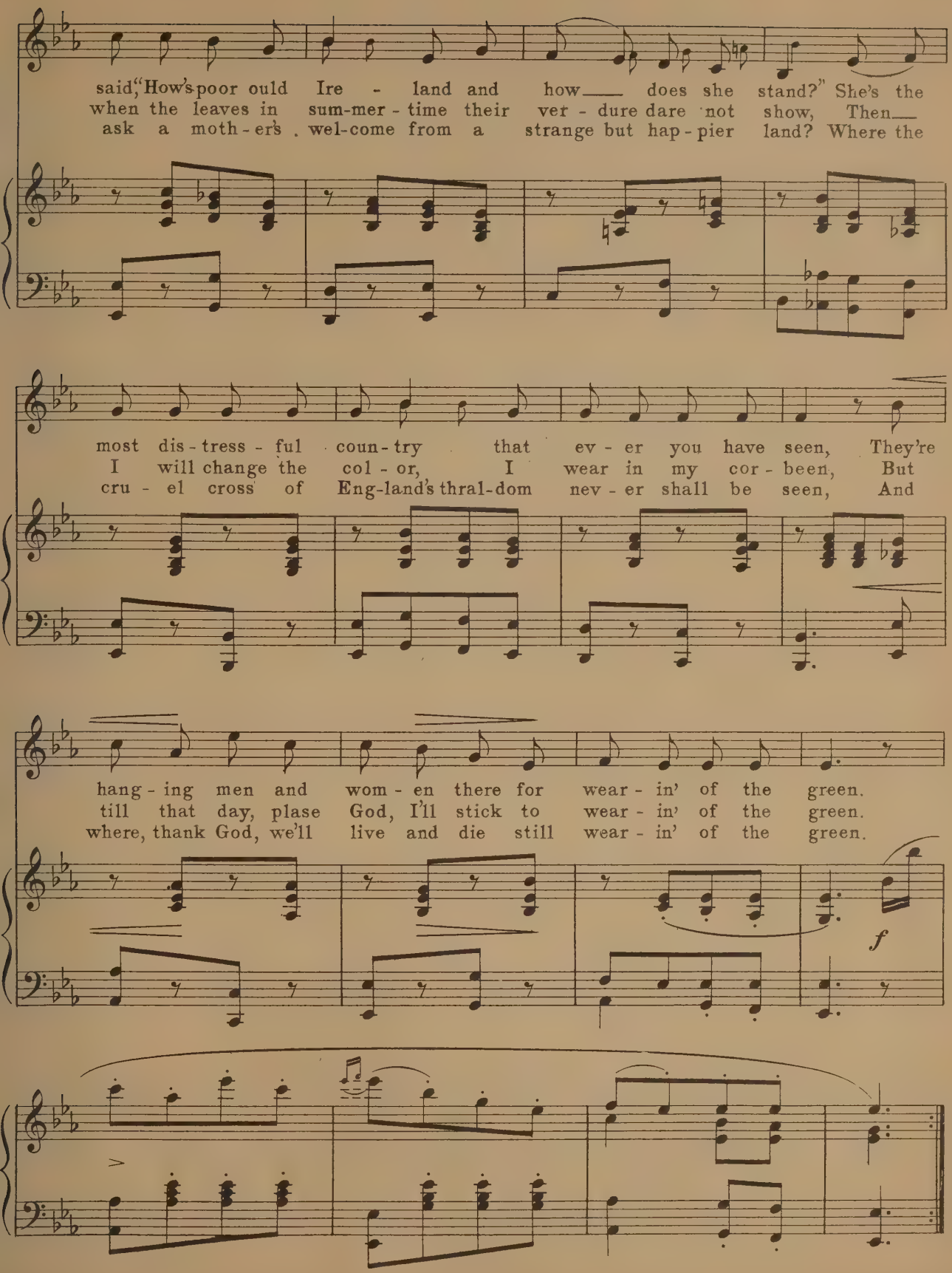

Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, his col - or can't be seen, For
take the sham-rock from your hat and cast it on the sod, But
whis - per of a coun - try that lies far be - yant the say, Where
there's a blood - y law a - gainst the wear - in' of the green. I____
'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der foot 'tis trod. When the
rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of free-dom's day O____
met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he took me by the hand, And he
law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow, And____
E - rin, must we lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand, Must we

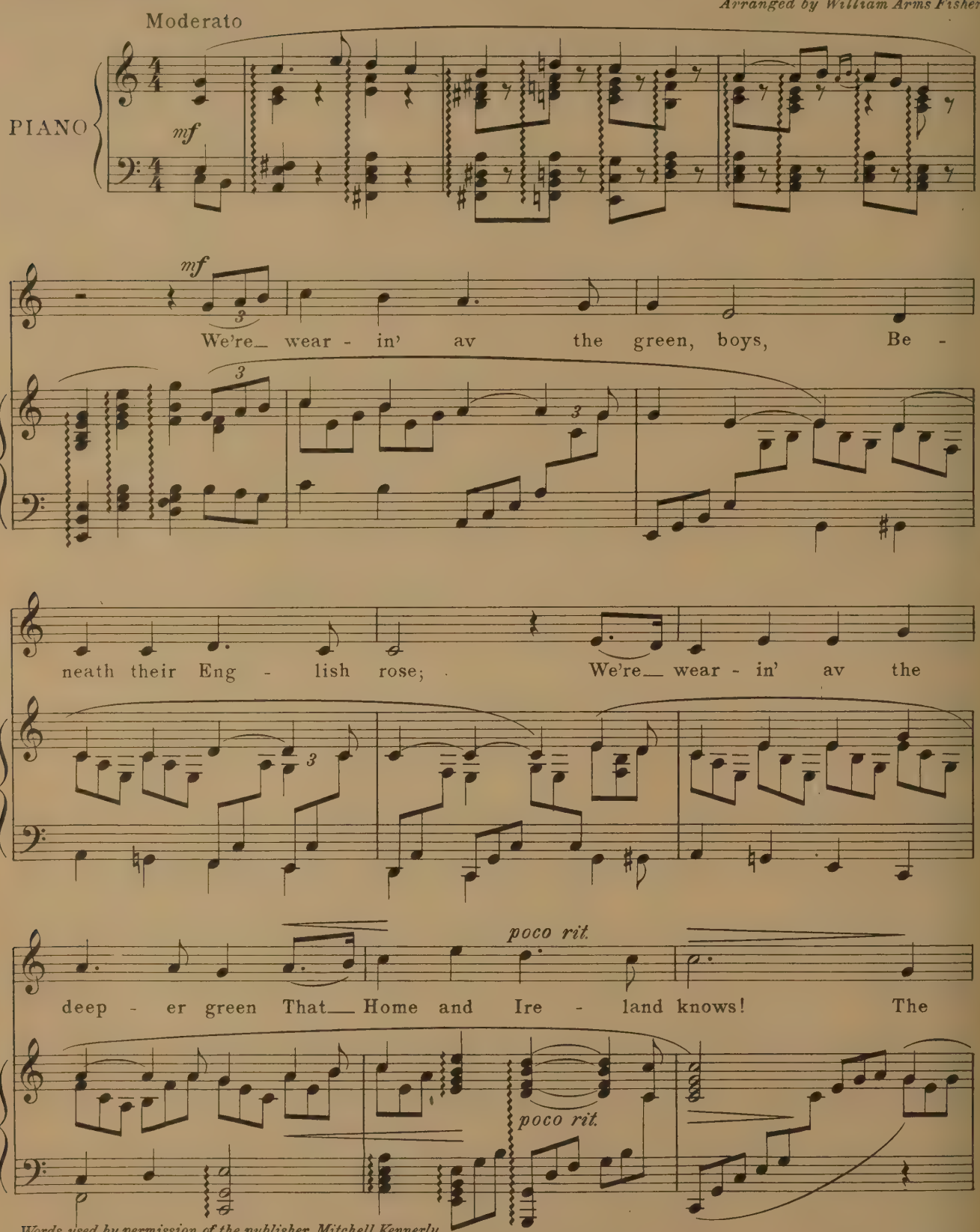
*) Some versions give Buonaparte in place of Napper Tandy.


said, "How's poor ould Ire - land and how does she stand?" She's the
when the leaves in sum-mer - time their ver - dure dare not show, Then
ask a moth - er's wel-come from a strange but hap - pier land? Where the
most dis - tress - ful coun - try that ev - er you have seen, They're
I will change the col - or, I wear in my cor - been, But
cru - el cross of Eng-land's thral-dom nev - er shall be seen, And
hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - in' of the green.
till that day, plase God, I'll stick to wear - in' of the green.
where, thank God, we'll live and die still wear - in' of the green.
f

WE'RE WEARIN' AV THE GREEN

ARTHUR STRINGER

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
PIANO
mf
mf
We're_ wear - in' av the green, boys, Be -
neath their Eng - lish rose; We're_ wear - in' av the
poco rit.
deep - er green That_ Home and Ire - land knows! The
poco rit.

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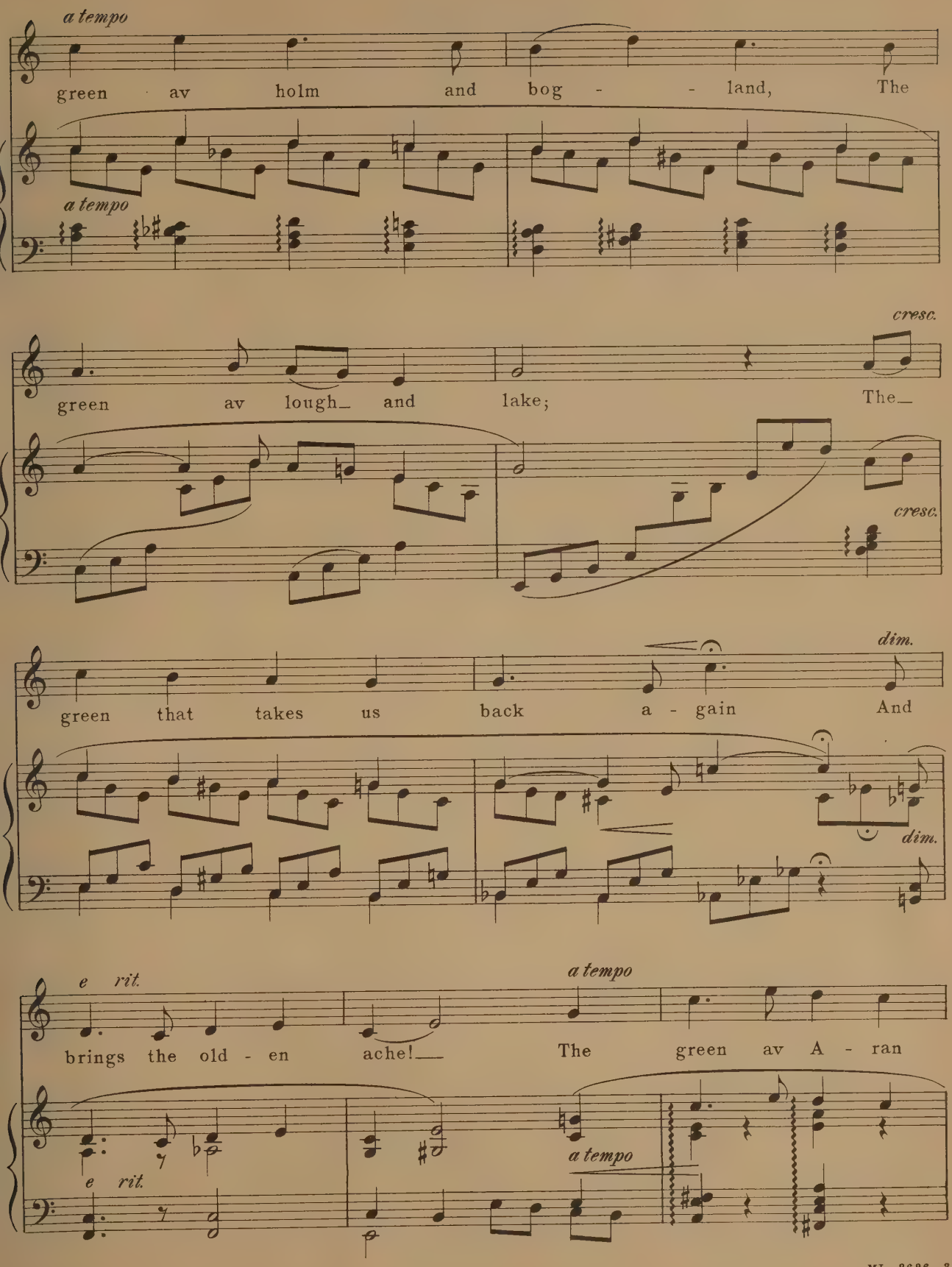
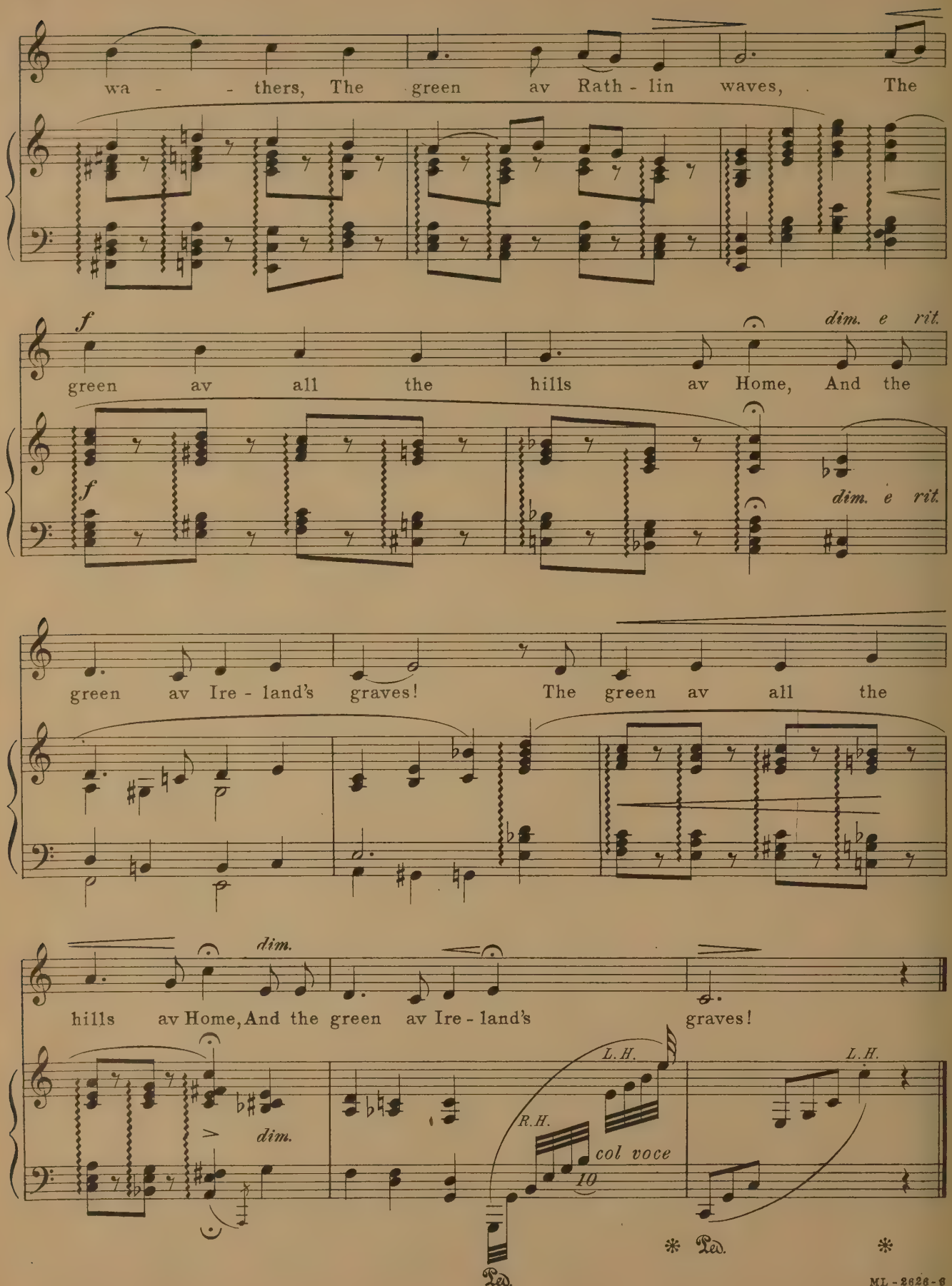
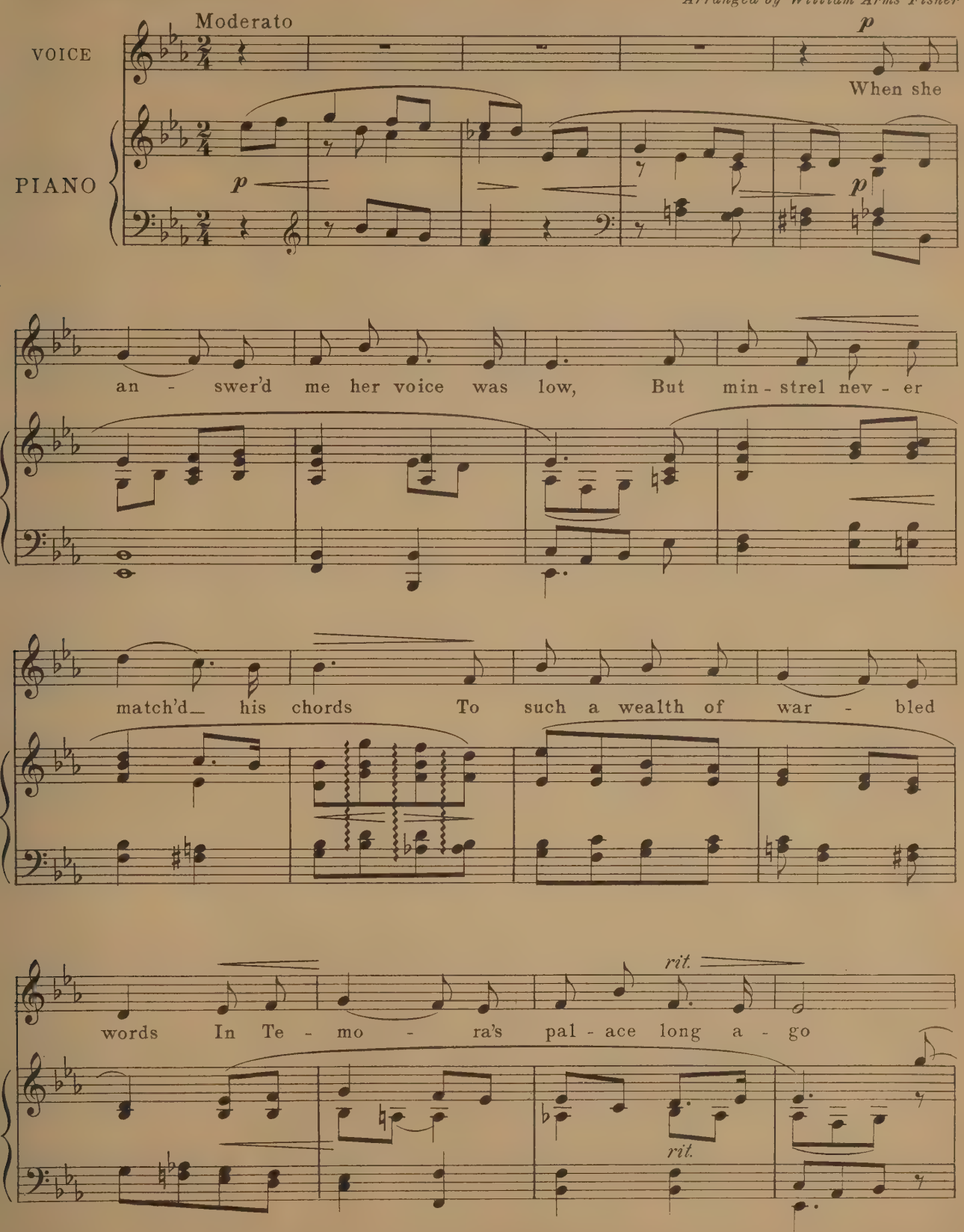

a tempo
green av holm and bog - - land, The
a tempo
cresc.
green av lough_ and lake; The_
cresc.
dim.
green that takes us back a - gain And
dim.
e rit.
a tempo
brings the old - en ache!_ The green av A - ran
e rit.
a tempo


wa - - thers, The green av Rath - lin waves, The
f
green av all the hills av Home, And the
dim. e rit.
f
dim. e rit.
green av Ire - land's graves! The green av all the
dim.
hills av Home, And the green av Ire - land's graves!
dim.
L.H.
R.H.
col voce
10
L.H.
Ped.
* Ped. *

WHEN SHE ANSWERED ME HER VOICE WAS LOW

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air.
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
p
When she
an - swer'd me her voice was low, But min - strel nev - er
match'd his chords To such a wealth of war - bled
words In Te - mo - ra's pal - ace long a - go
rit.
rit.

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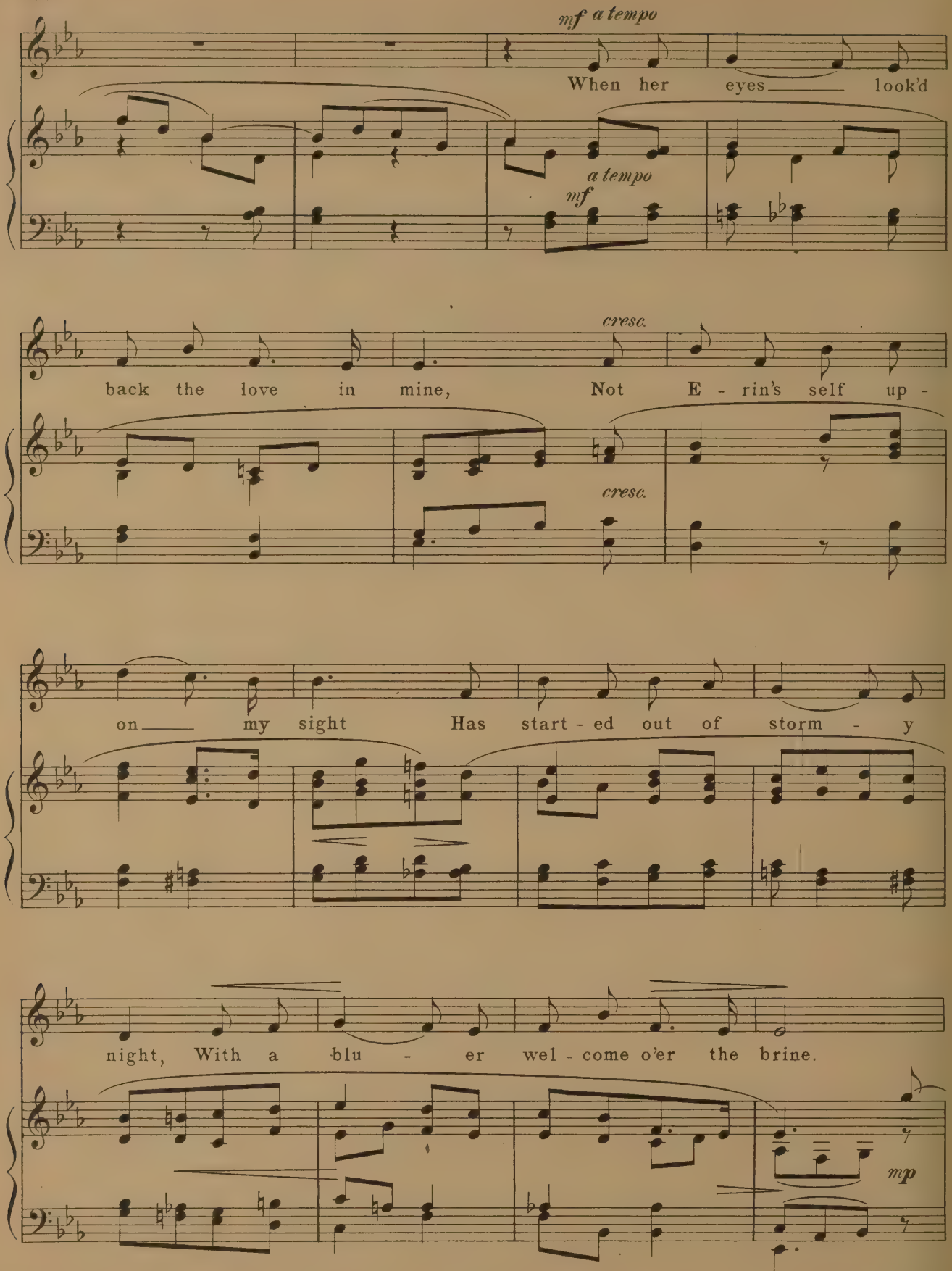
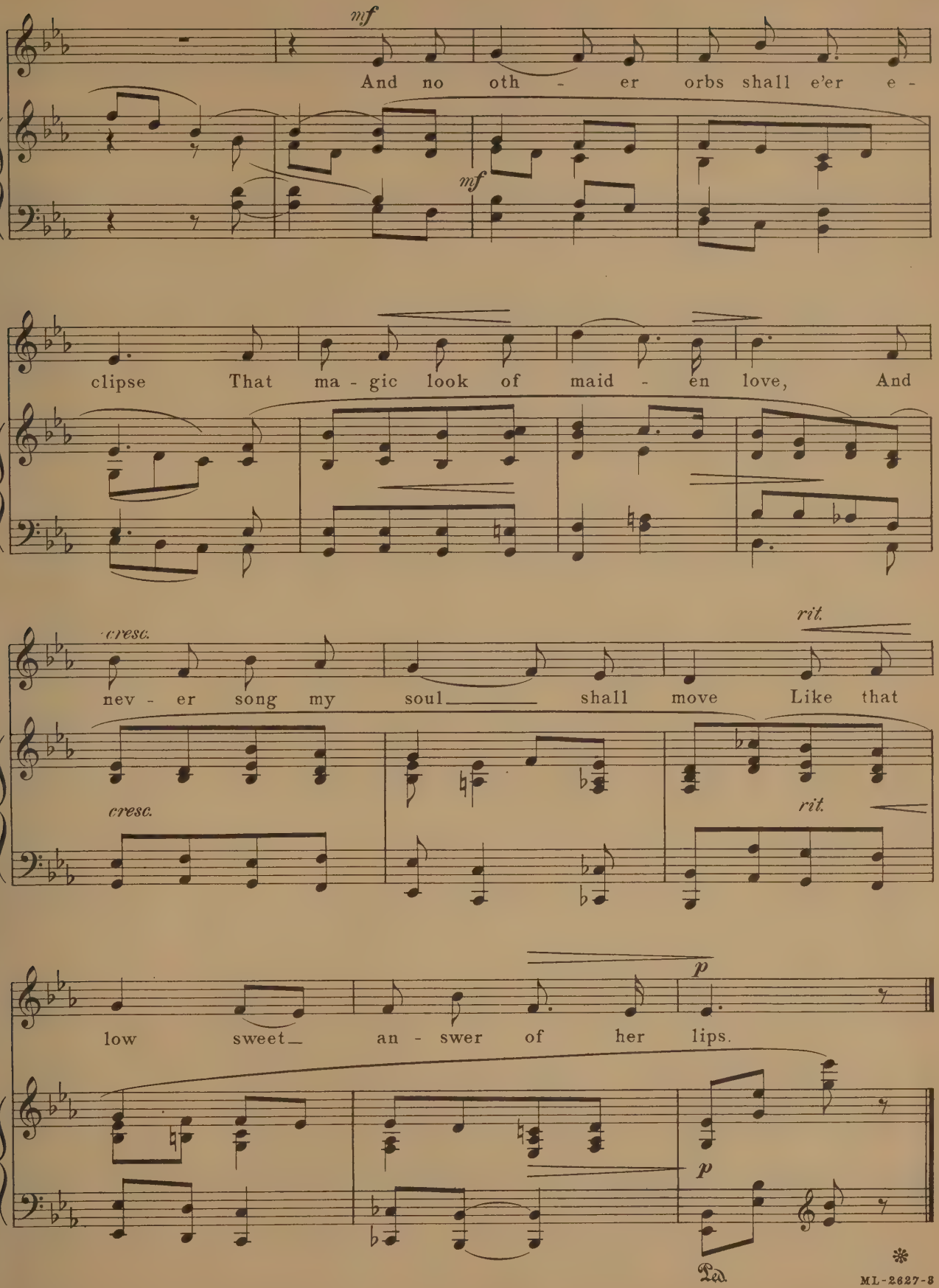
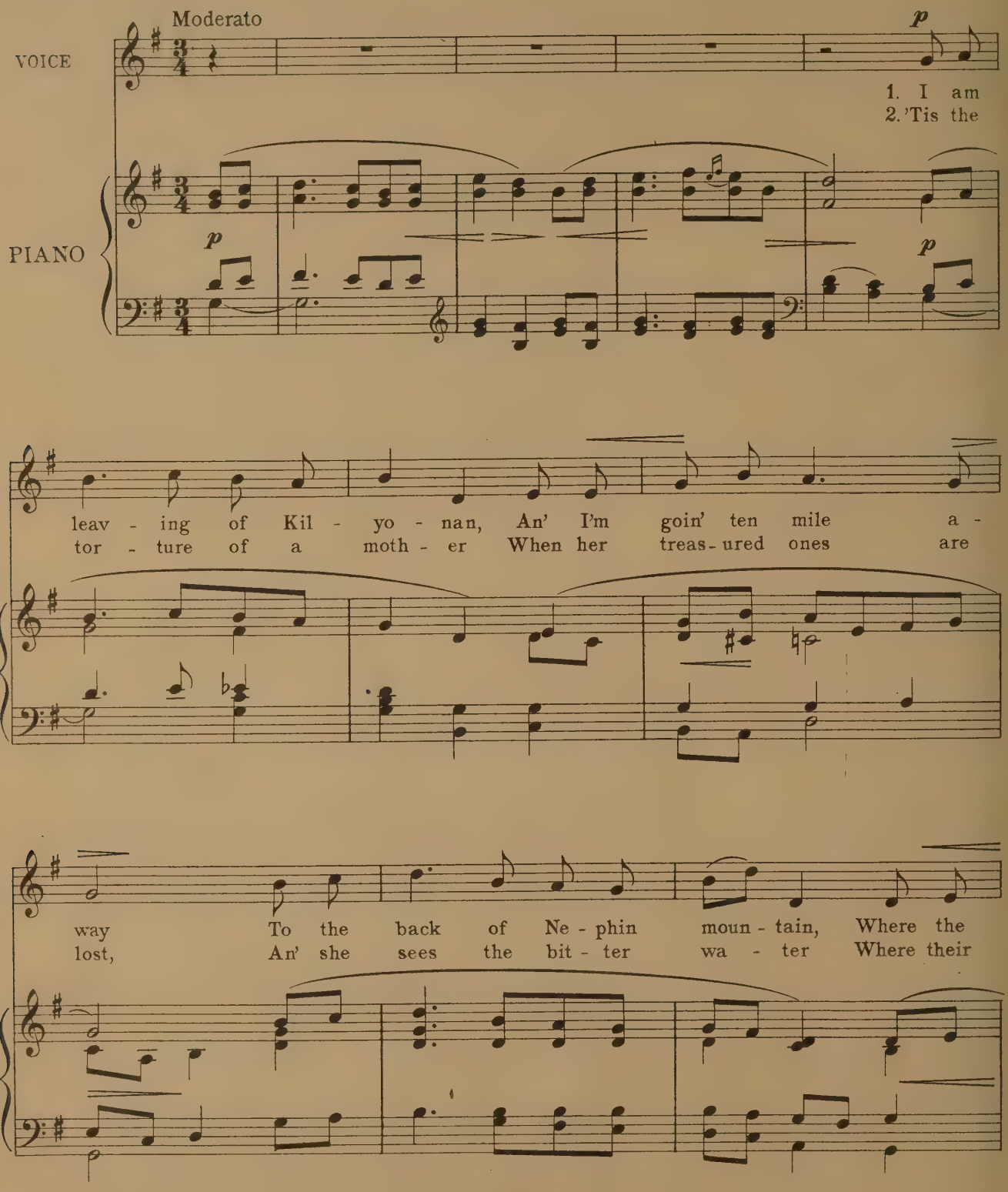

mf a tempo
When her eyes look'd
a tempo
mf
cresc.
back the love in mine, Not E - rin's self up -
cresc.
on my sight Has start - ed out of storm - y
night, With a blu - er wel - come o'er the brine.
mp


mf
And no oth - er orbs shall e'er e -
mf
clipse That ma - gic look of maid - en love, And
cresc.
rit.
nev - er song my soul shall move Like that
cresc.
rit.
p
low sweet an - swer of her lips.
p
Ped.
*

WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS

JAMES B. DOLLARD

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. I am
2. 'Tis the
leav - ing of Kil - yo - nan, An' I'm goin' ten mile a -
tor - ture of a moth - er When her treas - ured ones are
way To the back of Ne - phin moun - tain, Where the
lost, An' she sees the bit - ter wa - ter Where their

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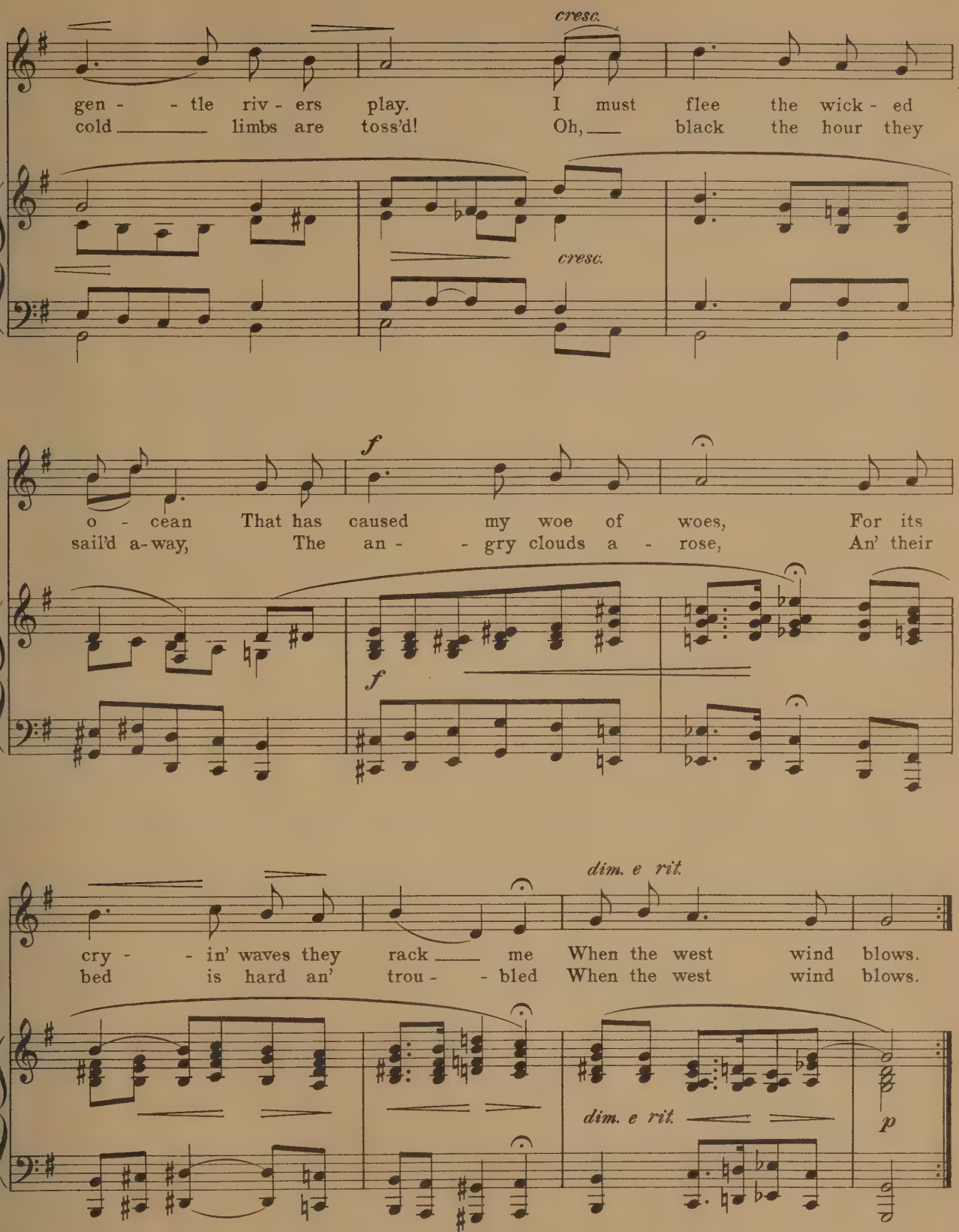
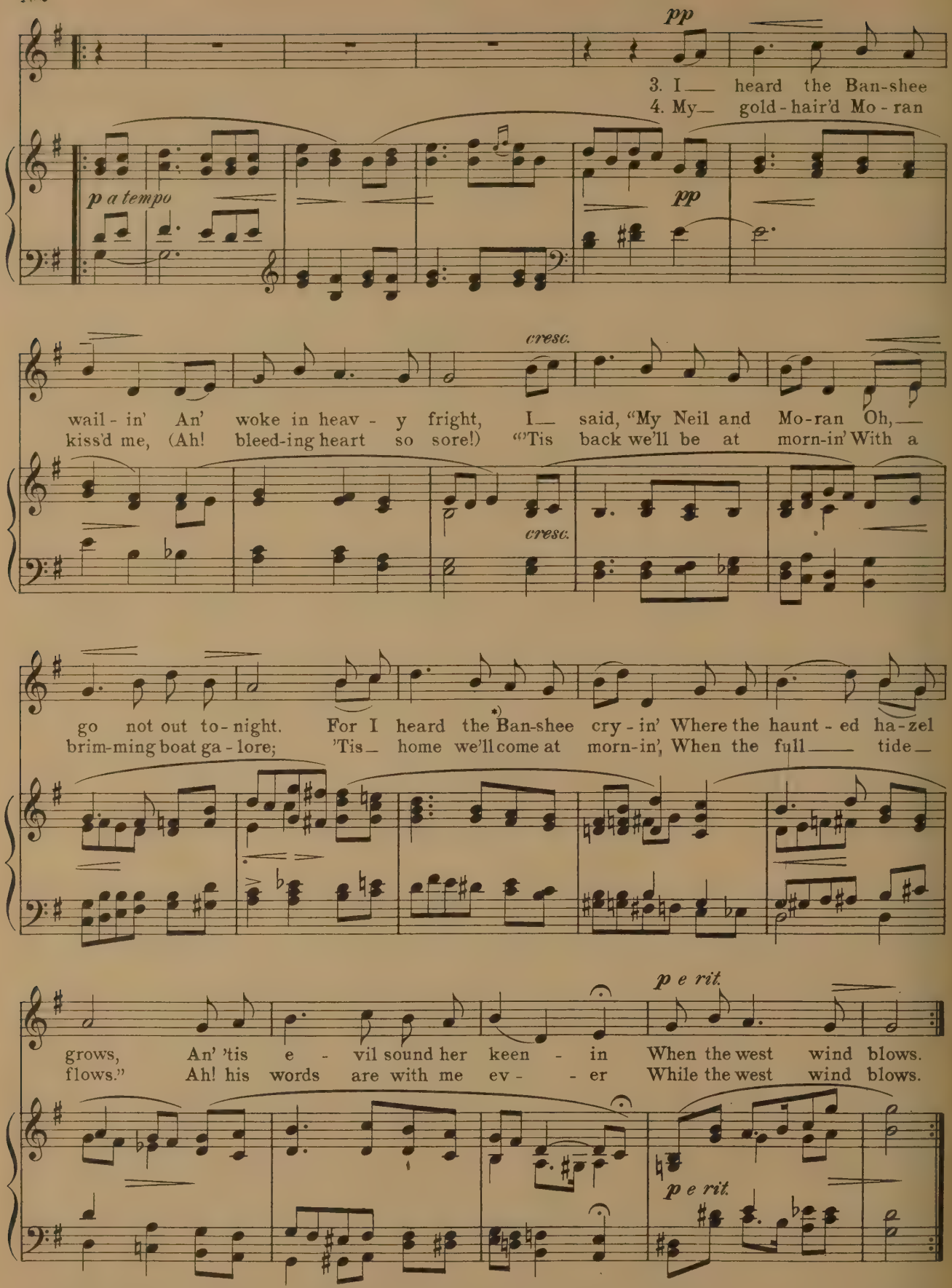
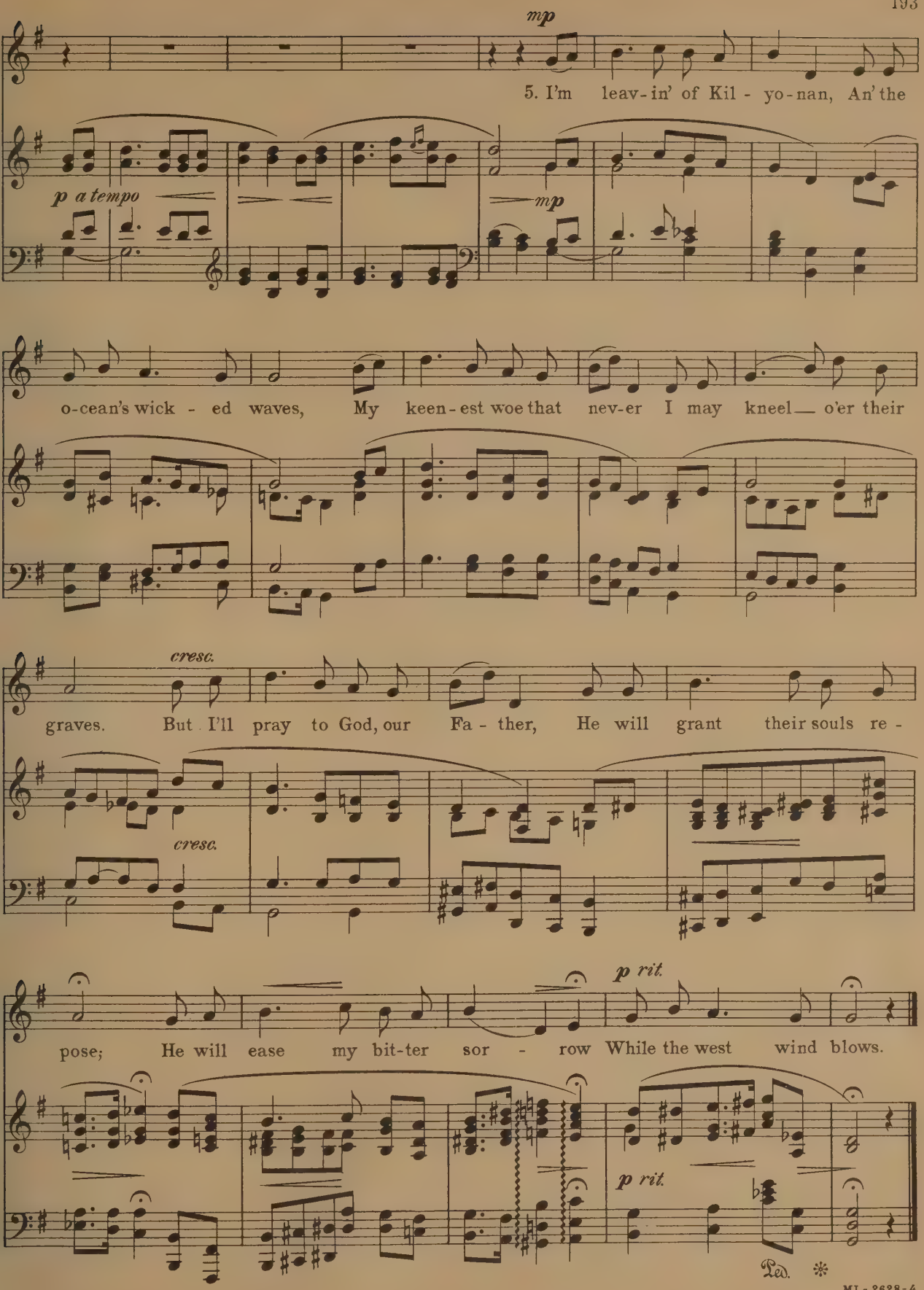

cresc.
gen - - tle riv - ers play. I must flee the wick - ed
cold _____ limbs are toss'd! Oh, ___ black the hour they
cresc.
f
o - cean That has caused my woe of woes, For its
sail'd a-way, The an - - gry clouds a - rose, An' their
f
dim. e rit.
cry - - in' waves they rack ___ me When the west wind blows.
bed is hard an' trou - - bled When the west wind blows.
dim. e rit.
p


pp
3. I heard the Ban-shee
4. My gold-hair'd Mo-ran
p a tempo
pp
cresc.
wail-in' An' woke in heav-y fright, I said, "My Neil and Mo-ran Oh,
kiss'd me, (Ah! bleed-ing heart so sore!) "'Tis back we'll be at morn-in' With a
cresc.
go not out to-night. For I heard the *) Ban-shee cry-in' Where the haunt-ed ha-zel
brim-ming boat ga-lore; 'Tis home we'll come at morn-in', When the full tide
p e rit.
grows, An' 'tis e-vil sound her keen-in When the west wind blows.
flows." Ah! his words are with me ev-er While the west wind blows.
p e rit.

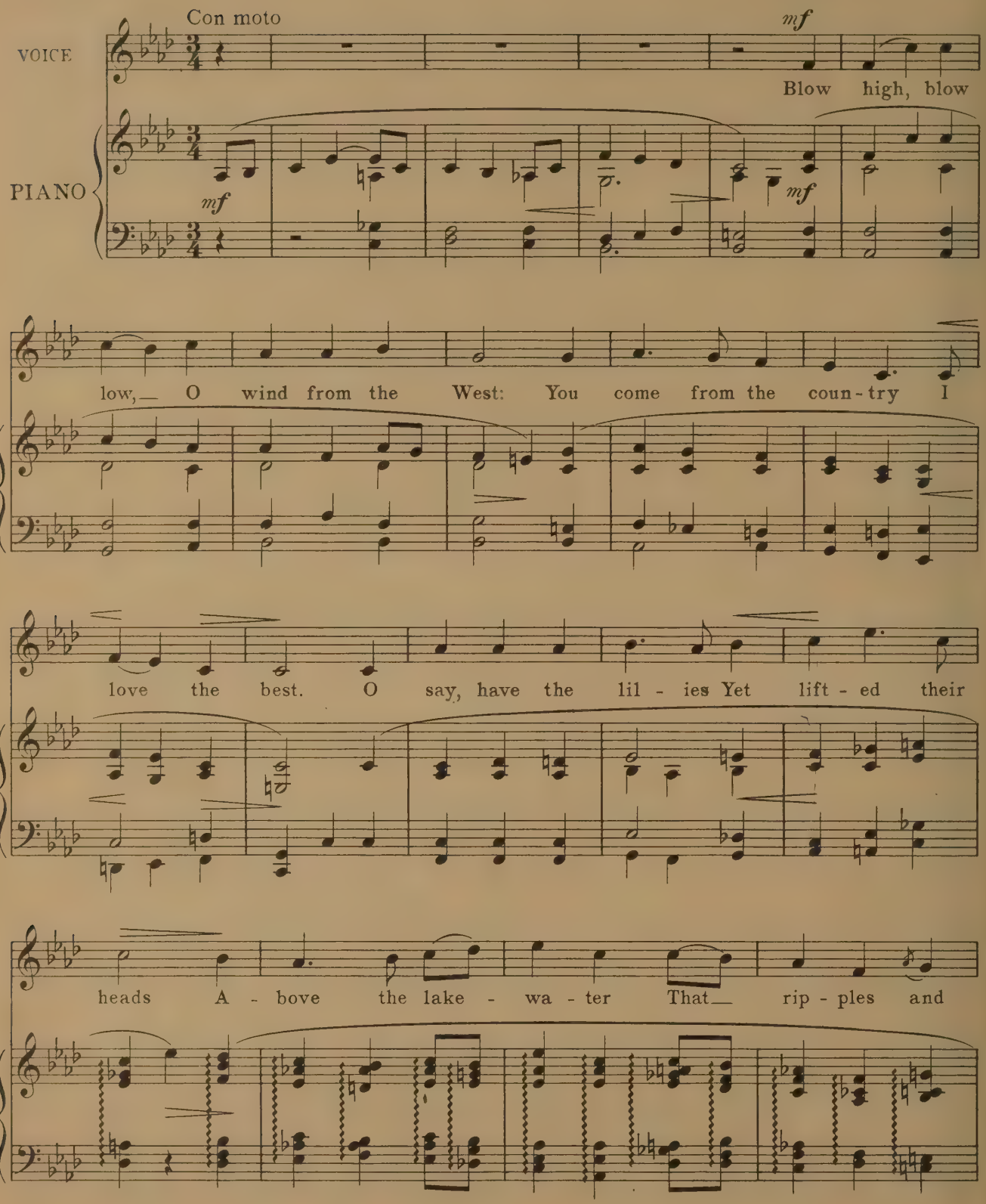
*) Banshee:– A fairy woman heard keening or crying at night when someone is about to die.


mp
5. I'm leav-in' of Kil - yo-nan, An' the
p a tempo
mp
o-cean's wick - ed waves, My keen-est woe that nev-er I may kneel— o'er their
cresc.
graves. But I'll pray to God, our Fa - ther, He will grant their souls re -
cresc.
p rit.
pose; He will ease my bit-ter sor - row While the west wind blows.
p rit.
Ped. *

THE WIND FROM THE WEST

ELLA YOUNG

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Con moto
mf
VOICE
Blow high, blow
PIANO
mf
mf
low, O wind from the West: You come from the coun-try I
love the best. O say, have the lil - ies Yet lift - ed their
heads A - bove the lake - wa - ter That rip - ples and

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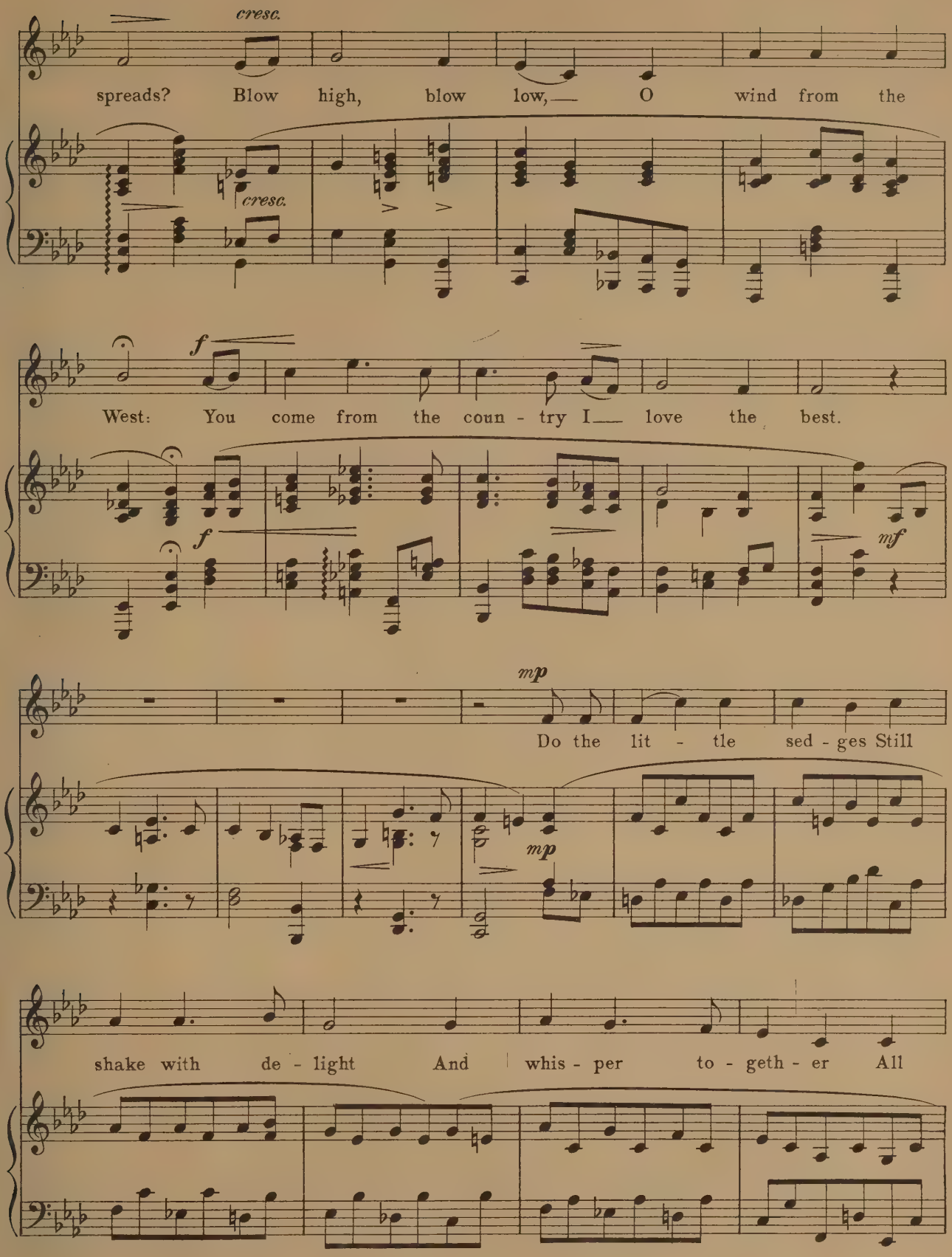
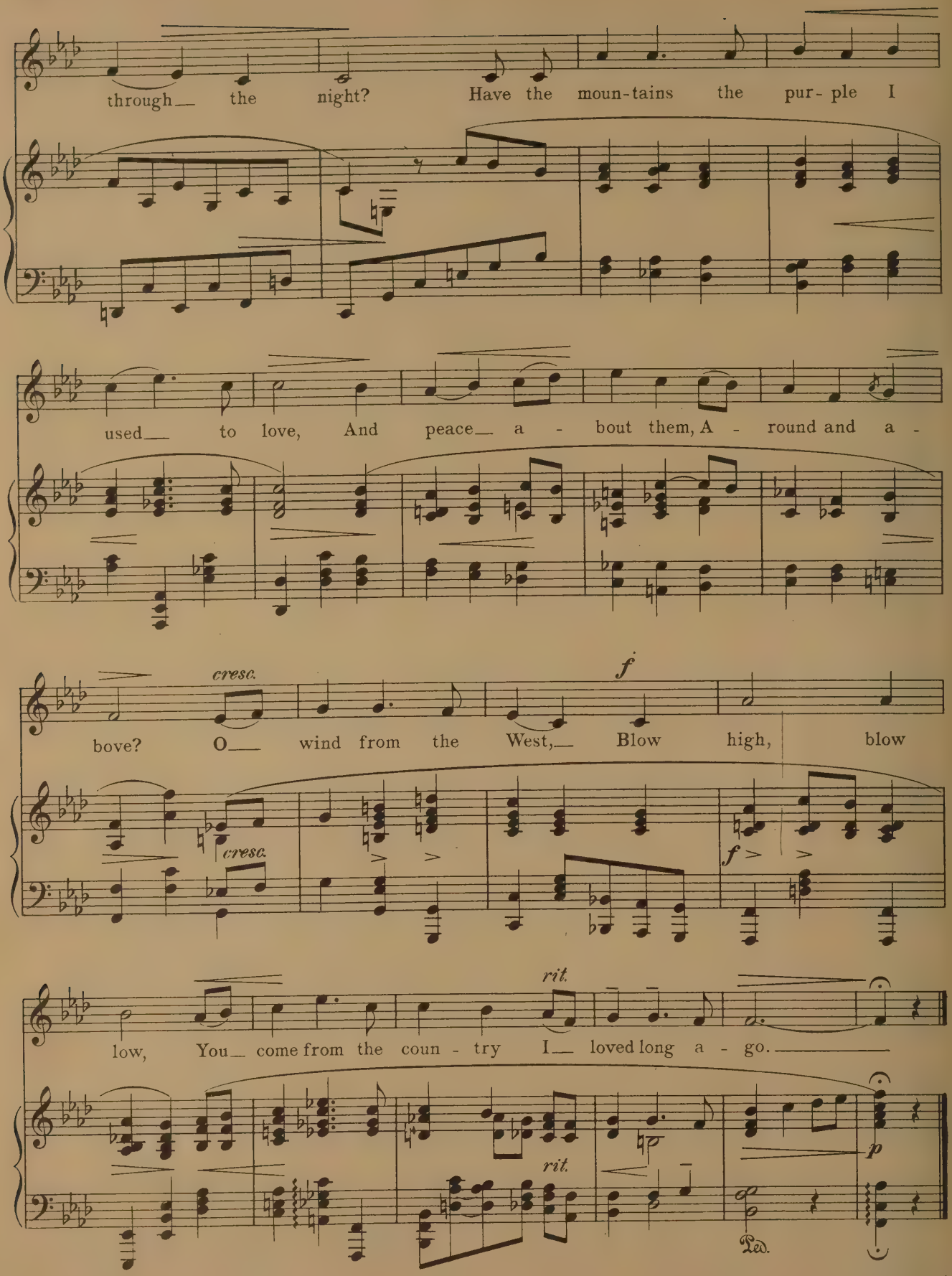
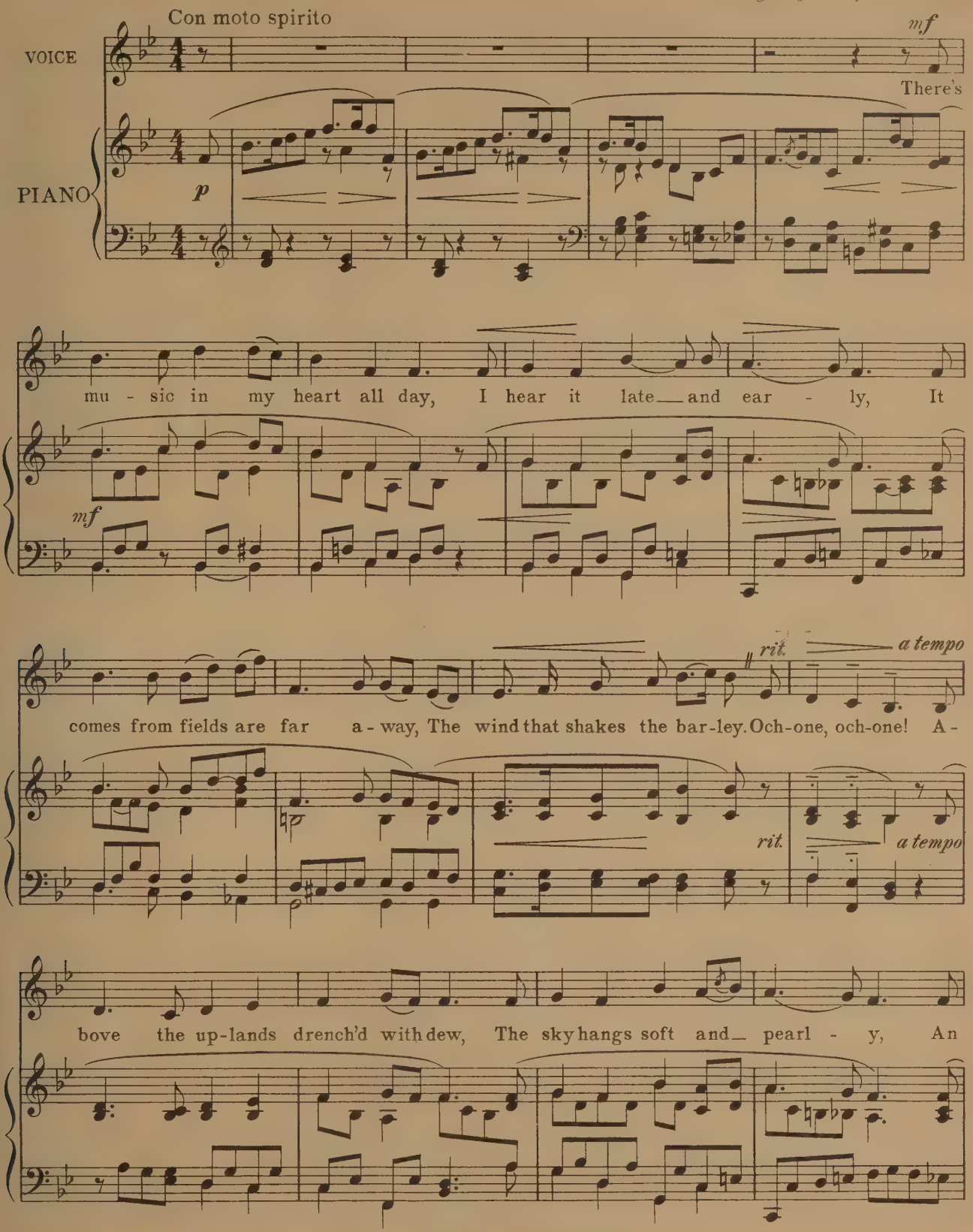

cresc.
spreads? Blow high, blow low, — O wind from the
cresc.
f
West: You come from the coun - try I — love the best.
f
mf
mp
Do the lit - tle sed - ges Still
mp
shake with de - light And whis - per to - geth - er All


through the night? Have the moun-tains the pur- ple I
used to love, And peace a - bout them, A - round and a -
cresc.
f
bove? O wind from the West, Blow high, blow
cresc.
f
rit.
low, You come from the coun - try I loved long a - go.
rit.
p
Ped.

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Con moto spirito
mf
VOICE
There's
PIANO
p
mu - sic in my heart all day, I hear it late and ear - ly, It
mf
rit.
a tempo
comes from fields are far a - way, The wind that shakes the bar-ley. Och-one, och-one! A -
rit.
a tempo
bove the up-lands drench'd with dew, The sky hangs soft and pearl - y, An

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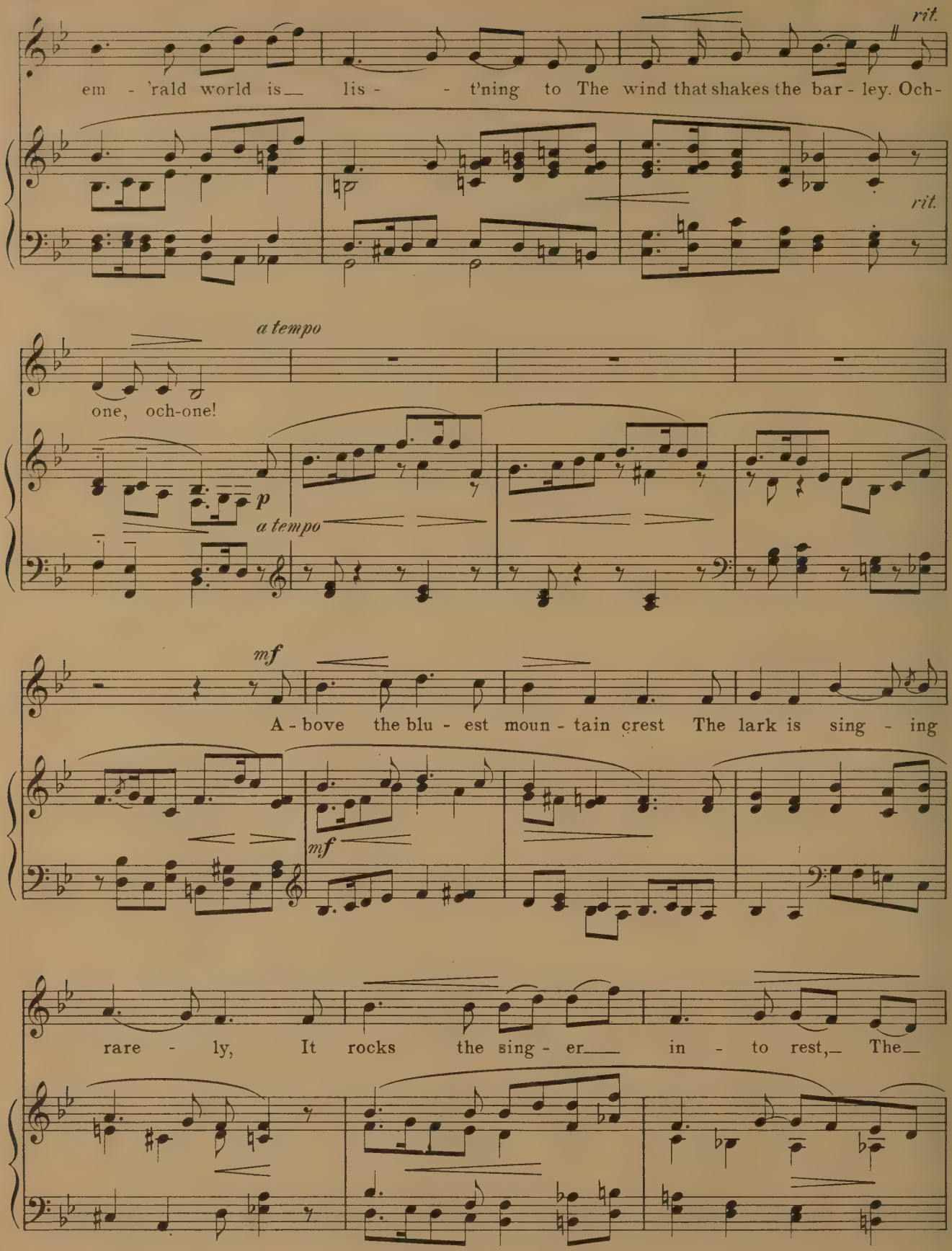
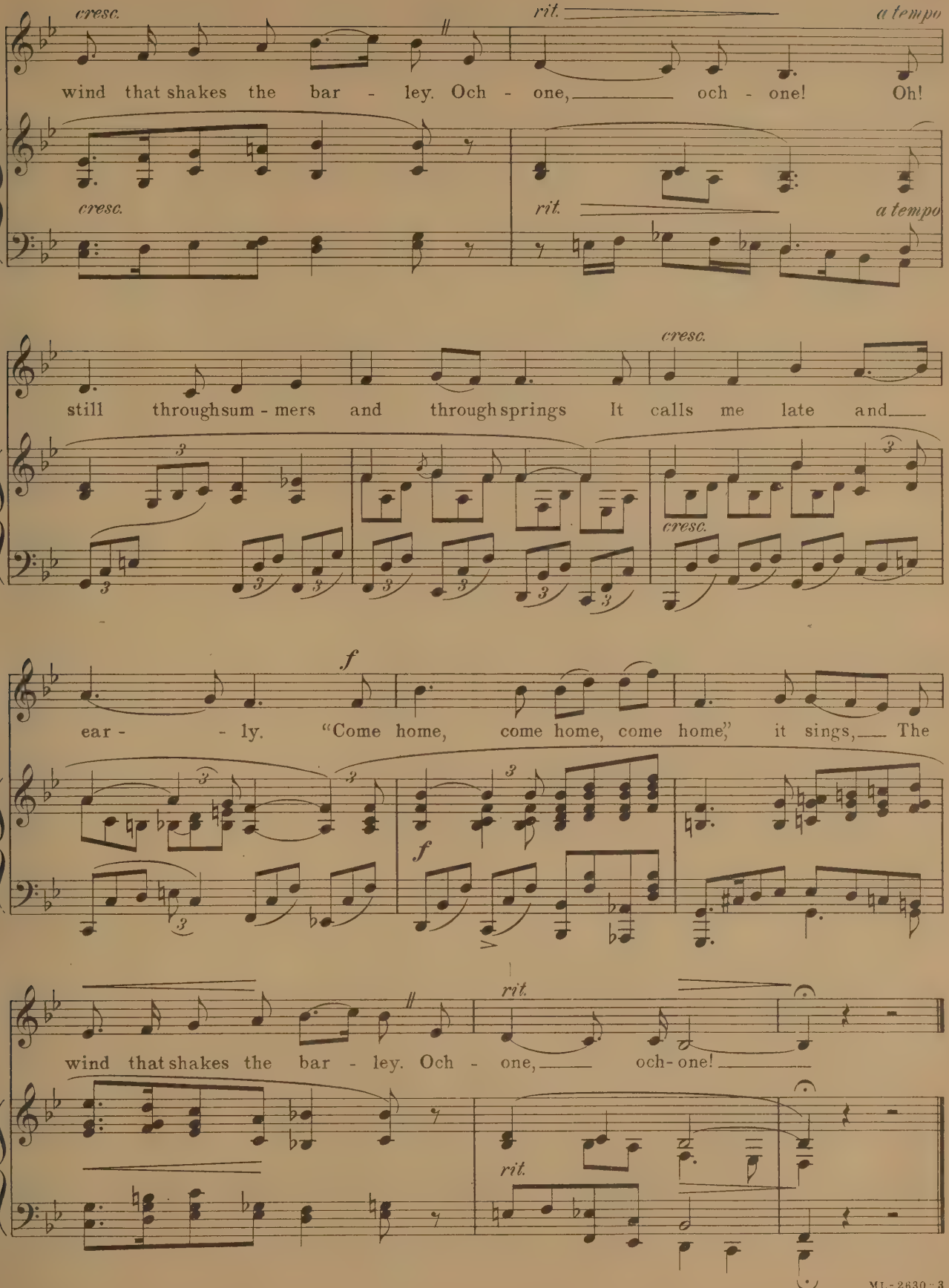
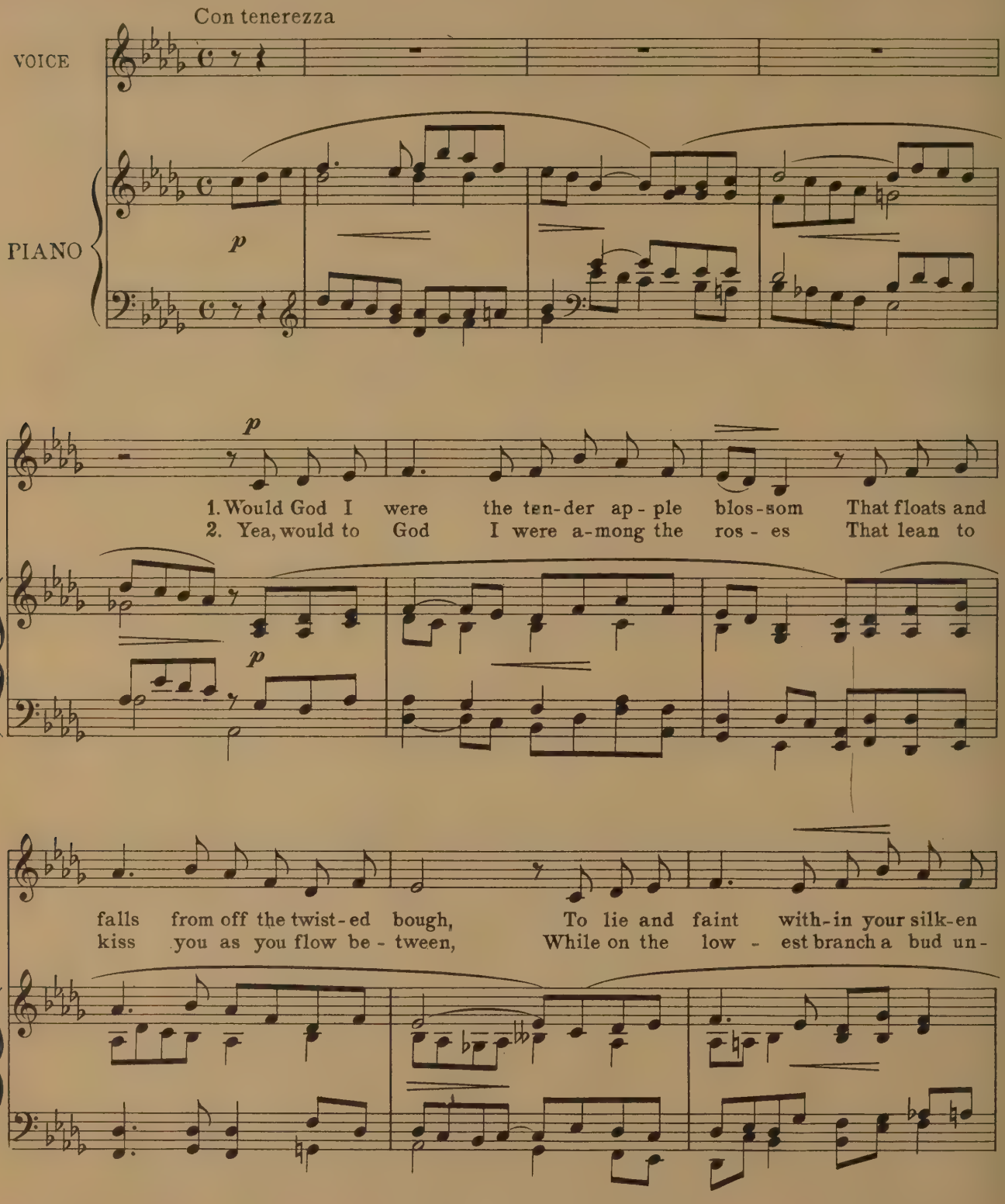

rit.
em - 'rald world is lis - t'ning to The wind that shakes the bar - ley. Och-
rit.
a tempo
one, och-one!
p
a tempo
mf
A - bove the blu - est moun - tain crest The lark is sing - ing
mf
rare - ly, It rocks the sing - er in - to rest, The


cresc.
rit.
a tempo
wind that shakes the bar - ley. Och - one, och - one! Oh!
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
cresc.
still through sum - mers and through springs It calls me late and
cresc.
f
ear - ly. "Come home, come home, come home," it sings, The
f
rit.
wind that shakes the bar - ley. Och - one, och - one!
rit.

WOULD GOD I WERE THE TENDER APPLE BLOSSOM

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Irish Air from County Derry
Arranged by William Arms Fisher


Con tenerezza
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Would God I were the ten-der ap-ple blos-som That floats and
2. Yea, would to God I were a-mong the ros-es That lean to
falls from off the twist-ed bough, To lie and faint with-in your silk-en
kiss you as you flow be-tween, While on the low-est branch a bud un-

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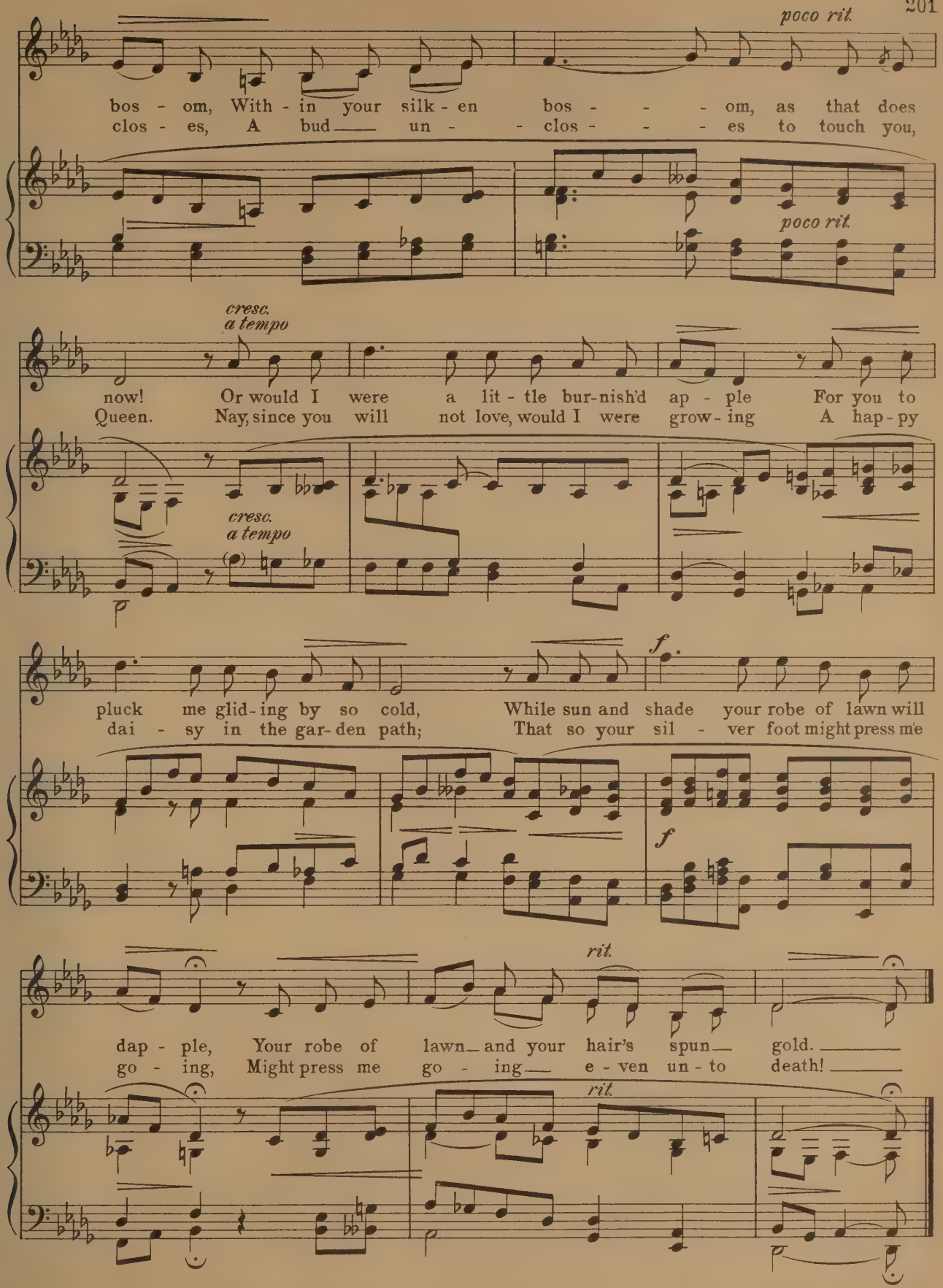
poco rit.
bos - om, With - in your silk - en bos - - - om, as that does
clos - es, A bud — un - - clos - - - es to touch you,
poco rit.
cresc.
a tempo
now! Or would I were a lit - tle bur-nish'd ap - ple For you to
Queen. Nay, since you will not love, would I were grow - ing A hap - py
cresc.
a tempo
f
pluck me glid - ing by so cold, While sun and shade your robe of lawn will
dai - sy in the gar - den path; That so your sil - ver foot might press me
f
rit.
dap - ple, Your robe of lawn — and your hair's spun — gold. —
go - ing, Might press me go - ing — e - ven un - to death! —
rit.

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